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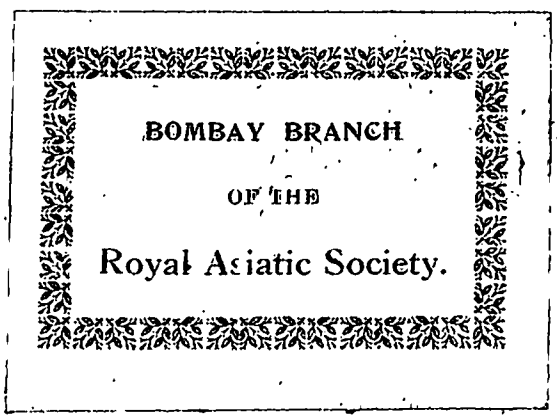

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RECORDS OF TRAVELS

IN

TURKEY, GREECE, &c.

AND OF

A CRUISE IN THE BLACK SEA,

WITH

THE CAPITAN PASHA,

IN THE YEARS 1829, 1830, AND 1831.

BY ADOLPHUS SLADE, ESQ.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XV.

Rodosto—Post-horses—Haide-bouroun—Tartars—Ouzoun Kiupri—Lodging—Marizza—Adrianople—Russian hospital—Arhmaneh—Hass Keuy—Bulgarian village—Philippopolis—Greek house—Charlatan—Bishop . . 1

CHAPTER XVI.

Hadgi Toozoon—Tchapan—Bastinade—Eski Saray—Adra Bey—Mustapha—Cossack Captain—Yeni Saara—General Reuchteurn—Russ Colonel—Selimnia—General Montresor—Poniatowsky—Wolk Llanevsky—Russ Army . 43

CHAPTER XVII.

Kasan Pass—Bach Keuy—Bulgarians—Kasan—Osman Bazar—Jhumha—Schumla—Prince Madatoff—Greek Priest—

Koulevscha — Yeni Bazar — Pasha—Greek Archbishop—Osman Bagar—Mountains — Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—Selybria—Constantinople—Pera 89

CHAPTER XVIII.

Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—Selybria—Constantinople—Pera 134

CHAPTER XIX.

Pera—Carnival—Ambassadors — Dragomans—Adventurers—Mustapha Effendi—Royal Birth—Sultanas—Illumination—Ramazan—Story Tellers—Bairam—Procession—Review—Sandjack Scheriff 183

CHAPTER XX.

OF CONSTANTINOPLE (STAMBOUL.)

Stamboul—Wall—Breach—Galleys—Charsheys—Bazars—Osmanie—Burnt Column—Eski Saray—Seraskier's Pillar—Panoramic View—Parallel — Hippodrome—Columns—St. Sophia—Cisterns—Menagerie—Women Market—Bath 214

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSTANTINOPLE *(continued.)*

Solimanie—Bedlam—Mausoleum—Valens' Aqueduct—Marcian's Column—Historic Column—Seven Towers—Golden Gate—Breach—Scutari—Cemetery—Howling Dervishes 251

CHAPTER XXII.

On the Osmanleys—the Greeks—the Armenians—the Jews. 286

CHAPTER XXIII.

On Mussulman Women—Greek Women—Armenian Women—Hebrew Women 314

CHAPTER XXIV.

Capitan Pasha—Greek Patriarch—Nourrey Bey—Passage Boat—Echoes—Rodosto—Adrianople—Kar'agatch—Silk Worms Mad Dog—Inhumanity—Greeks—Mahmoud Aga—Mosque—Grand Vizir—Bairam Pasha 332

CHAPTER XXV.

Marizza—Demotica—Bishop—Dungeon—Cossacks—Fera—Bektashes—Enos—Vice Consul—Petition—Mahmoud Bey—Greek beauty—Banquet 364

CHAPTER XXVI.

Schooner—Deserters—Samothraki—Ancient Castle—Greek Pirates—Thasco—Mehemet Ali—Mount Athos—Albanian Gardeners—Simenu—Vatopede—Monkish Customs—History of Monte Santo—Cariez—Waivode—Protaton—Kuthenisi—Prios—Iphiron—Libraries—Lavra . . 398

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fever—Church Scene—Bigotry—Voyage—Gulf of Cassandra—Salonica—Banditti—Earthquake—Chaban—Execution—Pirates—Mr. Wolff—Hebrews—Missionaries—Maronite 437

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tertian Fever—Philanthropy—Hydriote Schooner—Mr. Wolff—Smyrna—Hotel—"Glorious three days"—Recluse—Swede—Merchants—L'Eurydice—Ourlaq—Gazelle—English Frigate—Spezzia—Quarantine—Genoa . . 469

RECORDS OF TRAVELS,

&c.

CHAPTER XV.

Rodosto —Post-horses—Haide-bouroun—Tartars—Ouzoun Kiupri—Lodging—Marizza—Adrianople—Russian hospital—Arhmaneh—Hass Keuy—Bulgarian village—Philippopolis—Greek house—Charlatan—Bishop.

THE commencement of December 1829, I left Constantinople on a tour over the theatre of war in Roumelia. Mr. Mellish, of the Foreign Office, left it at the same time to return to England, his duties in the East being terminated. I proposed availing myself of his company as far as Philippopolis: then, turning to the right, to traverse the Russian cantonments, and cross the Balkans to Schumla.

We got a lift in the Blonde as far as Rodosto,

and landed there early one morning with some difficulty, on account of the surf on the beach. Two hours after, we were toiling over a hilly, clayey district, whence, looking back, we saw our swift conveyance of the preceding day fleeing towards the Hellespont before the N. E. gale, which was cutting us to the quick. She soon disappeared in the shade of the isle of Marmara. Many were our denunciations during the first day against Turkish post-horses, nondescript animals, which by long practice acquire the difficult art of stumbling in all directions, and picking themselves up again without sustaining any injury. The rider also becomes in a short time an adept at keeping on; if he do not, he is to be pitied, especially in the winter time, because then, laden with the necessary precaution against cold, he feels on the ground like a dismounted cuirassier, and finds it as difficult to regain his seat. In the first place the saddle will probably turn round on the lean carcass of his steed, an accident not easily remedied with benumbed fingers; in the second place, it may happen that when, after repeated trials, he succeeds in getting his right leg over, the Tartar boot belonging to it remains embedded in a

strata of mud, erect as a column, and filling with snow or any other gift from heaven. But this is only one, a minor one, of the inconveniences attending Eastern travelling, of which, to avoid repetition, I will give a reasonable list.

1. After making a complaint to a Pasha of an inferior officer, with the intention of getting him reprimanded, or, at most, bastinadoed, to have his head brought into you on a wooden dish, with a polite message to know if you are satisfied.

2. Crossing a bridge, to find yourself suddenly projected several yards, and on rising, if your neck be not broken, to see the animal dead lame in consequence of having stepped into an aperture, caused by a vacant plank, and concealed by the snow.

3. When six hours from any village, your guide, on whom you may have had occasion to exercise your tongue or whip, takes the sulks and leaves you to find your own way.

4. Travelling of a dark night, your sumpter horse slips off the path into a ravine, breaks his back, and scrunches your baggage.

5. After a long cold journey, to find the walls of the khan streaming with wet, wherein you get a room with paper windows, and no doors;

you endeavour to make a fire, but the wood is green, and when at length you have blown it up with your mouth, you are sick and cannot eat pilaff.

6. On rising from the floor of a coffee-house where you have rolled all night, to find several holes burnt in your clothes by the embers of the company's pipes.

7. On arriving late at a hamlet just occupied by irregular troops, to have the option of a pig-sty, or the only spare house,—where the plague happens to be.

8. Crossing a river, to find your horse trying to swim, your guide having missed the ford. To the misery of feeling your nether garments freezing to your skin, you add the reflection that there is not a dry shred in your baggage.

Such, and such like, inconveniences will attend every man in a few months' travelling in Turkey, excepting the first, which however has happened. In return he enjoys novelty, and that feeling of complete independence which this kind of life generates.

The first evening, after riding nine hours, we halted at a village, Haide-bourounderes. We spread our carpet for the night on the bench of

a *cafeneh*,* and obtained a supper of pilaff, cabobs, pancakes, and honey, from the adjoining cabobgi-dukiane (cook's-shop). To this, by no means bad fare, our Tartar added excellent *café au lait*, for making which he was celebrated on the road: his name was Veli, a good specimen of the finest race of men in Turkey, of whose kind of life to judge fairly, a stranger at Constantinople should go occasionally to Scutari, to see one start for, or return from a long journey. In the former case, a Tartar is the picture of animation, his face transparently clear, just from under the barber's hands; his shining beard and moustaches trimmed to a hair; his high calpack put on with a touch of dandyism, covered by a flowered handkerchief to tie under his chin in case the wind proved high; his long fur riding cloak, of red or other gay-coloured cloth, with unsewed sleeves brushing his horse's back; his capacious trousers and huge boots, scrupulously

* The coffee houses in Turkey are the resting places of benighted travellers, of houseless poor, of all in short who choose.

The poor that sleep on the benches pay nothing, and have the chance of getting a bit of supper from richer occupants. This practice of the publicans is extremely creditable to them.

clean; his brass shovel-stirrups, bright as friction can make them; his black, polished leather saddle set off by silver-hilted pistols, and by the amber mouth-piece of his chibouque,—altogether a gay and gallant cavalier. In the latter case, his mother would not recognize him: pale, haggard, and dirty, he falls rather than gets off his horse, and throws himself on the ground in pain, unable even to light a pipe,—an object of utter distress. Even on a journey, while fresh horses are preparing, the Tartars throw themselves down, and can scarcely lift their heads to remount. They clothe exceedingly, and never alter their dress on the frozen banks of the Danube, or on the scorching plains of Syria. They usually wear over their shirt, a long robe of silk, a waistcoat of cloth, a jacket of cloth, a jacket lined with fox's fur, an overall-jacket with open sleeves, at times a pelisse, drawers, shelwar (enormous cloth trousers), woollen leggings, and heavy boots. To these must be added, sashes of a bulk and size to us insupportable, their pistols, ataghan, towels, handkerchiefs, tobacco purse, the three last contained in his bosom. In short, a mounted Tartar is a magazine, and the ease with which he supports such

a weight, reduces our surprise at the Crusaders having been able to bear their armour. The Tartars preserve their health by it; for in Turkey, warm clothing is as necessary in summer as in winter, on account of the frequency of *mal-aria* and keen winds. Europeans in these climes get fevers by dressing too lightly; but there is a medium between our clothing and a Tartar's.

Tartars in their long journeys drink a great deal of brandy and coffee, and take quantities of snuff. Their chief difficulty consists in keeping awake. The Surrogee (post-boy) is often obliged to ride by their side to keep them from falling off for the first hour after changing horses, the half hour which that takes, giving them time to get into a deep sleep.

The Tartars of St. Jean D'Acre are the most esteemed at present in Turkey. They usually perform the journey to Constantinople in twelve days and nights, which, considering that as far as Antiochia it is mountainous, is very quick. There is an elderly Tartar now at Constantinople, who used to be employed during the war by the English embassy, to convey letters to Bagdad (en route to India). He often per-

formed it in fourteen days. The same distance was rode once by a Tartar in nine days. It appears incredible, when the actual distance is considered—the mountains, the rivers in it, and the total want of roads, and of relays at less intervals than from ten to twenty hours; but the fact is recorded in the archives of the empire.*

Tartars are well paid. The Devlet (government) Tartars in particular make a great deal of money, since the Pasha or other great officer to whom they are sent, makes them presents according to the news. A Tartar who

* A great feat in riding is performed every year on the return of the caravan from Mecca. When eight days' march from Damascus, the Pasha escorting it sends a Tchoadar mounted on a fleet dromedary with the news to the second Pasha, who commands in Damascus during his absence. His arrival fills the inhabitants with joy, and they commence costly preparations to welcome the Hadgis. The bearer of the news is loaded with presents, and, having reposed one night, mounts on horseback to bear letters, announcing the safe return of the caravan, to the Sultan, who rewards him according to the speed he has made. In 1829 he died two hours after his arrival at Constantinople. In 1830 he was stopped a day's journey from Damascus by Bedouins, and robbed of his letters; in consequence, he had to send back a servant for others.

takes intelligence to a Pasha of a son being born to the Sultan, may expect eight or ten purses: on such occasions three or four Tartars go on the same errand,—woe to the horses! for it is a race the whole way. They make money also by conveying private letters and remittances, in which service their fidelity is at all proof; and should any money be lost, it is made up to the owner by the body corporate.

In every Pashalick is a regular establishment of Tartars commanded by a Tartar Aga, who regulates the journeys. They are everywhere greatly considered; and, when hard pressed, may command any horses even to the Pasha's, in a town where they pass.

Tartars like accompanying travellers and merchants, since they are well remunerated by them, and can carry on a little traffic: moreover, slow travelling and long halts, suit a Turk's love of indolence, which no habits of activity can conquer. When a Tartar arrives from a journey, he literally sits down till called upon to mount again. He is a stupid fellow, who, in fifteen or twenty years, does not make a provision for his after-life. Many die in the noviciate, or are obliged to give it up from

sickness. Those however, who become inured to the life, enjoy good health, and attain old age.

To our journey.—At three A. M., Veli again put before us *cafè au lait* with toast, by way of breakfast. The hard bench was not provocative of a second nap, and we were on our saddles by four o'clock; thus early, with the intention of reaching Adrianople that night. But on our reaching Ouzoun Kiupri at noon, the post-master was busy billeting a large detachment of troops from Schumla, returning into Asia: as he could not therefore attend to us, we were detained for horses upwards of four hours, and when we got them their appearance denoted that they were just off a journey. We left the place by a stone bridge of about one hundred arches, spanning the wide bed of the narrow river Erkeneh, tributary of the Marizza; and, after wading three hours through deep mud, sought shelter from the piercing cold in a Bulgarian hamlet, every house of which had just been occupied by Turkish soldiery, excepting one, where lay a child with a bad fever. This was offered to us, but, deeming filth better than disease, we preferred creeping under an adjoining

shed, where a wood fire kept us partly warm, and completely blinded. Our host and hostess, the parents of the sick child, as well as of three sturdy boys, were unremitting in their attentions; they gave us a very good soup, a dish of fried meat (perhaps from the next dead horse), eggs, and in all shewed such a perfect disposition to oblige us, that we gave them a gratification in the morning with more pleasure than we would have paid for the accommodation of a hotel.

A couple of miles brought us to the Marizza, to a gay scene for the sportsman's craft. It was frozen over, and covered with flights of wild fowl; and here and there, where the ice was broken by the pressure of a wedged-up boat, magnificent fish-eagles stood watching for prey. The morning was exhilarating, and our nags, notwithstanding they had passed the night in the snow, trotted cheerily along the bank, which was strewed with dead horses, indices of the march of a Russian column from Demotica. Presently our baggage horses, which were frisking and galloping in front without restraint, took it into their heads to cross an arm of the river. I shall not attempt to describe

our agony while the passage was effecting, as we expected every moment to see them come up on their sides and go through the ice, when adieu the Cashmere shawls and embroidered garments in my companion's portmanteau. However they not only got over safe, but back too; Turkish horses having very much the property of cats in keeping on their legs.

A bend of the river brought us into the plain of Adrianople, over which we had an unbounded view, broken only by the four minarets of sultan Selim's mosque, seen, from their angular position respecting us, in one line, at twelve miles' distance. We passed several villages, all bearing marks of Russian devastation, and towards noon, by bye-paths, along ditches, through gardens and willow plantations, entered the second city of the empire, which till within three weeks had been the head-quarters of Marshal Diebitch. He left it Nov. 20th, having lost by disease 12,000 men since his arrival, August 20th. He might have left it earlier, thereby saving several thousand lives, had he not deemed it necessary to wait for the keys of Giurgewo, which its pasha, Kutchuk Achmet, refused for a long time to deliver up, saying,

that *he* had not been taken, and that he considered the peace as disgraceful,—a peace that might have been made to save the empire, but not to save Constantinople. In the Russian hospital remained 8,000 men, not more than 1,500 of whom left it alive: horrible to relate, they died chiefly of absolute want: In that severe winter 1829-30, the streets of Adrianople feet deep in snow, these poor fellows lay on the floor of the vast wooden barracks (converted into a hospital) without beds or bedding; although the bazaars would have furnished enough for 20,000 men. On some days they had not even fire to cook their soup, while the icy gales from the Euxine sung through the crevices of their cage (the barracks could be called no other), which was so slight that it vibrated to peoples' footsteps. It is said that the emperor shed tears, on hearing, in part, of the distresses of his brave, victorious army. He had better have sent roubles. A company of galley slaves never suffered more cruel neglect than these troops: their diseases arose partly from the water they drank: spirits and wine were dirt cheap at Adrianople; yet, not even a drop was served out per diem.

After two pleasant days under the hospitable roof of the English consul, Peter Duveluz, Esq. to whom and to his amiable accomplished lady, all travellers who pass that way are deeply indebted, we continued our journey. Our road, or rather direction, was along the left bank of the Marizza, over a luxuriant plain with scarce a trace of cultivation, the absence of which marks nearly every part of the rich country contained between the Balkans, the Macedonian mountains, the Black Sea, and the Propontis; a tract unequalled in the world for natural advantages, possessing a soil capable of producing, almost without labour, nearly all the fruits of the earth, with internal navigation for transporting them. The Marizza and the Toondja intersect it, one from the N.W. and the other from the north, and uniting at Adrianople, flow into the port of Enos; a dozen minor streams, capable of being rendered navigable for barges, are tributary to them. With such resources, Roumelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of Italy, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's

route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of the continued depopulation. I have often asked my guides, while passing one, concerning its origin, or the name of the town that gave it inhabitants. "Kim bilir," (who knows)—or "Allah bilir" (God knows), was ever the careless answer,—an expression in the mouth of a Turk which means that the subject it refers to is considered by him as being either above man's understanding, or as beyond all date. The living, too, are far apart: a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The causes of this depopulation are to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans, too evident to be mistaken, but among them I cannot reckon polygamy as one; for in Turkey, as in all other countries, there is a plurality of women sufficient for the few men who are able or willing to have a large assortment of such delicate ware. A reason may be assigned in the seclusion of the Mohammedan women, which, by keeping young people from falling in love, prevents marriages among the lower classes. A poor devil with head and heart

free, thinks twice before doubling his embarrassments.

Our route, as on the other side of Adrianople, was thickly strewed with Russian cavalry horses, which fell, exhausted by fatigue, in the severe march of the army to the northward a few weeks since. We perceived at the same time the truth of the adage, "it is a bad wind that blows nobody good," in every high-fed cur that thrust his head out of the interior of a carcass to bark at us. Very regular was the discipline among these ungracious animals. Three were attached to each horse: one gorged inside while two watched outside; and they guarded their property with great rancour, violently attacking any other dog that dared to approach it, though only with the humble intention of smelling. The instinct of the dogs in Turkey is so remarkable, as to warrant the belief that an emigration of them took place from Constantinople*

* The dogs of Constantinople belong to everybody and to nobody, the streets are their homes; their appearance is between a wolf and a jackal. It is astonishing how they continue their species, exposed to a rigorous winter and the casualties of a large city. They are littered and reared in the streets. In the summer several die of thirst, but none

after the war, in consequence of its becoming known that the line of the Russian march was supplied with horse-flesh. It is certain that a sensible diminution of those animals took place in Stamboul about that period. Might not a vulture have conveyed the news to his fellow-labourers in a field of battle's gleanings?

have ever been known to go mad. Though a worrying nuisance to walkers, their general utility is obvious, for as the Turks throw the leavings of their kitchens out-of-doors, the streets would very soon be impassable but for the scavenger-like propensities of the dogs and the storks, assisted occasionally by vultures. As they subsist entirely on charity and what they pick up, instinct teaches them the necessity of a division of labour; and therefore, in the same manner as a well-regulated society of beggars has separate walks for its members, they divide the city and its suburbs into districts. Were a dog found in a strange quarter he would infallibly be torn in pieces by the resident dogs; and so well are they aware of this, that no argument, not even a bone of roast meat, will induce a dog to follow a person beyond his district; a singular and authenticated fact. We caressed, for experiment, one of these animals whose post, with many others, was near the Mevlevi Khan; we daily fed him till he became fat and sleek, and carried his tail high, and was no longer to be recognized for his former self. With his physical, his moral qualities improved. He lost his currishness; and when his patrons approached, expressed gratitude by licking their

At the village of Mustapha Pasha we crossed on a stone bridge to the right bank of the Marizza, and entered on an execrable route, which kept our horses in a labouring walk. That night we slept at Ebebjik, in a Turkish cafeneh, the heat of which proved extremely unpleasant for the first half hour, after having been exposed the whole day to severe cold: from 28° to 72° is a sudden change.* However, I recommend every traveller in the winter, to pass the nights in the cafenehs in preference to accepting the quarters his firman entitles him to, and he will travel all over Turkey, sleeping always on the boards, without catching a cold, or feeling a pain in a limb: whereas, if he put up in a chilly wooden house, he will have both in a week. The healthiness of this practice I affirm from experience, and support by the practice of the Russian peasantry, who, on coming in from their

hands, &c.; yet he would never follow them beyond an imaginary limit, either way, where he would stop, wag his tail, and look wistfully after them till they were out of sight, then return to his post. Once only I saw him overstep his limit: he was very hungry, and we were alluring him with tempting food; but he had not exceeded twenty yards when he recollected himself, and ran hastily back. I cannot say if any order of precedency is observed in gaining the best stations, as near a butcher's shop, or a khan.

out-door labour, their beards masses of ice, strip and lie over a large oven till they break out in perspiration. They never have rheumatism, the scourge of the lower classes in England.

The next morning, in three hours we reached Arhmaneh, a village, with signs of former importance, in a vast burial-ground, and a large khan of curious construction, with a cupola *a la Chinoise*, built, we are told, above 200 years since, by Sci Ayoush, Grand Vizir of Amurath. In those times, when wars with Germany were common, all this track must have been of great resort, requiring spacious khans and cemeteries.

We left it by a stone bridge over a rivulet, and having surmounted with toil a boggy upland, wound along the sides of a picturesque and rocky glen, at the bottom of which lay a frozen stream, tributary of the Marizza; a little further on, we passed some water-mills and some fine flocks of sheep and goats, the first evident signs of returning confidence that we had seen. It came dark while we were yet a considerable distance from Hass Keuy, where we were to pass the night, and the tracks being obliterated by the snow, we much feared not being able to find it: but, after retracing our steps, and winding in the

same circles several times with increasing impatience and ill humour, the welcome bark of dogs, more delightful music at that moment than an opera overture, directed us. "Some use, these animals, after all," we said, on alighting at a very good khan, of which the Khandgi, being a friend of our Tartar, Veli, invited us to take up our lodging with him. The offer was gladly accepted, for his apartment was rugged, and on one side of it an enormous chimney was blazing with nearly a cart load of wood. There were other comforts too attending this arrangement. In the first place, we had room to expand our limbs, and to enjoy ewers of water, and clean towels: in the next place, our supper was more *recherché* than usual, though our host did not partake of it, he having already supped. He was a particularly handsome man, with the most perfect beard I ever witnessed; it would have been a crime to cut it off. He sat on a little carpet on one side of the fire, we spread ours on the other side, and Veli completed the square. Thus we smoked and sipped coffee till sleep wooed us, when, arranging pillows of what there were, we lay down in the same relative position. The servants crept into the area, their

heels into the fire, the crackling of which was soon varied by sundry toned snores. It is pleasant, rather than otherwise, thus travelling, not to be able to undress; one is always ready to sleep or to rise. Whether the horses are announced at two A. M. or two P. M., it is the same thing, the servants are always up, coffee is prepared in a minute, and the chibouque as soon replenished: stand up and give a good shake, your toilet is done; draw on your Tartar boots, and throw your capote around you, you can face the bleak N. E.: and, regarding the cleanliness of this mode of proceeding, when you halt for a day or two, take a Turkish bath, a process able to purify years of filth, and leave the subject cleaner than ever.

When daylight broke, the two mosques of Hass Keuy were long behind us (our road this day was more interesting, occasionally); through a low range of hills we saw Mount Rhodope, before us the Balkans; and the plains to the eastward were studded with isolated hills, singularly shaped, certainly not artificial, and not quite small enough for ærolites. After riding eight hours and passing three Christian villages, we stopped at a fourth to bait, with little expecta-

tion however of finding any thing, as the country between Adrianople and Philippopolis had been, the last three months, the foraging scenes of Cossacks from the former, and of Albanians from the latter, to supply their respective armies.* But we were mistaken. The Bulgarian cottage where we alighted was clean and comfortable, though the floor was mud and the walls plaster: a cheerful fire was sparkling, by which, spreading a clean rug beside it, the matron invited us to sit. She then prepared us a repast of fried eggs and toast, with milk and wine, alleging Lent as a reason for not giving us a slice of pork. Her sons and husband were out at work, but her daughters were with her; two very pretty girls, loaded with silver bracelets and buckles, with their long hair braided—quite the national cos-

* When Turkish troops are on the march, the Christian villages suffer much less from them than the Turkish villages, since their wine and their pigs are sacred from plunder. Any traveller in Turkey, in the track of troops, must have observed this. In the former he will be sure of getting a slice of pork and a jug of wine. In the latter he must often content himself with a draught from the fountain.

tume. The plenty visible astonished us, as it well might, considering what I above observed; it could only be accounted for by the talent possessed by the villagers throughout Turkey, of hiding every thing instantaneously on the approach of a marauding party, and changing an air of comfort into one of utter misery. Of this art we had a specimen the same evening to our cost. We had intended sleeping at Philippopolis, but soon found that that would be very difficult, on account of the jaded state of our horses. We therefore drew up at a small hamlet of three or four houses, half unroofed, on the road side, to make a shift till morning; but this habitation, wretched as it was, was already occupied by a Pasha, with a large *suite, en route* from Schumla to Adrianople. His Selictar, an Albanian youth, splendidly dressed, one of the handsomest I ever saw, even of that handsome race, came out and informed us there was no room, at the same time begged us, in his master's name, to alight and take coffee: but, as the sun was already on the mountains, and the temperature several degrees below freezing, we declined the civility, and proceeded towards a village which, we were told, lay two

miles off the high road. Its pillars of smoke guided us from a distance; all at once they vanished, and when we arrived at their bases, the village was deserted; not a human form or voice was seen or heard, not a dog growled, or pig grunted. Yet there were certain signs of recent habitation, even supposing that our eyes had been deceived about the smoke. Where were the bipeds?—Far from understanding the cause, we were about retiring, after losing half an hour in looking for somebody, doubtful where to go, when it struck us that it lay in our Turkish costume, by which we had been taken for part of the Pasha's retinue in the neighbouring hamlet, come to collect provender for their own and their master's supper. Veli knew this reason before, but his pride kept him silent. We returned to the charge, anxious to redeem our credit, as well as to get out of the cold, and hoped to succeed by knocking at every door and telling who we were. We spoke to the stones. Veli soon got into a terrible passion at being so slighted. He swore by Allah, by Mohammed, by his father's beard, by his own head, and threatened the bastinade on man,

woman and child—in vain; and thus we might have continued till morning—we soothing, he swearing—had not a slight wreath of smoke, escaping from a half-stifled fire, betrayed the inmates of one cottage, who then yielded to Veli's direct imprecations—he swore he would set fire to the house—and opened the door. What a scene! men, women, and children, half smothered, and grim with smoke—the first salaaming, the second scolding, the last squalling, turned out to know our will, and swear, in their turn, by the Virgin and all the Apostles, that they had not heard us till that moment; that, poor innocent people, they had been fast asleep! A cow, dogs, pigs, and poultry followed them out of the smoke. Presently came up the Kiaja, and the Tchorbagi of the village, protesting to the truth of the same lie, that our worthy presence was only that minute known. Veli waxed more wroth, was about to lay club-law on the one, and told the other he would get him decapitated. "God is great! is this the way to treat two Bejzades travelling with our Lord's firmans under *my* protection? Please God, I will tell the Pasha of Philippopolis to-morrow, the Grand Vizir when I see him, the Eltchi when

I return to Pera, and——" he would have gone on for an hour had we not stopped him. We saw that if we staid, there would be nothing but hot water on both sides, and we feared that Veli, though really very good natured, might get outrageous; so we remounted, and rode two hours further, to a menzil-khan, (post-house). The little cafeneh belonging to it was crowded to excess, and we were about to be rejected, when two Turks very civilly turned out into the stable, and gave us their places. Veli also took up his lodging with the horses, and made himself quite comfortable, as indeed a Turk always does in every situation,—equally contented, apparently, on a divan, with lamb and pilaff, or under a shed with onions and nuts. He got a pan of charcoal beside him, smoked his pipe, and curled his mustaches, and looked as pleased as though nothing had occurred for a week to cross his temper.

We passed an indifferent night, as may be supposed, sharing a bench eight feet by four, with five others. But any thought of the annoyance vanished when the first view of Philippopolis burst on us as we rode from the khan in the morning, enlivened by an atmo-

sphere buoyant as angel's spirits, and so clear that the outlining of the mountain scenery was traced on the blue sky as delicately as though done with a fine pencil. We were approaching the N.W. angle of the vast plain of Roumelia, still so vast that our prospect was bounded to the south and the east by the horizon: to the north, hoary-headed Hæmus met us in his greatest elevation, thence drooping towards the Euxine; and Rhodope's clustered brows and picturesque peaks, merging with the clouds in the S.W., was our western limit. These two ranges nearly unite, and form "the iron portals of Trajan," which as viewed from our direction were exceedingly grand, appearing the entrance to a mighty avenue of mountains leading into Servia, its extremity lost in haze. Before us, at the distance of two miles and a half, in the way of the iron portals, apparently at their threshold, defining by comparison their dimensions—a point for the mind to rest on, and thence grasp the surrounding objects—rose from the earth a finely carved insulated rock, cleft by an earthquake in three crags, and frowning over the waste of snow, like a volcanic island over the ocean. The Marizza, silver-striping the plain

as far as the eye could reach, gleaming among clusters of snow heaps, which in spring would turn out to be villages, wound by it; and resting at its base, washed by the river, or clinging up its eastern side, was the city of Philippopolis. The minarets of twenty mosques, springing like needles in the frosted air, added grace to the picture, while ruins, crowning the highest crag, gave it the finishing touch of antiquity.

Having staid some minutes to admire the scene, we continued, over the site of the Pasha of Scutari's camp, disturbing legions of dogs and vultures, harmoniously raking together. We passed the entombed remains of 5000 of his Albanians, who died there in the space of three months, and entered the city through the great cemetery, which, from its enormous headstones, might be aptly termed the Giants' Cemetery. The streets were saddle deep in mud, and misery was prevalent. In one corner lay an Arab tainted with plague, covered with a rug, and abandoned to his fate, simply because he was an Arab.* We threw him money, but I believe

* "He is an Arab to my sight." I saw an illustration of this verse at Buyukderé in the case of a drowned man, whom

it would have been more charity to have given him poison. After one or two wrong turnings, we reached the Pasha's seraglio, where we were to show our firmans in order to obtain quarters. His Excellency was sitting at an open window admiring his horses, which, saddled and bridled to the number of sixty, were being paraded by the grooms round the court.

He sent an officer to conduct us to a principal Greek house in the upper part of the town. To our astonishment a scene awaited us similar with that of the preceding evening, though we had taken the precaution to give our costume a Christian-like air by changing our fezes for foraging caps. The lady of the mansion, seeing only the Turks with us, barricaded her doors, and from an upper window refused us admittance, saying that her house had already had more than its share of Turks quartered on it, and that they might go elsewhere this time. The officer was too proud to explain; he in-

the surgeon of the Blonde failed of recovering because the people round were dilatory in getting warm water and clothing. "Shame," I exclaimed, "thus to let a countryman perish." "Countryman!" answered an old Osmanley, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Arab der," (he is an Arab).

sisted that the door should be opened, or he would force it. A large crowd in consequence assembled, and various opinions were given by one and the other, according as the spokesman was Mussulman or Christian. We cut the matter short by addressing the fair keeper of the fortress, and desiring her to look out of the window at us. She did so, and uttered an exclamation of joy. The doors were immediately opened, and she came with all her servants to welcome us, and to make apologies for the delay occasioned by her ignorance of our being Franks. What a triumph! Veli was so ashamed at this second adventure, that he did not get over it all day. The house which had fallen to our lot, was excellent, spacious and well furnished, belonging to a merchant engaged in trade at Vienna, where he then was. Notwithstanding the complaints of his wife about having had a party of Albanians quartered on her, an evil shared in common with every other inhabitant, Mussulman as well as Christian, it seemed to us that her guests must have conducted themselves extremely well, since they had injured nothing. But Philippopolis* being in the great thorough-

* This city has about 22,000 inhabitants, one-third are

fare to Servia, and to Bosnia, and to Upper Albania, and therefore often exposed to the passage of troops, the inhabitants are very sore on this subject, as on an old grievance; each considers himself particularly imposed on in the distribution of billets, and endeavours to throw the burthen off himself on to another. They flattered themselves that they had escaped the immediate evils of the war; but the Arnaout undeceived them; he came and encamped as in a hostile country. The sultan, alarmed at his long continuance after the war, repeatedly ordered him to lead his army back. Mustapha pleaded that he had no money to pay his men. "Pay them," replied the sultan, "by levying contributions on the town and villages." To do this, however, the Pasha did not require an order, as he had already predisposed that as his own per-

Mussulmen. The remainder Greeks, excepting a few Armenians and Jews. It has extensive manufactures of soap and leather. Rice is the great product of the country. Its climate is mild, being sheltered by the Balkan from the Black Sea winds. The Marizza rarely freezes near it. At Adrianople, on the contrary, it freezes every winter often as far down as Enos. The fig and the cypress come to perfection at Philippopolis, which they do not at Adrianople.

quisite. His demand on the treasury of Constantinople was another thing; and, in order to succeed, he quartered his army, about 20,000 men, on the town, when the severity of the winter obliged him to strike his tents. He remained there twenty days; during which he received a sum of money from Constantinople, and this, though not equal to his expectations, added to the murmurs of his men to return to their hills, proved conclusive. He eased the Philippopolitans of their loose cash, then wished them good morning; and did the same on his way home, by Tartar Bazardjik and Sophia.*

We were visited by the principal Greek inhabitants, to whom the arrival of Franks was (as in every town) a joyful occurrence, as thereby they obtain news. They asked many questions about the Morea, and when they were satisfied of its certain independence, broke out into enthusiastic eulogiums of England and France. Their praises were thrown away on us, as we

*I have already mentioned this chieftain. In the summer of 1830 he broke into open rebellion, in consequence of the sultan requiring him to submit to his reform. The Grand Vizir routed his forces, and he fled back to Scutari.

were well aware that they would be turned into expressions of hatred, were we their masters. We further gratified their pride by shewing them a passport and some coins of Capo d'Istria, which so exalted them that they began handling our arms with boyish delight. One comely young man buckled on a sabre, drew it several times with increasing satisfaction, and made a pass or two at the wainscoting. Had there been a cat in the room, he would certainly have tried his valour on it. They spoke bitterly of the conduct of the Russians, in having proclaimed that they came to take possession of the country; receiving, in consequence, every assistance from the Greek inhabitants, and abandoning them afterwards to the warrantable distrust of the Osmanleys. We told them that they should have known by that time the nature of Russia's promises, which ever made Grecian blood flow solely for her own interest. "True," they answered; "sixty years of fatal experience should have taught us the truth; but hope is ever new, and this time even the Osmanleys thought that the fair-haired Muscovites were come to rule over the country. Instead, they leave us, and the emperor shews his pity

for our false position by obliging the sultan to pay a large indemnity which must come in great part from the pockets of his Christian subjects." This touch at the emperor was just; but the weight of the indemnity fell equally, if not more heavy, upon the Mussulmans, since the sultan feared to oppress the Greeks too openly, when he saw that Europe took so lively an interest in their welfare.

Some of the Greeks here spoke German tolerably,—a language more for an European traveller, who may be puzzled though talking half-a-dozen. The most useful European language in Turkey is Spanish. All the Jews talk it, impurely certainly, but quite well enough for interpretation; indeed, their Spanish, as it is, is their household language, Hebrew being considered classical. Moreover, Spanish is the chief ingredient of the lingua Franca.

At our levee assisted a Charlatan, *soi disant*, Hekim Bashi of the city. He spoke French very well, though not a Frenchman, having served l' Empereur (as Commissary's fifteenth clerk, I suppose). At the peace he sought means of livelihood at Algiers, but not finding

any there, came to Constantinople, where, with others, he established a brewery. That speculation failed; according to him, from the bad taste of the Mussulmans in preferring their Boza; according to others, from the laxative qualities of his beer. Finally,—the usual refuge for destitute Franks in Turkey,—he styled himself M.D. and settled in Philippopolis; where, to commence fair, he took a Greek wife. He stated his name to be Smidth, of Dutch extraction; but before our dinner was over, at which he remained to assist, half per invite, half per hanging on, his affection for us so wonderfully increased, that he vowed he was born in England. His name was a witness in his favour. However, he was useful as a Ciceroni, and served to amuse me after the departure of my friend Mellish the next day, for Tartar Bazardjik, on his route to Belgrade. I remained longer, in hopes of procuring a Tartar to accompany me to Schumla; but, as my intended route lay through the Russian cantonments, the Pasha told me it could not be. A Yasakgi, however, should escort me, he said, as far as the lines, when the Cossacks would take charge of me. In the mean time I saw

what was to be seen in and about the city, and, for variety, got good humouredly pelted once with snow-balls by Turkish schoolboys. Two Roman gates still existed, and my Ciceroni shewed off, he thought, his antiquarian lore by pointing out to me a house as Philip's of Macedon. I did not think it worth while to lower his consequence by telling him the error he committed, misled by the name of the place. The Mussulmans inhabited the lower part of the city, the Christians the upper part, according to the usual practice in Turkish towns, in order to prevent the latter from holding communication with the enemy in case of a siege. Philippopolis is subject to earthquakes; yet, on the highest crag, almost inaccessible, were three cannons, for the ostensible purpose of commanding the place in case of an insurrection. In theory they answered the end proposed; in practice they could not have been sufficiently depressed to touch a single house. A fine view, scarcely ever seen by one of the natives, rewarded my trouble of climbing to them. These cannons were considered as the palladium of the liberties of the city, and when the sultan sent orders to

have them transported to Schumla, at the commencement of the war, the inhabitants refused to part with them. On another commanding spot was a large clock, an indulgence enjoyed by the Christians in nearly all the towns of northern European Turkey. Standing by this very clock, the Charlatan, who had hitherto eat with me, asked me to dine with him. I unwittingly accepted the invitation, not reflecting on the uncertainty of pot-luck with a man whose features were given to length. I instantly saw my mistake, for he grew troubled, having only made the invitation to have it refused. However, the deed was done, and we descended the rock in silence; he probably meditating how to avoid the impending exposure, I consoling myself with the prospect of seeing his ménage, which as yet had been as secluded from me as though it were a harem. We soon reached the house, lifted up the latch without speaking, hit my head against the low door-way, and in the little parlour surprised his lady, who, starting up, displeased at our abrupt intrusion, opened her ruby lips in the act of levelling Ionic slang at her lord, but, on seeing a perfect stranger, smoothed them into a smile, and disappeared to

arrange her toilet. Another professor was in the room: after a formal introduction, Charlatan whispered contemptuously, "he is also a tailor." "Proof of talent," I replied. "By no means," continued Charlatan; "do not imagine that because he calls himself a doctor, he knows any thing of our abstruse science: a grave air and the Hekim's cap impose on any Turk." I sat down on the sofa, after a time, gnawing with hunger, for I had been running about all day, and the sun had already given the mountain snow a vermilion tinge. Charlatan seeing me fixed, became fidgety: he brought me a chibouque, and a half-torn Journal de Medicine, containing an article on the digestive organs,—no chance I thought of exercising mine. I discussed the tobacco leisurely, and the book page by page, but still no signs of eating, not even a napkin. I began to think that I had committed a real error, and how to extricate myself without offending good breeding, when Charlatan relieved my suspense by confessing que-ce n'etait pas sa faute, mais—sacre carême—la maudite religion Grecque ne permettait pas de manger de la viande que deux cent jours de l'an . . . enfin il n-y-avait rien à manger.

I thought as much; and was debating what to do next, when, at that awkward moment, two servants came in bearing trays covered with good things; gifts of a fair Asmodeus, my kind hostess, who not seeing me return to dinner, conjectured that I had gone chez Mr. Smidth: she also conjectured the denouement there; and therefore, without any apologies—certainly never less necessary — sent this seasonable reinforcement to his kitchen. This quite changed the face of affairs, from despondency to confidence. Mr. Smidth had been too long in France not to be able to take it as an excellent joke, as it really was, and did the honours of the table *á merveille*. After dinner his brother quack discreetly vanished; his pretty wife then threw aside her Grecian reserve, sung sweet airs, and talked agreeable nonsense all the evening, while her worse half got d—d d—k on my cognac. When I left him at midnight, a Bey's domestic was over his prostrate form, endeavouring to rouse him into consciousness that he might go and see the Bey's child, supposed to be dying, if not already dead.

I did not leave Philippopolis without visiting

the archbishop (Niceforas). He rebuked me for not having made his house my home, and his chaplain expressed surprise that I could not translate a chapter of ancient Greek for him out of a book which he shewed me, and which he could not do himself. Our conversation soon turned on the usual topic, the distresses of the Greeks, the manner in which they were placed and insulted. It was certainly ludicrous to sit in the company of portly priests, on elegant silk divans, smoking from porcelain narghilers, sipping coffee from China cups with filagreed silver saucers, and talk of misery;—knowing also the undeniable fact that the best house in every Turkish town, after the governor's, belongs to a Greek; that the Greek men are universally well-dressed, the Greek women richly ornamented; and that the Greek merchants journey with a luxury to which few Osmanleys pretend. But it is the fashion to paint the Greeks wretched: they made their own story, and Philhellenism amplified it. The archbishop told me that he had three hundred villages in his diocese, which was one of the most extensive in Turkey. I do not suppose that he was proportionally rich; for the

Greeks, though extremely bigoted and devoted to their clergy, pay them very ill. It is true that Mahomet II. established a tariff in their favour; but it soon fell into disuse, and the Greek clergy have naturally been averse to making the Porte arbiters on one subject, lest it should take it as a precedent for interfering on others. In addition to their spiritual functions, the Greek bishops have always been judges in causes between Greek and Greek, unless the litigants preferred Turkish justice, which, strange as it may seem, often happened.

The more we examine the conduct of the early Ottoman conquerors, the more we are convinced that religious tolerance is the rock on which they split in Europe. They should either have extirpated the Greek religion, which has ever been a cancer to the Mussulman power, as they could have done, or they should have made its professors dependant on the government for salaries, whereby they would have ceased to have cared so much for the affection of the people. Amurath II. adopted the former plan in Albania. He succeeded; the Christians that are now there are later settlers. After all, conversion by the sword, though it sound very

horrid, is as good as any other way, certainly more efficacious. There may be doubts of the sincerity of the forced proselytes, but their children are certain to be born in the faith; and this assurance in the converters, of saving generations in future, counterbalances the injustice of making one generation forswear itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

Hadgi Toozoon — Tchapan—Bastinade — Eski Saray — Adra Bey—Mustapha—Cossack Captain—Yeni Saara—General Reuchteurn—Russ Colonel—Selimnia—General Montresor — Poniatowsky — Wolk Llanevsky — Russ Army.

THE next morning, Hadgi Toozoon (Yasakgi), destined by the Pasha to act for me as a Tartar, came to my house with horses; the weather was beautiful, I therefore took leave of my fair hostess and her fairer daughter, who had succeeded in dismissing the gazelle-like shyness which made her conceal herself the first day, and left the city at a gallop. Hadgi Toozoon was a merry fellow, too merry, for he frequently applied a spirit flask to his lips,—a very unbecoming practice for one who had visited Mecca; but I suppose he thought that that duty, performed, was absolution for sins to come as well

as for sins past. A short way from Philippopolis we stopped to admire some Osmanleys imitating the jerreed game. Couching their pistols in the absence of reeds, they galloped and whirled on the sheet ice with as much confidence as though on grass. One horse at length failed in recovering himself after a fearful slide, and indicated a tremendous fall. The rider no-ways daunted, used his reins and stirrups with great address, eliciting universal approbation, till finding all his efforts of no use —go he must, he fired his pistol in the air, that it might hurt no one, jumped nimbly off, and with his hands eased the animal down on its side: it was an admirable specimen of horsemanship.

In crossing the river, a little farther on, we made a mistake and got up to the swimming mark—all the Hadgi's fault—and in consequence, wet—my baggage soaked—we arrived late at Tchapan, a large Bulgarian village. The good people of the house assigned me by the Ayan, received the stranger with pleasure, for he was now entering a part of the country where his religion was a bond of friendship, so different from the Greek inhabited cities, now,

as ever, focuses of religious intolerance. Two Osmanleys were seated by the fire-place: they rose and salaamed me, repeating the Russian word *dobree;* then took my wet clothes, and brought me wine. I thought I was dreaming, to receive such unpaid civilities from true believers, of no mean condition either, to judge by their muslin turbans and silver-hilted arms. The enigma was explained on the entrance of Hadgi Toozoon, who had remained outside to look to the horses. They asked him if Effendi was not a great Russian. He replied in the negative that Effendi was only an Englishman. I could not refrain from smiling at their mistake, at the same time disgusted at their servility to a race they should rather have trampled on than courted. They repeated the question to make sure, and then, ashamed of having exposed their meanness, slunk away, and did not return.

After an excellent supper, the pilaff seasoned to a grain of pepper, I laid down to sleep, wrapped in my host's fur pelisse, while my things were drying; but my eyes were soon re-opened by an altercation in which the Hadgi's voice predominated. He had been Christian enough, during my short nap, to get

intoxicated; and was now, Turk-like, endeavouring to turn my host and his two daughters into the street, where the snow was falling deep. Jumping up, I pulled him away from the door, which was already half open, shut it, and placed my back against it. He began swearing; and the good people, fearing that ill consequences would ensue, begged that I would let them go out, to restore quiet. I could not thus repay their hospitality, nor, had I been so inclined, should I have had time, for the Hadgi speedily settled the dispute by drawing out a pistol. He presented it at me, and—it flashed in the pan. This sobered him; at the same time my Surrogee, crouched in a corner, jumped up and assisted me to take his remaining arms from him. He offered no resistance; on the contrary, was all penitence. He reflected that according to the Turkish law he was liable to death for what he had done, and he begged forgiveness. I did not think it right to let him off; so in the morning took him before the Ayan, who, with great civility had him seized up in my presence, and fifty blows applied to the soles of his feet. He bore the severe pain very well; and when over,

slid away on his breech, for he could not walk.* I offered him his backscheish; he took it, and said, Oughrola (bon voyage). This incident rather tired me of Turkish guards; after all they are of no great service to a traveller, except in getting on tired horses, at which they are unrivalled. Beasts apparently unable to crawl for ten minutes longer, they induce by the magic of their whip and voice into a hobbling canter; not very agreeable certainly, but very valuable when the minarets of the nearest village are gleaming in the setting sun, yet two hours distant. Besides this talent they have, in common with all Turks, the happy knack of making any horse go in a sort of amble, called chack-bin: it is very easy, and a horse covers with it four and a half miles an hour. In vain the Frank changes horses with his Tartar or his Surrogee, he remains the last; while flogging and spurring, obliged occasionally to

* The operation is performed by two Chavasses armed with long white sticks, thick as a man's thumb. The sticks are changed every twenty blows. The sufferer often faints before the fiftieth blow—the punishment goes on. He recovers, to faint again and again till the dose is administered Five hundred strokes are next to death.

trot, to overtake them, they jog on without effort, smoking their pipes, and the difference of fatigue in man and horse at the end of the day, is evident. It can only be obtained by riding with large Turkish shovel-stirrups, an equable titillation of which kept up in the horse's flanks produces the chack-bin. We always ride on European saddles; therefore we fail: one's heel is not enough, and a spur is too much,—*le juste milieu* lies in the shovel-stirrups.

The Hadgi being thus disposed of, I left Tchapan, and entered a highly cultivated tract, called the Garden of Roumelia, renowned for its flowers and its fruits, and its wines. It extends along the foot of the Balkans forty miles: the cultivators are Bulgarians, who make a good thing by sending their roses to Adrianople, where the best attar is distilled. The air of prosperity was quite refreshing, and the contented appearance of the peasantry, who saluted me as I rode quietly through their vineyards and rose plantations—the former planted low and shrubby, as in France—shewed me that they were under a wise master, one who knew that the interests of the landlord and of the tenants are inseparable. This enlightened

Osmanley, Hadgi Fayret Effendi, was Ayan of the neighbouring town of Eski Saara, and hereditary possessor of large estates. Fortunately, his retired situation, off the great roads, had hitherto preserved him from the sultan's reforming rage; and, still more fortunately, the Russians did not come far enough to make his people revolt, consume their produce, and then abandon them. I saw him that evening, when I reached Eski Saara. He received me very politely; and a dazzling white beard, of unusual luxuriance, added greatly to the respect I already entertained for him. He made some demur about providing me with horses to proceed the next day to the Russian outposts, about twelve miles distant; his attendants also evinced considerable uneasiness, as it was necessary that one should accompany me, in order to ensure the horses being permitted to return. In the mean time, he assigned me excellent quarters in a Bulgarian house; where I had scarcely supped, when several of the notables came in to visit me. As usual, in all Bulgarian places, the conversation turned on the ill conduct of the Russians, who had excited their countrymen to rebel with false promises, and

were now about to abandon them; having got every thing out of them they could, and impoverished them. This was the language held where the Russians had not been, and I had soon occasion to know that it was considerably short of the truth.

Later in the evening an Osmanley, a friend of the house, came in. He sat down as humble as a Raya, and took the chibouque, immediately presented to him, begging me to take a few whiffs from it first, by way of good fellowship. He then asked me if Mussulmans would be allowed to reside in the Morea: "Certainly," I told him, "but under the Greeks." At this he sighed. "I lived there fourteen years, and left two children when I quitted it in the suite of Kourshid Pasha. I love the country, and should wish to return to it: will the Greek government," he added, "allow us to enjoy our religion?"—"Assuredly," I said. "Ah!" he continued, "this is no country now for us; we are the prey to suspicion. Our sultan is now as much hated as he should be loved." Having heard the same expressions of dislike to the sultan elsewhere, I was not surprised at what this man said.

It was noon the following day, before I received any intelligence from the Ayan about my progressing. I was going to him, when one of his officers, an old gentleman named Mustapha, came and intimated to me most sulkily, with no more words than were barely necessary, that he was to take me to Yeni Saara. "Good," I said; "let us go." This quiet Turkish reply set his tongue going. "Let us go!" he repeated, emphatically, and then went on grumbling about Franks, and about Moscofs,—about what business they had there,—why they could not go another road,—why they travelled at all,—why they could not stay at home,—et cetera. I saw it was no use to interfere, so I let his bile work off, which it did in about an hour and a half, when he fetched some good horses from the Ayan's own stables.

We had not ridden above two hours and a half, in perfect silence, when Mustapha pulled up at a wretched village, Adra Bey, and proposed alighting to take a pipe. I agreed, to please him, though wishing to push on, as the Russian lines were not above two miles farther. We had not half consumed our peace-offering when my baggage was brought in. I looked at

Mustapha—Mustapha looked at me. "What is this?" I said: "We sleep here," he replied. "Sleep here!" I exclaimed, looking at the wretched habitation, which, as the village had been sacked by Cossacks, was stripped to the very doors. "Yes: here, we will give you a good supper." "You old impostor," I said, "is this why we dismounted—why do we not go on—what shall I do here?" "Do! sit down and smoke your pipe." I began to get warm, particularly as I remembered the trimming he had given me at Eski Saara; and I gave him, in consequence, my whole vocabulary of abuse,—a man never talks a language so well as when he is in a rage or in love,—and finished by swearing by the prophets and saints of both religions, that I would go on. "God is great," said Mustapha; "we will not leave this place to-day." "Please God," I replied, "we will reach Yeni Saara to-night." "Bakalum" (we will see), said Mustapha, and resumed his pipe. It requires a person to have been in an altercation with an Osmanley, exposed to his common-place replies, intermixed with the regular proportion of inshallahs, mashallahs, and bakalums, to understand the complete rage

which it generates. Menacing to take him by the beard, I cried; "*You* stay where you like, *I* will go on. Surrogee, bring out the horses." But the Surrogee, instead of obeying me, looked for further orders from his superior; who quietly said: "Leave them alone; the Beyzade is mad." This quite transported me; my hand mechanically rested on my sash—which trifling action had the effect of disturbing the equanimity of my tormentor, and of restoring mine. He changed his tone, and coming up to me, begged that I would wait till the morning, as he was sickly, and did not like passing the night among strangers. He was an old man, and that was enough. Moreover, I could not help esteeming what I now saw to be his real motive, a dislike to be with the Russians more than possible.

The next morning, having no temptation on the hard floor to be indolent, we were on horseback betimes, and jogging on, a market-woman's sort of a trot, our heads buried in our capotes, soon reached a wild common, where our reverie was disturbed by four strange looking fellows, on rough horses, with long ragged lances and uncouth beards, who addressed us

in a language of which I had not any idea—Cossack. Getting no answer, they conducted us to a small village in the middle of the common, where their captain was quartered, with 100 irregular Cossacks,—disagreeable acquaintances to make on a high road. He was shaved, and therefore more Christian-like than his men. He invited me into his apartment, slighting my companion; but as I considered Mustapha now under my protection, I took him with me. It was rich to behold his superlative air of disdain as he threw himself down in one corner and lit his chibouque, in the clouds from which he soon shrouded himself from his hateful hosts. The captain and I could do no more than bow and look interesting at each other; for though he knew the Russian in addition to his own language, I did not. We telegraphed to no purpose, mutually convinced of each others stupidity. The only two signs intelligible to me were, that I could not continue my journey, and an invitation to eat: to the latter I agreed. He produced some salt pork and some vile rum, for breakfast; in discussing which dainties, we made use of the same knife, the same platter, and the same cup: Mustapha all the time re-

garding us with holy horror, and deeming us probably as swinish as the swine before us.

At length a Bulgarian was found who could talk Russian as well as Turkish, and we commenced business; but our path was strewed with difficulties. In the first place the Captain was not quite aware that there was a country named England; and my passport, being in French, was of no service in supporting my word that there was. There might be, he said; but—he had heard of France and Germany; but—he had never heard of England,—that England in whose sway the sun never sets! Alas my country! I thought, is it possible that thy name—familiar where the Arab wanders, the Indian scalps, the African gambols, the cannibal feasts:—thy fame—rivalling that of Rome and Carthage combined—has not reached the banks of the Don.—Are there individuals ignorant of that glorious isle—abode of freedom, marvel of history, mother of empires—whose ensign floats triumphant on every wave,—whose conquests are graven on every shore,—whose language connects distant worlds! I was never more astonished. The Captain, however, consented to wave the question of my nationality:

the General, he said, would be able to read my passport, and that would do,—but I could not prosecute my journey without being disarmed, as he had strict orders not to permit any stranger to enter the lines armed. He added, that my sword and pistols should be forwarded to Sélimnia, where they would be delivered to me on my arrival. This arrangement I opposed; not that I cared about parting with my incumbrances, but I was an English officer; and in explaining this reason for my objection, I turned up the cuff of my capote, and shewed the buttons of a half uniform, which I wore. All Russian subjects have an instinctive respect, mingled with fear, for uniforms; nor was my Captain an exception. His address instantly increased ten-fold in civility, and he begged that I would at least allow the Cossacks, who were to escort me to Yeni Saara, the head quarters of his General, a few miles off, to carry my arms, instead of sending them to Selimnia. This mode, which he intended as complimentary, appeared to me infinitely worse, as it would be like conducting me as a prisoner, not escorting me, and I absolutely refused to agree to it. The Captain was exceedingly embarrassed: he

did not like to turn me back; nor did he like to let me proceed armed, in opposition to his orders. I ventured to assure him that such an order could not apply to Franks, and that I would justify him to his General, who would certainly be displeased on knowing that any of his officers had deprived me of my sword. He saw the justice of my observation, as well as my obstinacy, and retired to deliberate with his subalterns. Mustapha, who had been an attentive listener to our conversation, now rose. "Very good," he said, "do not give them up." Poor fellow! he thought that if I kept my arms he should be allowed to retain his, and his spirits greatly revived. In an hour the Captain returned to us, and said, that I might proceed in my own way; in the interval he had sent despatches to Selimnia, and to Yeni Saara, to acquaint the respective Generals of what had taken place. Now came a scene.—Mustapha was peremptorily ordered to give up his arms. "No," he replied, "the Beyzade keeps his: I will keep mine." His reasoning was ineffectual; nor could I intercede in his behalf, though I sincerely felt for him, thus compelled at his age to part with his beloved weapons. It

would be necessary to have worn the same ataghan and the same pistols for twenty years or more—to have slept beside them, to have regarded them daily with pride—to appreciate his anguish. He drew them slowly from his sash, one after the other, as lingeringly as a mother parting from her babes, and dropped them one by one on the straw palliasse, muttering, "dogs!" The unfeeling Cossacks laughed at him.

In an hour we reached Yeni Saara. General Reuchteurn was at dinner; who dared to disturb him! no one that I could find; on the contrary I was desired to kick my heels in the court till he had done. I did so for about ten minutes; when, calculating the hours that might elapse in eating, and in drinking, and in gaming, I put myself in the train of a dish, and gained the room where he was at table with a dozen officers. All jumped up at the strange apparition, and stared at my still more strange appearance, in a costume half European, half Asiatic. I explained in a few words, and in another minute found myself seated at the General's right hand, with a plate of excellent soup, Russian patties, and a bottle of French wine before me,—luxuries

as agreeable as unexpected. My adventure at the outpost amused, and also surprised them; for the Cossacks were not fellows to disobey orders. However, the General said that he was very glad it had so turned out; adding, that the order was only intended to apply to the natives, though no exception had been made in favour of Franks, it not being supposed that any would come in that direction. I put in a good word for Mustapha, who was accordingly desired to make himself at home. But the old man would not accept of any civilities: he got an assurance that his arms should be restored to him at the outpost, then wished me well, and started. The General and his two Aids-de-camp spoke French fluently, an accomplishment not possessed by the rest of the company. He was pleased with my arrival, in order to gain information of the affairs of the world, of which he was two months in arrear; for, not even a Petersburgh Gazette, scanty as it is, often reached this sequestered spot: even then it could not give much information. "Is this account true?" said an officer to me, afterwards, putting one into my hands, containing a summary of the victories obtained over the Turks

in the campaign of 1829. It concluded by stating, that the Pasha of Scutari had advanced with his Albanian army to Demotica, by which movement he surrounded and put the Russian army in a most critical position, whence it was only extricated by the address of Diebitch, who compelled the Pasha to abandon his advantage and retire. "True! General," I replied; "why do you ask *me?—you*, who were at Adrianople, must know as well as I, that the Pasha of Scutari never came beyond Philippopolis, one hundred miles from Demotica." "So I imagined," he answered; "you see how they impose on the ignorant. This bulletin is already believed throughout Russia, and will be soon believed in this very army." In the same manner it is certain that half the bulletins were fabricated and credited. Was not General Berthier's history of Napoleon's Syrian campaign (the most flagrant tissue of falsehoods ever published under an honourable name) firmly believed by the whole world, except the English, till subsequent memoirs exposed it?

The General invited me to spread my carpet in his own room, where was a stove—a luxury introduced by the Russians into all

their quarters, and fully valued by any one who has been doomed to shiver through the night in a straggling, wooden, long-passaged, rattling-windowed, no-doored seraglio: and thus,—the General on a sofa, myself on a shake-down of straw beside him,—we became as good comrades in a few hours as though we had been acquainted for years; to which also, a predisposition existed on his part, owing to his admiration for the English nation, evinced in the choice of his Aids-de-camp, who were both of English extraction, Captain O'Connor, and Captain Levitt.

The servants brought us pipes, after we had lain down, by way of opiates; and on awaking in the morning, the same unmeaning countenance was peering at me with another long pipe, ready to thrust into my mouth. The General was already arousing himself by a similar appliance. Though I had been sometime in the East, I was not so great an adept at smoking as to relish it so late and so early. The excessive drinking of the Russians was likewise trying to my politeness; but the weather being cold, I stood it pretty well,—the more obligatory on me, as *we* also have

a name for hard drinking, a name which is now certainly incorrect. Their filth, in which they rival the Jews, is a much more peculiar national trait. What I saw in their cantonments is perfectly indescribable. General Reuchteurn's establishment was one of the cleanest, inasmuch as he had a hair brush and a wash-hand basin, and some towels; yet he only made use of one room for every thing—eating and sleeping—having fifty rooms at his disposal, the state of some of which indicated too clearly that his people were above the common decencies of mankind; not from want of conveniences, since in that respect the Turks are as scrupulous as we are. The General opened a door to show me a handsome saloon, as he said. He hastily shut it, exclaiming, "Disgusting,"—"ditto," I. No person changed his linen, at least, so I judged from appearances, and from the circumstance of being informed, on desiring to have mine washed, that such a thing was out of the question. This defect alone brought the Russians into great disrepute with the Christians of Turkey, who, in the virtue of cleanliness, imitate their Mussulman-masters. The General at the same time was a perfect gentleman, with

a frank and chivalrous character, that made him adored in the army, and allowed him to discourse with me on the late campaign, with an openness I was little prepared to expect. But then he was not a Russian. He was a native of Courland, brought up with principles of freedom which enabled him to distinguish between rational government and military despotism.

He mounted me on a fine Arabian, a present from Mustapha, Pasha of Scutari (presents by-the-by which were irksome to the Russian officers, since they felt obliged to return others equal in value), and we rode to a neighbouring village to review a regiment of Lancers. The horses were recovering from their late starvation; but the men bore the impress of the Adrianople fever, and appeared fitter for a hospital than for service. The Colonel, (a native Russian), detained us to dinner. It was a complete Russian military one, spread out in the Colonel's sleeping-room, which was heated to the temperature of an oven. He, professing to be unwell, reclined on his bed, smoking a meerschaum; while we, that is, the General, Captain O'Connor, and myself, sat down to the table;

on which, to do justice to our host's hospitality, was plenty of good things, with variety of wines and spirits. Two officers of the regiment—a captain and lieutenant, waited on us. I was perfectly scandalized, and when one of them came to help me to wine, rose to make room for him at the table. He bowed. The General then requested them to be seated; but as their Colonel did not second him, they excused themselves and remained standing. We returned home in a Kibitka drawn by four little Tartar horses, which equipage was the greatest curiosity that I had seen on the Turkish plains, being so much at variance with the native arabas. The General seemed to think that our dinner required explanation, and told me that Colonels had that kind of power over their officers, without subjection to interference from higher authority;—that formerly, it was quite the thing thus to do honour to a General, however he, if civilized, might dislike it; but that now it was never seen, except in the case of a rude boor like the Colonel in question. "Fortunately," he added, "few of the superior officers are Russians, therefore the practice is fast disappearing.—At my table you see, on the con-

trary, non-commissioned officers sit down with me." This was a fact, in the case of a young man whose parents had been exiled, and who was in consequence brought up at a military colony. Though debarred from ever getting a commission, his worthy General made his situation as light as possible, and treated him as a gentleman. Our team nearly upset us over a rude bridge without parapets, and indeed kept us rather nervous the whole way, galloping over the roadless plain which encircles Yeni Saara. From its tall belfry, as we drew near, a Bulgarian gave a signal, and instantly two Cossacks dashed out at speed, passed us, towards some persons at a distance, who turned out to be only peasants coming from work. This vigilance was observed in consequence of a rumour, quite unfounded, and purposely set afloat, in order to excuse rigour, that the Mussulmans in the district were preparing for a rising. On alighting at the house, we saw an example of the incorrigible drunkenness of the lower class of Russians, in the person of the Maitre d'Hotel. We had been talking on the subject that morning, in consequence of his having been incapable the preceding evening of

fulfilling his duties. "It is no use," observed the General, "having him licked, he has already received more blows than would suffice to dust a carpet manufactory; yet he is never sober one twenty-four hours, nor do I think it possible to keep him so: however, let us try, for curiosity; we will lock every thing up, and leave orders that he is not to go out, nor any one to come to him."—Detto, fatto;—notwithstanding which we found him stretched in a state of glorious insensibility. "Astonishing!" we said; the General at the same time being half pleased at the truth of his prediction, although totally unable to make out by what miracle he had got the liquor. An hour afterwards I missed a bottle of cognac from my saddle bags. The next morning, on being questioned, he swore that he had not swallowed a drop, and appealed to the state of the cupboards, to the sentries, in support of the truth that he had only been in a sound sleep. Of course I said not a word about the secret, for fear of the unmerciful drubbing that the fellow would have had.

We attended the auction of a deceased colonel's effects, among which I remarked twelve

horses and two carriages. The former, partly Russian, partly Asiatic, sold well, particularly the Russian, as being better qualified for supporting fatigue. Russian superior officers (the inferior are wretchedly off) have not great emoluments in specie, but in attendants and horses they are princely.* General Reuchteurn's stud consisted of about twenty horses.

One day we devoted to sporting: we coursed some hours with four Angora greyhounds, with indifferent success, owing to a fog; then dismounting, proceeded with our guns into the covered country, where, however, notwithstanding the exertions of a party in beating for game, we did not meet with much better luck, for there were too many sportsmen about. Shooting was as much a business as an amusement, and parties of soldiers were continually occupied at it to supply the officers' tables,

* The most lucrative post in the army is that of colonel, as he clothes and provisions his regiment, often to the detriment of the men. Many flagrant cases I heard from good authority, not worth while mentioning. It is said that the emperor is about, if he can, to abolish this pernicious system. It is time. The Russian soldier is much to be pitied.

there being little besides game to eat. Scarcely a head of cattle, or a sheep, was left in Roumelia, a fact, which shewed the destitution of that rich country; that it had little more than sufficient for the ordinary inhabitants, since a small army eat every thing up in a few months.

I would willingly have accepted my host's invitation to prolong my stay; military life on a war footing was pleasant to one who had never seen it, though sufficiently disagreeable to the actors, to judge by their grumbling; but the season was fast advancing, and might render the mountain passes difficult; so therefore, after three days, I pricked over the plain for Selimnia, twenty miles distant. The swollen state of the Toondja detained us a long time on its right bank searching for a ford, and when we found one all the address of the Cossacks with me was scarcely sufficient to get us safely over, the stream being so rapid that it was necessary for them to plant their lances in the bottom in order to stem it, keeping me above them in one line. The pitch darkness, therefore, when we reached the cluster of hills in which the town is situated, caused us infinite trouble in finding our road; it made us nearly tumble down one

precipice, stumble up another, and run against sundry walls and trees, till, at last, the Cossacks, with all their mole-like qualities, confessed themselves puzzled, and dismounted to feel the way with their lances. At length we reached the suburb, where, however, far from ending them, our difficulties multiplied; for the natural streams, running through every street, were increased, by the heavy rain falling, to rivers; not a light nor a person was to be discerned; and the din of numerous cascades drowned our halloes. A sentry or two whom we floundered against could give us no information regarding the direction of the government-house. "They are *Russians*," muttered the Cossacks. In this manner we wandered upwards of an hour, without the slightest prospect of gaining a clue to the labyrinth, when we met a Cossack, who instantly put us in the right road. The governor, General Montresor, received me with singular kindness. Having sent in word, to his request that I would come into his presence, that I was drenched, and would rather shift first, he came out exclaiming, "Whoever heard of a sailor standing on ceremony—come in, mine is the only warm room

in the house." I required no pressing; and the officers of his staff shewed, by their welcome, that the intrusion of a stranger, wet and dirty, was not annoying. Two soldiers laid hold of me per order. In one minute they divested me of my clothing; it was no use being shy; and in another I found myself wrapped in a fur pelisse, my feet thrust into fur boots, sipping a glass of exquisite tea, for the preparation of which an urn was hissing on the table, and in the discussion of it, mellowed with rum, the party was engaged at my entrance. Such an introduction is worth years of common acquaintance, and by the time that tea was replaced by supper we were intimate. To Englishmen the subjects of despotic governments open freely. I have observed it everywhere. They have faith in us; we speak our minds, and the example is contagious; for frankness is the most congenial disposition of the soul, and the more winning the rarer it is encountered. It is a perfect treat in countries where thought is chained on certain subjects, to hear a man talk as unreservedly of his own government as of any other. Who has not felt this in passing from Italy into France?

My new friends were naturally inquisitive about Constantinople, and as they were also unacquainted with the events of the busy world during the last three months, my arrival afforded them considerable gratification. We did not leave the supper table till three A. M. I then stretched myself on a heap of carpets by the side of the stove, never out day or night, keeping the room at the comfortable temperature of 70°, and slept till seven, when *café au lait* was brought in to aid our waking. At ten we breakfasted *a la fourchette*, wetting our appetites with raki. Dinner was served at two o'clock, preceded as usual by raki and spiced patties. Tea-punch occupied us from eight till half-past ten, and then supper closed the labours of the day. I never saw so much eating and drinking, and thought that Russian digestive organs, to be able to undergo such work every day, must be differently constructed from ours.

The ignorance of the officers, as I observed above, of every thing passing out of the pale of their cantonments, was not surprising, considering the total want of all means of information in them; but their questions, relative to their own army, perfectly astonished me. I thought

they were joking when they asked me about the strength, the state of regiments; the existence of officers, &c. By no means; kept in perfect ignorance about subjects on which I, as a traveller, could not avoid being conversant, they knew not in one station of their army what was passing at another, and the death of a general officer would scarcely have transpired ten miles off. The estafettes carried no private letters; certainly none would be written for the inspection of the Commander-in-Chief. At the capture of Adrianople, 1829, two artillery officers met, who had served together in the same battery at the battle of Borodino, 1812; each believed that the other had been killed there, till this accidental meeting undeceived them. A slight want of an army list.*

* To further shew the mis-information of Russian officers —Count Orloff, talking of the practicability of taking the castles of the Dardanelles in the rear, told Sir R. Gordon at Pera, that some days after the cessation of hostilities, a foraging party of Cossacks stormed one of them, and drove the garrison out; but was hastily dislodged by an explosion of gunpowder, which killed some of the party. The incorrectness of this statement is authentic. The same action was, however, related to me by General Montresor, but on a different scene — near Selybria. He added

The opinion that I gathered generally of Diebitch, making certain allowance for the bias which men always have for a commander who has led them to victory, although by blundering, was not favourable to his military talents. We are apt to look only to results. He was universally blamed for carelessness of the lives of his men, sacrificing them in unhealthy encampments, wearing them by fatiguing reviews and long marches, and not checking the dishonesty of the Commissariat department. These, coming from Russian officers, who are all more or less guilty of neglecting their men, were heavy charges against him. His decision in crossing the Balkans against the opinions of all the Generals, they dwelt on with rapture. Yet

that, having taken place after hostilities had ceased, the party was punished, pro forma, but rewarded for gallantry with Crosses of St. George. This also was wrong, as I can vouch by the warranty of my eyes and ears. That something of the kind took place, is probable; but where, is uncertain and inconsequential. It shews how little credit should be given to the statement of Russian officers, unless they are eye witnesses of what they relate. Here are two Generals giving opposite reports of the same affair, which, though trifling, was made much of, and cited on every occasion as a proof of Russian bravery.

this firmness he carried into things of no moment; it was therefore often injurious: *e.g.* the day fixed on for the march of the army from Adrianople to its winter quarters, was terrible; cold and wet; on which the Generals of division waited on the Marshal to know if the movement could not be deferred till the following day, when the storm might cease. "My orders are given," he replied, "march!" In consequence, one third of the already exhausted horses were left on the road during the first twenty-four hours.

He was very hard with his officers, not keeping his cane at times from their shoulders, or caring about degrading them to the ranks; the latter punishment only to be understood by those who know the wretched condition of a Russian soldier. At Adrianople, Prince —— who had been a major only a month before, was seen carrying a musquet. He was a *bon-vivant*, often exaggerated into a glutton, and, not a drunkard, but a muddler; propensities, added to a Sancho Panza figure, which rendered a sudden death probable any day. Withal, he had an amiable quality. The Emperor, after the peace, sent him a snuff-box, with his

(Diebitch's) portrait on it. The likeness was flattering; observing which, he said, "I must send this to my wife, to let her see how the campaign has improved me." "She has no need of it," said the gentleman who related this anecdote to me, "to think him handsome, for she loves him." He was then at Bourgas; I did not proceed to it, though I had had the intention, on perceiving that it would not be agreeable. Indeed, the Marshal's dislike of the English was previously known to me, and had shewn itself at Adrianople by great want of attention towards Lord Dunlo and Major Keppel, who staid there about a month. It was yet further manifested, as I shall have occasion to relate. But, independent of his personal attraction, I had no occasion to visit Bourgas, Selimnia being, from its position and superior accommodations, the chief quarters of the army.

The number of soldiers in the streets made it exceedingly annoying for an English officer to walk about them. My hand might as well have been tied to my cap. No sooner does a Russian private catch a glimpse of an officer, though a quarter of a mile off, than he draws

up, unbonnets, raining or snowing, as may be, and remains statue-like till he passes. It was intimated to me that touching my hat was *unnecessary*. I understood the hint; the comparison thereby drawn might have been prejudicial: it proved very advantageous to me, and caused the men to regard me with pleasure. Nearly all the artillery, best part of a Russian army, was at Selimnia; among which the Cossack brigade was distinguished for neatness and celerity of movement. In everything the Cossacks were superior to the other troops, which could only be attributed to their energies being unbent by that equalizing machine of mental depression—Russian discipline. Ever fertile in resources—whether exploring roads, cutting off convoys, gaining information, finding water, &c. the army, of which they may be termed the eyes, could not march without them; and part of the disasters of the campaign of 1828, was ascribed to the experiment, then made for the first time, of giving the outpost duty to the troops of the line—an experiment not repeated.

The Staff Corps was there, engaged in reducing plans of the country, which were executed in a beautiful style, and with won-

derful precision in the details, as far as a casual observation would allow me to judge; for I was barely permitted to look at them, much less to take down a note. What absurd jealousy! as if the possession or non-possession of plans can influence an army which is strong enough to invade an enemy's country. Several superior officers were also there, on leave from the different quarters, and daily crowded the General's table. About a dozen generally sat down, all proper men, and able to speak French. This circumstance may seem too trivial for remark, but in Russia it is a strong sign of a gentleman. Few who are ignorant of it advance. If you see a very old Russian officer in the back ground, be sure he cannot speak French. At Yamboli I had the honour one evening of playing at whist with three Generals, the senior of whom was very young; the others, double his age, spoke nothing but Russian, and that I was told was the reason of their ill luck. The distinction, therefore, is more than elegant. Russian military etiquette is well known as graduating in its scale all social precedency; the ensign being placed before the greatest noble, if not military, or wearing military orders; and

a family which suffers three generations to pass without having one of its members in the army, loses caste. A plain English gentleman, therefore (may be, an M.P., with wealth to buy a principality,) may find himself scurvily treated, out of St. Petersburgh, if he do not assume a military title. In my case, General Montresor —but then it must be recollected that he is a Pole—disregarded my low rank (Captain of the army), and gave me the stranger's prerogative—his right hand; except one day that Major —— dined with us. Not knowing his importance, I was surprised to find myself placed according to my rank; nevertheless I eat with as good an appetite, and found him a very good fellow. After dinner I was let into the secret, by being told, as an apology, not at all required, that he was one of Marshal Diebitch's Aids-de-camp; at the same time was further informed, that it was not prudent to slight such gentlemen.

Among the favoured guests was Captain Poniatowsky, cousin of the Prince of Ister celebrity, and brother of one of the richest subjects of the Emperor; otherwise, by no means remarkable. Also, another Pole, Captain Wolk Llanevsky, of the Lancers; a delightful young

man, quite a treasure where he was. He had been in the Imperial Guard, and was renowned at St. Petersburgh for his good looks, his talents, and a host of et ceteras; but he marred his prospects on that grand military stage by writing verses on his commanding officer. They created a sensation, were universally read, admired (might have been imitated); and there the effect would have stopped, for General ———, not to increase the ridicule, wisely inclined to say nothing about them, in hopes that they would be forgotten after a butterfly progress: but unfortunately the satire included his lady,—a Potiphar, who had found a Joseph in the author. To have remained quiet under this would have proved her more or less than woman. She interested the empress in her behalf, who spoke to the emperor; she incited her patient husband, who then made it a serious affair. Veterans declared that such license, if tolerated, would prove subversive of military discipline; young officers, who envied Llanevsky his *bonnes fortunes*, thought he might employ himself more advantageously than in criticising his superiors, *i. e.* that he would be better in Siberia, and all together induced the

emperor to mark his displeasure by removing the poet from the guard. But elsewhere this did him no harm. At Selimnia he was fêted by all ranks, and was an inmate of the General's house, though not on his staff. He was enthusiastic about Scott and Byron — who is not? "Do not call him Scott," said he to me one day.—"What then?"—"Walter Scott; scot in Russian, means ass."—"Then," I replied, "you should change your *nom d'âne.*" Amiable Llanevsky! he was sadly ennuied in a Turkish town, without his favourite resources, love and literature; with few persons to speak to possessed of any ideas beyond army regulations, and so forth. He was the liberal of our set, and gladly took advantage of my presence to indulge in the rare topics, freedom and constitutions. General Montresor always laughed at him; for he was a good fellow, though an Ultra-Czarist, defending ukases, conscription laws, and all the abominations of despotism. He would not understand the blessing of being an English gentleman. "What are your advantages," he said, one day, "compared with mine? with my General's uniform on, I go from one end of Russia to the other, treated

as a prince; every noble is flattered if I make his house my home; every peasant is glad to put his shoulder to my carriage-wheel; every lady is proud of my attentions."—"True," I replied, "but the duration of such enjoyments does not depend on yourself. A stroke of the emperor's pen may tear the epaulettes from your shoulders, subject your back to the cane, send you to Siberia: on the faith of a vile suborner, your name may be branded, your family degraded, your estates given to a courtesan,—and all without your being able to say a word in your defence."—"Hold!" he cried; then, after a pause, "*Mais, que voulez vous,* we are brought up in this life, and get used to it: if we have a bright side of a picture to look on, why need we care about the reverse?" There was philosophy in what he said—and only philosophy, for it was easy to discover that his heart belied his lips; that though he spoke thus before a stranger—also through *amour propre*—he thought otherwise. Could he avoid doing so, man of talent and a Pole as he was! Every class of officers was disgusted with their military life, which they described to me as unremittingly irksome; leave of absence was out of

the question. An officer from Finland might be for fifteen years in Bessarabia, and *vice versa*. In a general view also, they talked to me of the army as of an evil of uncommon magnitude;—too numerous for the population of Russia, and too expensive for her resources, although the expense, proportionately, is scarcely one-twentieth that of an English army. The condemnation of a million of men to celibacy completely arrests the population of the country. I do not mean to say that Russia has a million of men under arms, but the continued conscription necessary to supply the deficiency of about 50,000 men who die annually on the average (leaving the killed out of the question) makes it up. This frightful mortality is not the consequence of any pre-disposition to die, still less of hard drinking, the Russian soldier having only sixpence a-month pay, with rations of bread and salt, but from want of cleanliness, of necessaries, and principally of good food, which renders them unable to support long fatigue; also from the absence of medical men and medicine, by which slight disorders prove fatal. Of the latter defect, the following circumstance is a valid proof. General Mon-

tresor's brother, a young officer of Lancers, was residing in his house at the time I was, on sick leave from his regiment at Aidos. He was wasting away from the effects of the Adrianople fever, although it was evident that proper treatment would restore him in a few weeks. The General was greatly distressed, he being his only brother, and imparted his uneasiness to me one day, concluding by saying, "There is not a doctor in the army." All in my power to do I did, which was to note down the young man's case, and to offer to lay the same before a medical person at Pera on my return. It was gratefully accepted: but what a state of things! The army at that time south of the Balkans was 15,000 strong, yet one of its superior Generals was obliged to depend on the casualty of a traveller returning to Constantinople (an uncertain journey, which might be delayed by accidents), to get a few medicines for his brother.* The penury of the Russian government renders its armies quickly ineffi-

* Dr. Capponi, of the Blonde, prescribed for him on my return to Pera. I directly forwarded the necessary medicines, and two months after had the satisfaction of knowing that young Montresor had perfectly recovered. But, alas!

cient in countries not civilized, where they must depend on their own resources. We have seen how the army that reached Adrianople suffered from the common casualties of heat and rain in a fine temperate climate; yet there are people who think seriously of a Russian army being capable, even now, of marching to India. Russia may in time grow to India, and will do so easily, if we allow her to continue extending her Persian frontier; but at present, if 200,000 men left *her* frontiers, not 2000 would reach *ours*. The Russian officers, with all their boasting of what they had done, and what they could do, treated this as visionary, at least for the next twenty or thirty years. By that time they hoped to have Persia organized, and cultivated, and intersected with roads; the Persians their vassals, and their resources their's; an amalgamation of interests, which will be facilitated by the lukewarmness of the Persians touching religion. The death of the Schah, too, by lighting civil war among his sons, will give Russia a pretext for occupying Persia, in order to place Abbas Mirza, to whom she has gua-

his restorer had himself paid the debt of nature—was then emerged in the deep Bosphorus.

ranteed it, on the musnud. Will not Abbâs Mirza be her humble vassal? Will she withdraw her troops? They related to me that the Emperor Paul, when inclined to second Napoleon in his designs against England, actually ordered Platoff to march to India with 50,000 Cossacks. Platoff prepared to obey, as he would have done an order to march to a hotter place; but at the end of three days it got among his men where they were going—to some unknown hot place, at an unknown distance. They accordingly mutinied; not against their leader, but against their destination, and would not proceed a step beyond Astrachan. Platoff finding his authority ineffectual, dispatched a courier to the emperor with the intelligence, and waited with some anxiety for the answer; but he was shortly relieved by the arrival of another courier, crying, "Long live Alexander." The madman's death put an end to this mad freak.

Before, however, the obstacles of clime and distance, which now screen Hindostan from the basilisk gaze of Russia's ambition, be overcome, and she be enabled to plant military colonies on the right bank of the Indus, let us hope that her greatness will be reduced by the same

instrument which raised it—the army. When we consider how it is raised; that the conscripts are, in all cases, obliged to be marked, in many instances shackled, to ensure their joining their regiments, when they bid an eternal farewell to home and happiness;—that their term of service is twenty-five years (which few survive), during which they exist under the worst of treatment—worse than that which negroes endured when their drivers wielded the lash unchecked by responsibility—we are only surprised that the half of it does not commit suicide,—not that the whole does not revolt. Hitherto this unnatural state of things has been cemented, by the blindest ignorance among the soldiers of their comparative unhappy situation. But it cannot last long. If one spark of intelligence fall among them, a flame will burst out unquenchable: it will flee from Kamptschatka to the Euxine; illumine the mines of Siberia, dazzle the palaces of Moscow, and end in a terrible explosion, the effect of which must be the destruction of their despots, and so total a disorganization of the state that a century will not suffice to reconsolidate it. As it is, not a year passes without there being a mutiny in

some regiment or other, carefully concealed from the rest of the army, and from the world.

Conscription, in the present state of Continental Europe, is a necessary evil, which in France and Germany is modified by its short duration, by mild discipline, and by the prospect held out to soldiers of becoming officers. In Russia no soldier can emerge from the ranks, and every officer has the power of inflicting corporal chastisement for the slightest misdemeanour; as, for example, a cornet's or an ensign's servant has not dried his master's boots, or cleaned his pipe, he is sent to the town-major to request a beating. The man himself, as I have witnessed, bears the message. The major accedes, and places him between two Cossacks, who lay on with their terrible whips, like flails, *ad libitum*. From such treatment the Cossacks, being ruled by their own laws and privileges, are free; and it is to their exemption from the general discipline of the army that I attribute their being angels of intelligence compared with the soldiers of the line, "not one of whom," observed a General to me, "is worth his salt until he has received 500 *coups de baton;* right

or wrong, he must have them, the sooner the better." I could not avoid observing, that this very indiscriminate chastisement might be the cause of his stupidity. "Bagatelle," he replied jokingly; "these are English ideas: such will not do with us; we should have rebellion in a week. *Sans les coups de baton*, they would not stand *les coups de fusil*." How mortifying to human pride to think, that a stick can produce the effect of honour and patriotism!

CHAPTER XVII.

Kasan Pass—Bach Keuy—Bulgarians—Kasan—Osman Bazar—Jhumha—Schumla—Prince Madatoff—Greek Priest—Koulevscha—Yeni Bazar—Pasha—Greek Archbishop—Osman Bagar—Mountains—Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—Selybria—Constantinople—Pera.

To be taken for a bore in society, and cut, is bad; to be taken for a boar on the mountains and shot, is worse. News that the latter had taken place in the person of a Russian corporal, was brought to General Montresor the morning of Dec. 30th, 1829, the very morning I had fixed on for crossing the mountains. He carelessly commented on it, and informed me that the same outrage had been committed several times by Bulgarian banditti. In one case the assassin had been taken; and stated in his

defence, that while hunting he mistook the rustling of the leaves made by a man for that of a wild animal, and fired in consequence. It was not an agreeable tale for me; still less so as the General made no offer of an escort, and as the case stood I would not ask for one. In fine, I took leave and started with a Bulgarian Surrogee for the Kasan pass, vainly endeavouring to hit upon some reason to account for the General's carelessness of my life, after the great civility he had shewn to me; but before reaching the mouth of the pass, about three miles from the town, three Cossacks overtook us with a note from him, stating that he had given them orders to escort me as far as Kasan, where they should be relieved by an equal number from the party stationed there, concluding by a compliment on the English as travellers. Thus accompanied, I began to ascend the narrow precipitous path with greater confidence. Well it was that they were with me, otherwise I could not have overcome the natural obstacles of the way, which, being little frequented, was no better than a goat path; and which were augmented by the snow, lodged on the woods above and around us, being flaked so violently in our

faces by a high wind, as nearly to blind us. Presently the headmost Cossack stopped, and began jargoning with those behind; the cause of which lay in the path before us for about twelve yards, being an inclined plane of ice, made so by the water oozing out of the high bank, and freezing by contact with the open air till it formed a contiguous slope with the precipice, some hundred feet deep, on our right. To cross this seemed utterly impossible: my feet, I knew, would not keep on it; nor did it appear probable that the horses, with all the cat-like qualities of theirs, would be cleverer. After a short consultation, the Cossacks dismounted. Two set about picking up the ice with their lances, while the other tore up some sacking and bound the horses' feet with it, by way of rough shoeing; and thus sagaciously prepared, we proceeded cautiously, letting our animals go first, in order to have the first chance of a roll, and supporting ourselves alternately with the lances. It was nervous work. Soon afterwards we gained the summit of the first ridge, whence we led our horses down a rocky ravine, or more properly speaking, leapt from crag to crag, to the small village of Icheri, near the source of

the little Kamptchik. We then climbed another precipitous hill with severe toil, crossed a second valley, saddle deep in snow, requiring the utmost exercise of whip and spur to avoid sticking in, and two hours after dark succeeded in finding Bach Keuy, a large Bulgarian village, nominally six hours' distance from Selimnia, but which had cost us ten hours to reach. I alighted at the Tchorbagis house, where a comfortable room soon restored me to animation, which the sudden decrease of the temperature had nearly suspended. The thermometer in the morning at Selimnia, had marked 28°, here it was at 16°; even my Cossacks said it was cold, and were glad to thaw their icicled mustaches, which, by the by, had a very pretty effect.

Till midnight I had to sustain the company of the notables of the place. An Englishman at any time would have been a curiosity to them, and now his visit was doubly gratifying, as they had grief to express, and counsel to ask. Outside the lines, as I have before observed, the expressions of the Bulgarians against the Russians, were strong: here, as in Selimnia, they were bitter, in proportion to the evil they had received for good. Their complaints were

summed up in a few words. They had been excited to revolt—deprived of the option of neutrality, by threats and by assurances that the Russians would never leave this country. After having gi·n their all, persons and property, and broken their allegiance to their sovereign, on the faith of such promises, what was the result? They were about to be abandoned by their betrayers, to the just resentment (their own words) of the Osmanleys, to avoid which—unavoidable in their opinion otherwise—they determined to expatriate, to leave their substantial dwellings and fertile fields, for poverty in a strange land. I endeavoured to dissuade them from this ruinous step, by pointing out the treatment they would experience in Russia, of which however the state of her army had given them prescience, and by assuring them that the Sultan, in virtue of one of the articles of the peace, had issued a strong firman to the authorities, granting them an entire amnesty. This they could not believe possible. "The Sultan must punish us," they said, "for our revolt. He cannot help it: his religion will oblige him. We have joined his enemies, we have plundered and killed Mussulmans—can we expect pardon? No,

our only safety is in flight; and though grievous the sacrifice, we must quit our beloved hills in the train of the Russian army." Knowing full well what their condition would be under the protection of a Russian army; knowing also that their fears of Ottoman vengeance were groundless, their cause being the cause of the ambassadors at Pera, I did all in my power to dissuade them from this step; but in this visit my rhetoric was vain. They were all armed: by way of experiment, I alluded to it—to their position, and proposed that rather than fly to certain misery they should, if the Sultan broke his promise, strike for independence. They shrunk at the idea: the hands used to the plough tremble in grasping the sword; and had one Osmanley entered the room, the six Bulgarians present would have saluted him submissively. With a little courage on the part of the mountaineers, a Bulgarian confederacy might have been formed at that period with ease. The Balkans, Switzerland in miniature, have impregnable points; the valleys are fertile, well cultivated, and watered by numerous streams, and the towns and villages teem with a robust population. To the north, Walachia is

independent of the Porte; the Albanians may be considered a part; and to the south, the Christians are as numerous as the Mussulmans, who, otherwise, would not be eager to assist their unpopular Sultan in a second domestic war.

But the natural peaceable disposition of the Bulgarians prevented them from seeing their advantages. Hitherto they had lived tranquil, and never till 1829 formed one of the jarring elements of the Ottoman empire. Hence their superior condition, visible in their flourishing towns and abundant fields; witness Ternova, Gabrowa, Rasgrad, Selimnia, Yamboli, Aidos, &c., all thickly peopled, wealthy, and possessing manufactories of cloths. They have never had much to do with the Osmanleys, and have been quite free from the intrigues of the Greeks; hence the reason why I could not hear in any place of a Bulgarian having been executed. The circumstance was time out of mind.

They may be said to have colonized Roumelia, having extended over the plain to 40 miles south of Adrianople, and taken up the agricultural pursuits abandoned by the Greeks, who, sharper witted, with more pliable spirits, soon perceived how much more was to be gained in the cities

by administering to the wants of their luxurious masters. Without the Bulgarians, Roumelia would by this time be quite a desert.

The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of every thing, and sleeps on the same floor with father and mother, sons and daughters.

The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race that I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and an embroidered pelisse, *á la Polonaise*, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains.

No peasantry in the whole world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of every thing; meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice,

cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity. A pasha, at any rate, is equally unhappy. Where, then, it may be asked, viewing the above true statement, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in European Turkey,—the result of its being thinly inhabited. For in the same ratio as population adds to a nation's greatness, it subtracts from its happiness. The soil, when over-occupied, fattens on man; when under-tenanted, man fattens on the soil: that is, in the former case unremitting labour is requisite to make it yield barely sufficient for the sustenance of numbers; in the latter case, nature requires very little aid to afford plenty for the few. The principal grievance of the Christian peasant in Turkey, is the harratch; oftentimes he can-

not pay it. What can the collector do? It is useless distraining his cattle, for on the plain are others wild. It is useless taking his furniture, for there is no vent for it. It is useless ejecting him, for no other occupier will be found for his tenement, every man having already more land than he requires in a country without trade to consume the overplus of his produce. It is still more useless putting him in prison, for money is never gained *there*. He gives him the bastinado, or not, according as he believes that the man's poverty in specie is real or feigned. A few dozen blows decides the doubt, and he is undisturbed for another year. I venture to say that many a free-born man, who boasts of liberal sentiments, of chartered rights, of equal laws, would gladly compound for his rent with a licking, and, instead of grumbling at his fate, bless heaven that he is not turned out on the high road with his family. At the same time, I do not deny that the lower classes in Turkey often suffer grievous oppression under a rascally Pasha or Aga: but, take their position in the worst view, distorted by the film of slavery, they never see the most ruthless of tyrants—hunger. Their despots, though armed

with whips and screws, and racks, cannot inflict any torture equal to the pang of a father who hears his children crying for bread, and crying in vain. They never feel this. Their rulers cannot check the fertility of nature;—cannot prevent the beasts of the field from multiplying; the trees of the forest from sprouting; nor the seed thrown on the ground from springing into ear. They may have the mortification of seeing many of their children die when young, for want of medical aid; but they are certain that those who grow up will not be reduced to follow the career of vice—the sons on the highway, the daughters on the pavé—for subsistence. They are not tantalized by the constant sight of enjoyments beyond their reach; are not tempted by easy modes of conveyance, to leave their quiet villages for the fancied pleasures of the capital; are not made discontented, by reading, with the state of life wherein destiny cast them; and, to sum up the advantages which the poor have in such (barbarous!) countries, it is worthy of remark, that the punishment of death rarely falls on them. For one poor man who loses his head in Turkey, 500 rich men lose theirs. How contrary to the practice of highly civilized states

—elysiums for the wealthy, purgatories for the indigent—where the hungry and the naked—wretches whose greatest crime was want—are the principal offerings at the shrine of Justice. Far be it from me to decry civilization and commerce. He would indeed be an unworthy Englishman who under-valued the levers which have raised his country to an unexampled pitch of greatness; but at the same time we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that they cause evil to a great proportion of mankind;—by creating a thousand fictitious wants, which beget crimes, which build prisons and raise scaffolds;—by unequally distributing wealth, to the great deterioration of social happiness;—by drawing away the productions of countries, intended by nature for the support of the natives, to pamper strangers: vide, for example, the droves of cattle, sheep, and pigs; the cargoes of oatmeal, eggs, and flour, daily wheeled from the shores of Erin, while her sons are starving. Without the active agency of commerce, they must remain where they were produced, and perforce be eaten there.

To resume my tour.—I quitted Bachkeuy early in the morning. From the eminence

above it we looked down into a singular valley, bound in by four steep mountains, which inclosed a flat oval area (a coloseum fit to exhibit mammoths in), and in two hours reached Kasan, a town with 5000 inhabitants, beautifully situated in an elevated valley watered by the Kamptchick. Having breakfasted with the Tchorbagi, I continued my journey, escorted by three irregular Cossacks, instead of the three regular ones who came with me from Selimnia. The apparent difference of the two classes is in the beards of the former, which, joined to their wool caps and rough horses, give them disagreeable looks. A rought exterior, however, is no criterion. They were very attentive in smoothing the difficulties of the route, which were not few, though their skill could not save us from a serious accident on an Alpine bridge: our Surrogee's horse put his foot into a hole concealed by snow, and precipitated him, fortunately not into the ravine. He escaped with a slight contusion, but the animal was so lamed that we were obliged to leave it. I would fain have had it shot; but the Surrogee covering it with cloths, and making a barrier of snow against the wind, expressed a hope that

83381

it might outlive the night. In fine, after having lost our way several times, and almost puzzled my argus-eyed attendants, we reached Osman-bazar, a Turkish village, containing 2500 inhabitants, at the north foot of the mountains. As it was very late, I esteemed myself fortunate in getting a warm room at the Khan, and a good supper, in the course of which the Khandgi shewed me some English needles, and asked if they were dear at seven paras (three farthings) each. Considering the place, I thought that cheap. Throughout the country English cutlery is prized, and a traveller cannot make a more agreeable present, in a small way, than a pocket knife, or a pair of scissors, even to a great man.

The Turkish authorities here recommenced; in consequence my Cossacks left me in the morning to continue my road with the "Faithful."

Schumla was ten hours distance, about forty miles. The first three miles our road lay through a forest; then, entering a mountainous tract, we pursued, for three miles further, a defile of a tremendous description. The height and proximity of the mountains, which seemed nearly to unite above our heads, obscured the day-light,

and a torrent dashed along under our feet, at times covering the entire path, greatly to the annoyance of a number of soldiers toiling through it on their return from Schumla.

The severity of the weather—the thermometer at 13°, with a piercing easter in my teeth—compelled me to stop at Jhumha, a Turkish village of 3000 inhabitants, having only travelled about four hours. The Ayan, at whose house I alighted, welcomed me with great civility, and in order to thaw my blood plied me with coffee, which is an excellent expedient, far better than spirits. His three sons were with him—fine lads, between fifteen and twenty, all wearing the turban, a sign that the Sultan's reform had not extended thus far: they were seated. I mention this circumstance as being the only time that I ever saw a son in Turkey sit in the presence of his father; yet, a distinction was observed; they were not smoking. He assigned me the best Christian house in the village for quarters—a very good one it was—and in the evening came to sup with me for the sake of drinking; nor did his presence at all disturb my host, who appeared to be on perfectly good terms with him. In most of these villages great

harmony subsists between the Mussulmans and the Christians, particularly the Bulgarians.

My next day's road lay over plains at the foot of the mountains, passing signs of Russian occupation; that is, ruined villages. Towards noon we turned into the dark pile of hills where Schumla is embosomed, and pursued a dangerous path, from precipice to precipice, from defile to defile, for nearly two hours. A deep ravine then opened before us: five redoubts on the opposite bank, pierced for five, fifteen, fifteen, six, five guns, respectively, flanked this only pass to Schumla from the west; a narrow path, admitting one at a time. From the redoubt we had, as it were, an æronautical view of the city, covering the surface of an elliptical valley, shooting out suburbs towards the plain, and up the slopes of the hills, checkered on one side by a large cemetery, by lines and redoubts on the others, and thickly studded with minarets, the chief ornaments of Mussulman cities. Having wound, or rather slid down the interior of its semicircular mountainous barrier, I entered it with that pleasurable feeling always experienced at finding ourselves, for the first time, in a celebrated place.

Where can one go without meeting Englishmen? The Ayan informed me, on saluting him, that two of my compatriots were in the town. I soon found them out,—Captain Chesney, R.A., and Mr. Peach, jun., come from Bucharest the day previous. The former I had met some time before at Constantinople; but whether or no, it would not have required previous acquaintance to be introduced, for in such places countrymen when they meet, though for the first time, are the best of friends; and even Franks of different countries hail each other's presence with joy. Would that this freemasonry were extended to travellers in civilized Europe! In a steam-boat, or a diligence, or at a table d'hote, the two greatest strangers are usually Englishmen.

We rode together the next day over the works. Schumla, it is needless to repeat, is situated in a cluster of hills, not unaptly compared to a horse-shoe, forming an elbow with the line of the Balkans. It fronts in an E.S.E. direction. A rugged ravine intersects it longitudinally, and carries the water from mountain torrents far into the plain. A fortified breastwork, with a double ditch, crosses that at right

angles, and embraces the whole front by connecting the horns of the shoe. Thence the plain has a slight inclination towards the Koulevscha hills, very unequal, broken into ravines, and covered with low eminences, which the Governor, Husseyin, crowned with redoubts to the number of ten. Farther on, the Russians threw up as many in opposition. Some sharp encounters took place in them, on either side, during the war; the principal one of which, viz. a sortie made by Halil Pasha, August 1828, with a numerous force, against the largest of the enemy's redoubts, commanded by Major General de Wrede, completely succeeded. The whole garrison was put to the sword; with it the General,—"victim," said the Russian bulletin, "of his own negligence in defending the post entrusted to him." The assailants were driven out of it in the morning, but not before they had removed six guns and all the ammunition. The strength of Gazi (victorious) Schumla, as the Osmanleys now call it, consisted entirely in its redoubts, as well on the heights to the east and west, as on the plain; altogether mounting 200 pieces of cannon,—a sufficient number, when backed by 30 or 40,000 men, to keep off any

army. But when I got there, not a single cannon remained; the Russians having, most unjustifiably, caused it to be entirely dismantled.

In addition to its military importance, Schumla is one of the principal cities of European Turkey, certainly the most orthodox, on account of its numerical strength in Mussulmans. The population is about 40,000; of which 5000 are Bulgarians, 1000 between Jews and Armenians, the remainder are "Faithful." Every tenth man we met wore a green turban, which shewed that the descendants of the Prophet, though as abandoned a race as any in Turkey, were forward in rallying round his standard. Their proud bearing was gratifying to behold after the baseness we had been used to elsewhere, and a corp of Delhis particularly attracted our admiration. Some of them were deeply scarred, and shouted at us once or twice, as if wishing revenge, "Hayde Moscof," (be off, Russians). A shout in answer that we were English, was enough to insure us instead a welcome expression, since we are well liked by all the Turks, and better known by them than by the Cossacks, to judge by my friends near Yeni Saara. Nothing Russian was tolerated in this focus of

ancient Mussulman feelings; scarcely the remains of Lieutenant-General Prince Madatoff, (buried near the Greek church of the Virgin), who died the same day that the news of the peace arrived, of wounds received a month previous at the attack of the long redoubt, an enterprize, on the part of the Russians, which failed. The Grand Vizir to his credit attended the funeral with his troops, and gave the corpse military honours; but it was found necessary to place a sentry over the tomb, to preserve it from violation; a very singular circumstance, and expressive of deep feeling, for Mussulmans are scrupulously respectful of the sanctuaries of the dead, of whatever sect.

The Mussulmans of this part of the country are a hardy, robust race. We saw the peasants who brought in wood from the country, sleeping at night in the streets, with their cattle, round fires, intensely cold as it was; and the chief amusement of the boys of all ranks, consisted in sliding on little sledges down the steep streets, made by the frost, *des montagnes Russes*, a very dangerous exercise, but indicative of good blood in its votaries. A parcel of these young urchins, coming out of school one

day at noon, pelted me with snowballs. The Ayan, who was passing at a little distance, saw the lark, and ordered his Chavasses to chastise them. Of course I interfered, taking it as a joke. "Not so," he said; "you are our guest; in your country I am sure that the boys would not treat me so." I did not dissent, but thought of what might happen; if he were to pass by the Westminster, or the Harrow boys, in snowball time, with his beard and full costume.

We joined in the festivities of the Oriental Christmas, January 6th, N. S. The Christians were in great glee. After forty days' fast, a feast is not amiss, and fasting in the Greek religion is literal. I dined with my countrymen, who were quartered on a priest; my quarters were at a respectable Bulgarian's, at the other end of the city. We also made a merry day of it, substituting it for our own Christmas, which had passed unkept. While sipping tea-punch in the evening, a beverage which we had learned to relish among the Russians, who take it to excess, the priest (master of the house) reentered. He had been deeply and gaily drinking in our company a short time before,—a sufficient quantity we thought to lay him up

for the night. A lowering in his dark eyes, as he took his stand against a clothes-press, foreboded a storm, for he was a passionate man. His long dishevelled hair, and disordered garments, added wildness to his appearance. Presently in a loud voice he ordered us to turn out in the street, bed and baggage; *he* would not have his house tainted by pezaveng Franks. Had it been in the summer the proposal would not have been so preposterous; but the snow, already two feet deep, was falling, freezing as it fell. Seeing that we made no movement to obey him, he seized the mangal and threw the contents over us; which malicious mad trick might not only have burnt us, but have easily set fire to his wooden house (a patent way of ejecting us certainly). Gathering up the embers, we still remained quiet, hoping that this vent had exhausted him. Not so: after heaping more dirt on us (abusing us), he endeavoured to possess himself of one of the pistols of the party. This was carrying the joke rather too far; so, fearing that something serious might happen when off our guard, if we let him longer alone, we resolved on turning him out, at the same time reluctant to lay violent hands on one

of his calling. In the struggle he was as strong as a lion; bit, kicked, and scratched. However, we succeeded without doing him any injury, and tied him with a sash to one of the posts that supported the verandah: then returned to our punch, much astonished at his conduct, after the uniform kindness he had received from my friends since they had been his tenants; and left him to holloa, which he did lustily, and blaspheme, for half an hour, when, becoming tired as well as sober, he changed his tone and begged submissively to be cast loose, promising good behaviour. We acceded—*greca fede!* He went out, and presently returned with the Turkish guard, charging us with wishing to kill him. Its arrival could do us no harm, was amusing as a novelty, might be compared to Christmas men; but we were sorry on account of the priest, who had thus unwittingly brought a misfortune on his own head. Had he not been blinded by passion, he would rationally have reflected that Franks with firmans, whether right or wrong, would be found to have reason on their side, even were their opponent a Mussulman, much less a Raya. However, our consciences were clear, we having been the aggressed party, and

having, moreover, acted with forbearance. The captain of the guard was a particularly gentlemanly man, who combined pleasure with duty. Having mildly rebuked our accuser for his want of hospitality towards strangers (a grave offence in a Mussulman's eyes), he sat down to smoke a pipe with us, and told us all he knew about the war; not that his information was very valuable, though a fair specimen of what one generally gets from an Osmanley. Conversing on the sanguinary affair at *ouzoun tabia* (long redoubt), we asked him how many men were in it. "A million," he replied, but finding that did not suit us, added "there might be a thousand or there might be a million, we never keep account; but depend on it there was a world"—a favourite Turkish expression for a great, though indefinite, number. After a couple of hours, he departed with his posse, saying, that the affair must go before higher authority, as it related to firmanleys (bearers of firmans). He could not arrange it.

The next day the Pasha's Chiaja took cognizance of it. He expressed high indignation that the priest should treat *guests* in so unworthy a manner, and proposed taking him before

the Pasha, that his head might be struck off. Considering the Pasha's noted cruelty, such a result might easily have taken place; but this was not Captain Chesney's (chief prosecutor) intention. "Then," said the Chiaja, "on my own authority I will order him 500 strokes on the soles of the feet." Chesney still interposed, and said that he considered a reprimand would be sufficient. The whole divan smiled at this. "Shall it be whispered at Constantinople," continued the Chiaja, "that our Sultan's friends were ill-treated in our government without satisfaction? *Ma-as Allah!*" It was finally settled that the priest should have a moderate bastinadoing at the expiration of the Christmas holidays, and pay a fine. To get him off this seemed impossible.

The same day, Captain Chesney and Mr. Peach started for Varna, leaving in my hands the priest's cause, which, as delay was granted, was not lost. I know that some writers recommend travellers in these countries never to interfere with the Turkish authorities to reduce the punishment of any one of whom they have cause to complaim, because the motive is always misunderstood. To the reason I agree:

I would also in the advice, were punishment meted according to the offence. But it depends on the passions of irresponsible officers, on the good or ill humour that they may happen to be in, or the quantity of money to be extracted. Few people would wish a poor devil to have his toes nearly beat off for a trifling insult; the less to be heeded on account of the ignorance that dictates it.

On the outskirts of the city were the ruins of a large powder magazine, which exploded one week before my arrival, by the carelessness of the guards smoking in it: numbers were killed. In the city, miserably lodged, I found two Italian doctors—Sig. Bello and Sig. ——, who had been engaged by the Vizir at the commencement of the war, and had been there the whole of the campaign; of which, however, they could give me no correct details, not having troubled their heads about it. They informed me that they had little to do in the way of their profession, notwithstanding that Schumla contained two hospitals for the soldiers—to die in. The insuperable repugnance of the Turks — who prefer death to the loss of a limb—to be operated on, kept their instruments from being

soiled; and they had no medicines for the practice of the other branch of their art. Unable, therefore, to be of much service to their employers, they frankly owned that their position, though unenviable—the usual one of Franks in the Turkish service, the hopes held out to them soon proving false—could not be complained of; nor their slender, ill-paid salaries be considered an inadequate return for their services. Sig. Bello had the finest greyhound I ever saw, of the Macedonian breed. It had belonged to a Bey, who had been killed in a skirmish on the plain, and became the doctor's property by his chancing to meet the animal while returning disconsolate from the field of battle; he caressed it, and took it home with him.

I rode to Koulevscha, the scene of the battle, June the 11th, 1829, between the Grand Vizir and Diebitch. Of the village not a stone was standing. In lieu of it were two large mounds of earth, deposits of the Russian slain, and a multitude of new grave stones, decent memorials of the Turks who fell that day. The respect of Mussulmans for their dead is very pleasing. Near every redoubt on the plain of Schumla, where an affair had taken place, we saw a clus-

ter of head-stones. From those mementos of fame I proceeded to Yeni Bazar; a place four hours in a direct line from Schumla, where the Ayan had told me I should find quarters if out late. To my inconvenience, war had been there before me; it was a mass of ruins, without even a dog to bark at a stranger. I therefore retraced my steps my moonlight over the field of battle. In some mud cabins, hard by Yeni Bazar, an advanced post of Cossacks was lodged, in great distress for want of necessaries, which they were obliged to draw from Varna, two days' distance. All Bulgaria, they informed me, was in the same state, not a house standing, thus confirming what a Russian officer had before told me: "The Turks did some damage, but we levelled all." The reason of their wanton destruction is difficult to understand, especially among people whom they were pleased to call co-religionists, allies, &c., but whom they treated worse than serfs. Pravodi, for example, a Christian place, they levelled to the ground, although it was not attacked. The adage, "Where the Spahis' hoofs tread, the grass will not grow," may be applied with more reason to the Cossacks.

This discouraging account, however, of Bulgaria did not restrain me, according to my original intention of crossing the Balkans in the track of the Russian army, from demanding horses of the Ayan for that journey. The Ayan—he was a good fellow—told me, with many expressions of regret at being unable to serve an Englishman, that it was out of his power to grant them through the Russian lines. He referred me to the Pasha. The reference was not promising. The Chiaja, to whom I then addressed myself, repeated the Ayan's tale, but offered to take my firman to the Pasha, and hear what he would say. There was my weak point, and knowing Suleyman's characteristic hatred of Franks, I feared some embarrassment should he read it; trusting, however, that on seeing the Toura (royal stamp) he would conclude that the contents were satisfactory, and so spare himself the trouble of deciphering its tortuous characters. No such luck. The Chiaja presently returned with a short answer, that not only could I have no horses in the direction I was going, but that I had no claim to have horses at all. On this, finding I had made a mistake, I sent in my compliments to the

Pashà, and begged to see him, thinking to be able to explain away the informality. After some delay, a Capidgi ushered me into the audience hall, in one corner of which, on the divan, a stout man about fifty, with twinkling grey eyes, reclined, robed in furs. Some scribes and pages were near him, and twenty or thirty armed attendants occupied the lower part of the hall. I made my salaam, and inquired after his Excellency's health, which, to judge from his rubicund visage, was fortified with forbidden potions.

"*Otour bakalum,*" was the reply; which means, 'sit down and let us see your business.' Pipes and coffee were brought.

"What do you want? My Chiaja has told you that there are no horses."

"Precisely what I require; to proceed to Bourgas."

"What are you doing here?"

"Curiosity brought me."

"By what right?"

"The right of an Englishman travelling under the Sultan's protection."

He twirled his moustaches, and took a long whiff.

"Schumla is not written in your firman."

"The want of the name is a mistake. In my English firman (passport) it is written."

"I know nothing of your English firman; the Sultan's is my law. You have no business in Schumla. I shall therefore give you horses to-morrow morning, and a guard to conduct you, by the way of Ternova, to Adrianople."

That was not my intention; but seeing that the Pasha was wroth, I, too, made a dense cloud before replying, and then said: "My being here, is in consequence of the good intelligence existing between our governments. I am not a suspicious person: I am not a Russian (as he thought I was); my conduct is open to observation. I thank you for your offer of horses to Ternova, but decline it, as I intend leaving Schumla in the opposite direction. I hope you will furnish me with the means of so doing. I consider myself under your protection."

"Allah Kierim! I have nothing to do with you: you have no firman for Schumla; therefore, I repeat, to-morrow morning, I shall send you away with a guard."

"I trust your Excellency will not use force, for with my own consent I shall not go."

He did not reply for some moments, but smoked deeper; then repeated his words, and finished by saying, "I have spoken my will: you shall not stay at Schumla."

This provoking language made me forget myself. "If, then," I exclaimed, "that is of no service," taking my firman from my pocket, and throwing it contemptuously before me, "I will write to Constantinople for one that may be: I will wait here till it arrives." Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, it would not have made a much greater sensation than did this trivial (in appearance) action. The Pasha laid down his chibouque, his eyes sparkling with fury, and his numerous followers raised themselves from their reverential attitude with a start that made their arms ring. An infidel thus treat the Sultan's firman, in the Pasha's presence too! The whole peril of my situation instantly rushed upon me; but I knew enough of the Turkish character to guide me. I remained as if totally unconcerned, as if unaware of having committed even a breach of etiquette, though the minute which elapsed in dead silence appeared an age; nor could I help glancing for the slight sign of the hand that was to doom

my neck to the ataghan, or my feet to the bastinade. At length Suleyman, smothering his anger, motioned to an attendant, who picked up the firman and gave it me. I again breathed, and to his reiteration that I should go the next morning to Ternova, said, "Am I to consider myself a prisoner; I, an Englishman, whose sovereign is the ally of your sovereign?"

"No;" he replied, after a pause, "you may go when and where you please: recollect, however, that I give you no assistance. If brigands kill you, it is not my fault. I have offered you horses one way; you know best." His allusion to brigands was not to be misunderstood. I had nothing more to say, so took my leave, but did not feel my head quite steady till the files of attendants, collected in the gallery to see the audacious stranger pass, were out of sight. I was exceedingly out of humour, as may be supposed, both with the Pasha and myself; and that,—instead of gaining wisdom from my narrow escape on other subjects,—made me add folly to folly by way of being revenged on him, or on fate, the same thing—one error in this life, is ever the stepping stone to another. I prosecuted a delicate adventure which, if dis-

covered, would have given Suleyman a legal claim to my life, which he certainly would not have neglected, denying me the privilege of the usual saving clause on such dénouements, had I been inclined to profit by it. I endeavoured also to get some one to let or sell me horses, that I might go my own way in despite of the Pasha, trusting to get a Cossack escort. His fiat however was known, and I might as well have tried to have made horses as to hire them. *This bother was occasioned by the negligence of the Dragoman at Pera, in not seeing that my firman was properly worded. Travellers cannot be too particular in that respect; for though the Turkish authorities are usually very civil to Franks, seldom looking at their firmans, an animal like Suleyman sometimes occurs; and having the power, may exercise it, of sending one back some hundreds of miles. From Bagdad it would not be agreeable.*

On visiting the Greek Archbishop, I was glad to find that my further intercession with the Chiaja had saved the priest. "It is fortunate," he said to me, "that the Pasha knew nothing of the affair, or he would have brought evil on his head." He then observed, that he was

aware that our delicacy prevented us from horse-whipping him, but that we ought to have done it, since a priest who gets drunk was not entitled to regard. Alas! in that case few of the Greek clergy would escape the bastinado. The archbishop was a native of Myconi, which island he had quitted twenty-five years previous. As was to be expected, he amused me with a violent tirade against the Turks—his own silken-robed person, and his well-furnished house was a silent reply—and expatiated on the happiness of living with even *nothing* in independent Greece. He treated these two subjects so affectingly and eloquently, that I really felt for him, and settled in my mind the means of removing him from slavery to freedom; not recollecting at the moment, that any man in Turkey has full power of locomotion, there being no police or sanatory regulations to interrupt him.

"If," I began, "you will consent to abandon your flock, I can get you to Greece with ease."

"How?"

"You will dress as a Frank, and pass off as my secretary or my dragoman—the thing is easy."

"I do not think so."

"You must cut off your beard, in order to effect a disguise."

"My beard!" stroking it with as much affection as though he were a Mollah. "A bishop without a beard!—scandal."

"With one, you will be discovered."

"Then I will remain."

He said this with a sigh, that seemed to say, "any sacrifice rather this," and knowing that the Greek values that patriarchal appendage nearly as much as the Osmanley, I thought it would be too harsh to insist on; the more so, as we might hide it by means of a high cravat. This difficulty being thus put aside, I proposed that we should start the next day but one. He did not appear eager, but said, "You will take my money with us."

"Certainly. Is there much?"

"A good sum."

"Have it then ready packed."

"You will also take my furniture?"

"Furniture! What do you mean?

"My bed, my chests, my tables, my sofas, my all."

"You are joking: there is enough to load twenty horses."

"Thank God, there is."

"It is impossible to take it. In the first place it would delay us; in the next, you can buy more in the Morea."

"These have already cost me money. I do not choose to lose them."

"Then you must remain with them."

"I will remain."

I was as much annoyed with my own simplicity in having believed him, as amused at the value he set on liberty. The fact was, he was well off where he was, and he knew it. Being a Grecian, he expressed great dissatisfaction—as a Frenchman makes an offer of hospitality, *sa bourse sa maison*, &c.—without meaning any importance to be attached to his words.

At the bath I met a prodigy of learning in a Bimbashi (Colonel). He asked me if the dominions of the English Cral did not consist of three islands: then, to shew his military skill, arranged the bathers, half naked as they were, in one line, and put them through the new exercise for my inspection, looking for applause which I willingly bestowed. He entered into my feelings about the Pasha's surliness, and offered to get horses for me. He certainly tried,

but was as unsuccessful as myself, and for the same reason.

In the mean time Captain Chesney and Mr. Peach returned from Varna, whence they had been driven, after one day's stay, by the plague raging among the Russians. One is never afraid of plague in Turkey (except the Pereotes), therefore, instead of shunning each other, we dined together as formerly, with the difference, that this time they were my guests; and my host being a quiet, respectable Bulgarian layman, we had no inconvenience.

I gave up my idea of going to Bourgas, being fully convinced that the Pasha was too strong for me in his own den, and left Schumla in their company, January 15th. That night we slept at Osman Bazar, in the same khan that I had occupied a fortnight previous.

Here we again separated; their intention being to cross the mountains by Gabrowa; mine, by Kasan, again into the Russian lines. My friends advised me against the latter route, as they had heard reported at Varna, that Marshal Diebitch had issued an order to prevent travellers from entering his lines. Being only a report, such an order being also unjustifiable, I

considered it erroneous. But this was not the first difficulty to be overcome. Chesney and Peach were scarcely departed for Ternova (capital of Bulgaria) than a Chavass came from the Ayan, to inform me that I could not have horses to go to Kasan, as he had promised, but he had written to Suleyman Pasha to know what to do. Now, being perfectly aware that if I waited till the answer came, I should not be able to go into the Russian lines at all, Suleyman having thought that I was going to Ternova, I determined not to wait an hour; and therefore, without acquainting the Ayan, endeavoured to hire horses from the inhabitants. Only one could be procured. Packing my baggage on him, I started on foot. It was already noon; the distance before us was computed six hours, but as it had partially thawed and made a mixture of snow and mud—ancle-deep—I could not expect to accomplish it under nine hours. In short, my promenade, *à la Suisse*, soon began to be very distressing, and made me regret that I had taken so much pains to have my own way. But I did not like to return, apprehending farther molestation on the part of Suleyman Pasha: proceeding was nearly as unpleasant, for the

manners of my guide—an armed Turk—forebode no good. He was too *exigeant* for the place. He demanded my shawl, and my powder flask, with an assurance which shewed that he considered them already his. I put him off for the present with fair words; but on our getting about half-way, the sight of a new made grave, the fate of whose occupier was not doubtful, close by which we passed, in the centre of a fine elevated table land, gave him an opportunity of letting me into his intentions. We came to a stand still. Though man to man, each armed nearly alike, I had a great advantage in case of coming to an open rupture, in having my pistols charged with English powder, which he knew would *not* miss fire. The superiority of our fire-arms is so well known that a Frank is a match for two Orientals. Seeing that I did not give way—my powder-flask was still the immediate bone of contention—he threatened to leave me to find my own road, which would have gained his end, as surely as by shooting me; but I frustrated him by taking a pistol in my hand, and bidding him walk before. Knowing the direction of Kasan, and having with me a compass, it was out of his

power to mislead me. He perceived that, and sulkily obeyed; and thus, in a moody silence, we continued for two hours more, till we came to Chatal, a deserted village, where it was necessary to ford the Kamptchick. The river being much swollen was a Beresina to us. I would not cross it on foot, the guide said he equally feared the cold, and I thought that the horse could not carry both: after much expostulation he walked through and I rode. His courage being then somewhat cooled, I offered to give him double what I had promised at first, on reaching Kasan, provided that he would behave fairly. He acquiesced with seeming readiness, but not the less for that did I keep on my guard. Again we met a stream, where it formed a cataract of twelve or fifteen feet. We had mistaken the path and had come where there was no bridge. It was too late to look for it, yet how to get over without one was a question. The only place at all feasible was on the ledge of the rock at the edge of the fall where the water, as if collecting itself for the leap, lay still, compared with its previous dashing course, though that any animal could keep his legs on the polished granite surface seemed impossible. The guide,

however, said the horse could do it provided that we both mounted to give him stability. We did so, and got safely over; but it was trying to our nerves: verily, Turkish horses could walk up the roof of a house like a cat, although they are never rough shod!

The night set in exceedingly dark, lowering, indicative of a violent storm, and the difficulty of the path, added to my excessive fatigue, made me despair of reaching Kasan. To assist me I tied myself to the stirrups with a rope and let the horse drag me, while the guide, scarcely less knocked up, led the way. Another apprehension then came upon me in full force: I recollected that about an hour's distance from the village was an outpost of Cossacks, from whom I had before experienced delay, though then accompanied by an escort, and who, in my present situation, on foot, and in suspicious company, would, it was to be feared, turn me back, as the least evil; and I trembled to think of the course which in self-defence, in that case, would be incumbent on me to adopt towards my companion before drowsiness should overpower me. As I foresaw, we had scarcely obtained a glimpse of a light in the wigwam—their scanty shelter—when the Cossacks debarred

our further passage with their lances, and by words which I did not understand, and by uncourteous gestures which I did, commanded us to turn back. To obey them was death to one of us, perhaps to both: not to obey them might be equally unpleasant. To gain time therefore, and reflect on what course to follow, I expostulated in any language but the right one. Any language however sufficed, for at the sound of my voice, one of them uttered an exclamation to the other; "Karasho," he said, pulled off his cap, and came up to me with signs of pleasure and respect. He was one of those who had escorted me three weeks before; and thus proved to me how well-timed, how unconsciously politic, had been my trifling liberality at Osman Bazar to three individuals whom I never expected to see again. My troubles were at an end: they mounted me on one of their horses, and conducted me to Kasan where my friend, the Tchorbagi, gave me a hearty welcome and plentiful commiserations on the sorry state in which the "rascally Ayan of Osman Bazar," had allowed me to cross the mountains: however I had gained my point and I forgave him. I was scarcely housed, when the storm burst with

terrific violence; the hills seemed to tremble with the thunder, and the Kamptchick roared past in a sheet of flame.

The next morning I continued my journey, well mounted, with the hope of completing the mountain part of it early, but the preceding night's storm had so damaged the paths, that the sun set before we reached the summit of the descent which led into the plains: down it, therefore, in order to save the twilight, so as to extricate ourselves from the labyrinth of defiles at the foot, we were obliged to canter at the imminent risk of breaking our necks. By good luck we got to the bottom safe; and in another hour, after making a circuit under the guidance of my Cossack, to avoid the quarantine barrier, reached Selimnia where, my former kind host being at Bourgas on a visit to the Marshal, I was hospitably received by his invalid brother, who at the same time was astonished at seeing me, starting back as from an apparition, as the Marshal had really given an order that no traveller should be admitted within the lines; and had moreover directed that any one who might, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Cossacks, get in, should be immediately sent back the way he came. "I regret," said young

Montresor, "that my brother is absent; I am sure he would not suffer you to return. The second in command, General ——, is away on an inspection, and will not be back for two or three days: besides, he is a martinet. I do not know whether another officer can take on himself the responsibility of your remaining here."

They behaved towards me very handsomely. The temporary commandant said that he could not think of turning me back, according to orders, considering that I was personally known in the lines—at the same time he could not suffer me to proceed. It was necessary that I should wait till General ——, second in command, returned; as he alone could decide on my proceedings.

In giving such an order Marshal Diebitch acted in an arbitrary and unjustifiable manner. He had no right to exclude travellers from the portion of the Sultan's territory (above one hundred miles square) occupied by him, not in hostage, but for convenience. It was entirely aimed at the English; since he knew, as well as every body else, that they were the only travellers in Roumelia. The only reason that can be assigned is that he did not wish the state of his army to be known.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—Selybria—Constantinople—Pera.

SELIMNIA, for size and opulence, is (rather was) one of the principal towns of Roumelia. Its situation is beautiful, in a cluster of hills under the Balkans; which, rising like a wall immediately beside it, appear to be falling on it. Its climate is equable, neither severely cold nor oppressively hot. Numerous water courses, rushing down from the mountains, gave motion to a hundred mills, the sources of its prosperity. It had excellent wines, produced from the vines that cover the hills trained low and shrubby as in France; one of them was not unlike champagne; it was the dearest quality; for an *ok*

(a quart) we paid about a penny. Its population consisted of fifteen-thousand Bulgarians, and ten thousand Turks, celebrated,—the former for manufacturing cloths, the latter for fire-arms. Twice a year a great fair was held. The cloths are of a rough durable quality, and are worn all over Christian Turkey. The muskets made there are the most esteemed of any in Turkey, and so elegant even in the eyes of Franks that General Montresor sent one, richly enameled, as a trophy for the young Grand Duke, the Emperor's eldest son.

But its prosperity at this period was drawing to a close. A general emigration of the Christians was agitating. They felt, and in that feeling were encouraged by the Russians, that they dared not remain in the country, exposed to the vengeance of the Osmanleys for the bitter humiliation that the latter were now suffering:—

"They flew
Chickens, the way which they eagles stooped; slaves,
The strides they victors made."

The Rayas wore the arms that *they* used to carry. A Bulgarian guard patrolled the streets to observe their motions—they who, six months before, could have dispersed a crowd of Bul-

garians with frowns—and the chief mosque of the place was a Russian guard-house. But the Osmanley is not revengeful.

A young Bulgarian, who had been educated at Paris, was then at Selimnia, Basilios Hadgi Michael. The Russians in derision called him the civilized Bulgarian. I visited with him the principal inhabitants, to gain an idea of their position, and soon ascertained, from their own lips, the falsity of the report spread by the Russian officers, that they were overjoyed at the thoughts of quitting Turkey under their wing. They were overwhelmed with grief.—"If," they said, "we had done nothing else for the Russians than support their troops during eight months we merit something." The Russians had studiously informed me that they paid for every thing, and I believed them till one day, talking with a General on the necessity of the army recrossing the Balkans before the summer, he let slip, "besides, the Bulgarians will be tired of keeping us." Comfortable allies!

I did all that lay in my power to prevent these people from the ruinous step of emigrating into Russia, assuring them, as I had done at Kasan, that the Sultan had issued a hatti-

scheriff in their favour, containing complete amnesty and enjoining all Pashas to protect them from private revenge. They could not believe the existence of such a document, and asked me if I had seen it:—"the translation," I replied.—"That might be a forgery,"* they said; and, labouring under this idea, no argument of mine could induce them to place full faith in the Sultan's mild disposition towards them. This was natural; for they were revolted subjects, and had committed great excesses. However, notwithstanding their distrust, I had the satisfaction of knowing that many, who had made up their minds to expatriate, followed my counsels, and thousands afterwards repented not having done so. The Grand Vizir, with a true zeal for the interests of the empire, knowing the evil of having the Bulgarian towns depopulated, had sent the Archbishop of Adrianople to them,

* When the author was at Adrianople, a few days after, he acquainted the Grand Vizir's Secretary, who came to him for information about the Bulgarians, that the sure way to retain them was to send a Turkish officer of rank to them with the actual firman. It was not done, because Turkish pride was in the way; and because the Vizir placed faith in the exertions of the Archbishop of Adrianople, to whom he supposed they would more readily listen.

to induce them to remain. This prelate, whom I met, completely deceived his employers, and brought ruin on thousands. He could not contradict the existence of the firman, but he threw cold water on its promises, making others in favour of Russian magnanimity. Twice he returned to Adrianople, in the course of his mission, and reported great success to the Vizir, who unfortunately believed him, and each time gave him a sum of money as a reward. Greca fede! At his last visit the prelate realized his property, then retired with his relations under Russian protection; he embarked at Bourgas in a frigate, and was conveyed to Odessa, to receive the price of his treachery.

I will sum up in a few words the history of the Bulgarians. I have mentioned their happiness and their prosperity under the Osmanleys. Every traveller, every merchant, the consular agents in these countries, know the truth of these assertions; yet in the face of them the Russian bulletin said, after enumerating great successes:—"and thousands of Bulgarian families have been rescued from slavery." It is no proof that the Osmanleys tyrannized over

the Bulgarians, the fact that the latter took arms against them and plundered them. It is now well known that in the most enlightened countries of Europe, if you tell the people that they are oppressed and put arms into their hands, they will attack their own landlords, though speaking the same tongue and professing the same faith as themselves.

The Bulgarians served the Russians during the war in the expectation that they would remain. They maintained them six months after the war. In return Russia obtained an amnesty for them,—not for their advantage, but to impose on the world, and knew also that the Sultan would observe it out of fear. But instead of convincing them of this truth, they insinuated the contrary. Why?—In the first place they knew that their influence was greatly weakened among the Bulgarians, and that in a future war they could not reckon surely on their co-operation; it was therefore politic to deprive the Sultan of a valuable population. In the second place, by enticing them into Russia they would be obliged for want of subsistence to enter the army as soldiers. These are nefarious reasons, but too true, to the

disgrace of Russia. When the army finally broke up, May 1830, upwards of twenty thousand Bulgarians quitted home and happiness with them, partly from Selimnia, Yamboli, &c., entirely from Aidos and Bourgas. The soldiers rooted up the vineyards of the emigrés, and before quitting Bourgas, Marshal Diebitch's head quarters, they razed the houses. Be it remembered that this town belonged to the Sultan, and that they had only occupied it as tenants. Great distress attended the miserable Bulgarians—men, women, and children—in their progress to Wallachia and Moldavia. Thousands sunk under fatigue and starvation, or died of the plague by their contact with the troops at Varna where they were compelled to halt; the remainder were plunged in misery. I saw letters afterwards from some of these exiles to their friends, entreating them not to follow them. They stated that they were in want of every thing, and wished to return to Turkey, but that the Russians would not allow it: they were making them enter as soldiers.

Russian influence has sensibly decreased in these countries in consequence of the late war.

The inhabitants have since regarded the Russians with something approaching horror, only qualified by their being of the same religion. Hitherto they thought that no persons but Turks bastinadoed and plundered the peasantry; that no persons but Hebrews delighted in filth; that no persons but Fanariotes made a jest of bad faith. The sojourn of a Russian army in Roumelia shewed them the union of these three amiable qualities. With what mixed contempt and dislike have I often heard the Bulgarians talk of their guests; it was painful for them to compare them to the Osmanleys, yet they did, to the advantage of the latter. But sorrow and grievances are soon forgotten; in a few years the Russians may again be thought of only as Christians, and again the Bulgarians may welcome them, unless the aged raise a voice of warning from past events. Nor is it surprising that they should thus turn to their betrayers, like birds to a serpent; it is so sweet to be ruled by one's co-religionists. The Bulgarians, however, might be saved, as well as all the Christians of northern Turkey, from being made the blind tools of Russian ambition, if England had

agents residing among them to point out to them their true interests, and the real designs of Russia. The name of England is great in these countries, and the inhabitants would rather deem themselves beholden to her for protection from the Sultan's despotism (which through policy is masked towards his Christian subjects) than to Russia. If an English agent lived among them, they would consider him their protector, and Russian influence from that time would be a dead letter.* Russia since the peace has established a Consul General

* Many aver, that no Christian power save Russia can gain influence with the Greeks on account of their intolerant religion. But the Bulgarians are exceptions, as I can affirm from my own experience and credible information. They must not be judged by the Cospolitan Greeks, now as ever the most fanatic of mortals, who firmly believe that a Roman Catholic is more sure of hell than a Pagan; as a Turk believes that a Persian is seventy times worse than any infidel. Some years back the son of a Greek noble embraced the Mussulman faith; the father vented accents of despair in the ear of his confessor. "It is, indeed, a heavy misfortune," replied the priest, "but you should console yourself with the reflection how much more serious it would have been had he become a Catholic." "True," answered the afflicted parent, "that indeed is a blessing." The very air of Constantinople is favourable to

among the Bulgarians, ostensibly to protect them, but, in reality to foment discontent and to create opposition to the Osmanleys,—by which means, as she always practised with the Greeks, she shields her next aggression, as her last, under the cloak of succouring the oppressed Christians. But were the agent of another great power, interested in preserving the Sultan's power, on the spot, such artifices would be exposed, and the Osmanleys and the Bulgarians by his medium be-preserved in harmony. And let it be ever borne in mind by friends of humanity, that the situation of the Raya in Turkey is one thousand fold preferable to that of the Serf in Russia. The former cannot be sold with the land, nor torn from his family to join the army, nor even be a domestic slave unless, in the case of rebellion.

The Town Major of Selimnia was a Tartar

intolerance. "Why should we not dance with Turks?" said a Catholic young lady at Pera, in the year 1830, daughter of a plenipotentiary, "we dance with Protestants."

The Bulgarians are free from such intolerance, but they are extravagantly superstitious. St. Nicolas is their favourite saint; and they have a superstition, firmly believed by the lower classes, that when God dies, he will succeed him.

prince. I forget his name, though I ought to remember it, hard as it was, for he was exceedingly civil to me; moreover he was a very sensible man, and eminently useful from his correct knowledge of Eastern tongues; but he could not speak one Western one. One day I met a curiosity at his house in the person of a Bulgarian decorated with the cross of Saint Anne; he was also Captain of four hundred of his countrymen who had been raised for the purpose of being enrolled with the Imperial Guard, which has already companies of Calmucks, of Circassians, and of Tartars. The inhabitants of Saint Petersburgh will thereby infer that Bulgaria belongs to the empire.

The above-mentioned individual obtained his rank for the zeal which he displayed in plundering the Osmanleys' houses, on the first arrival of the Russians. He was proud of it, and heard himself styled captain with great complacency. To the merits of the cross he was not so sensible, since it requires time to impress untutored minds with the ideal value of such rewards—of little value (if Russian) in the estimation of a foreigner, on account of their number; yet eagerly sought for by the natives, as on them all con-

sideration hinges; and therefore, the disputes after every campaign about these orders are endless, and often lead to disagreeable results.* A colloquy which took place between a Turk and a Russian officer on this subject, is curious, as shewing a decided difference of opinion. "What is this?" said the Turk, pointing to one of three crosses dangling from the other's neck—"The cross of St. Anne," replied the Russian with pride, "given me by the Emperor for my services." "Wonderful!" said the Turk: then, producing a handsome snuff-box, "The Sultan gave me this for my services—is it not better?" "What is this?" he continued, touching the second cross. "St. Vladimir;" said the Russian, rather hurt at the comparison of his interlocutor; "also given me by the Emperor for services." "Wonderful," again said the Turk: "and this," shewing a richly emblazoned Koran, "was also given me by the Sultan on another occasion, when I pleased him—is it not better?" "What

* After the battle of Navarine, some of the crew of the Azoff (Admiral Heyden's flag ship) laid a plan to blow her up, because the crosses had been, in their opinion, partially distributed. The plot was discovered in time, the ship then lying at Malta.

is this?" he concluded, pointing to the third cross. "Ah!" exclaimed the Russian, with a renewed look of triumph, "this is the most precious token of my sovereign's regard; this is the cross of St. George, only bestowed for courageous actions; to gain it, nearly cost me my life." "God is great!" said the astonished Mussulman, "you are easily satisfied." "Behold," he added, drawing out a purse of gold, "the Sultan gave me this as a reward for my services against you on such a day; friend, the Sultan knows better how to recompence merit than does your Emperor." This was current among the Russians as having actually occurred, and was told to me by many as a proof of the Mussulman's stupidity; by some, as a specimen of his wit. The Osmanleys, though phlegmatic, are often sarcastic. It was usual for them to compare the crosses, dangling from the necks of the Russian officers with a jingling sound, to the coins on their children's fezes,—a not unapt comparison, for the one certainly has as childish an air as the other. Some of the Russians of my acquaintance were of the same opinion, and would never wear their crosses except when obliged; others on the contrary were never

seen without them: one Colonel at Selimnia wore them on his dressing gown.

The return of the General, second in command, gave me a prospect of continuing my journey. He told me that there were positive orders against permitting any traveller to enter the lines; but in consideration of my being in them, and of my acquaintance with some of the Generals, he should allow me to traverse them, to get to Adrianople, taking on himself to represent the peculiar case to the Marshal. I thanked him sincerely. It really was a great kindness on his part, inasmuch as it saved me a world of trouble,—no less than recrossing the mountains to Osman Bazar; then, if I encountered no obstacle from Suleyman Pasha, which was to be apprehended, making a round by Ternova, and again crossing the mountains by Gabrowa and Shipka; a journey of several days, and excessive toil. Balkanian is not quite so smooth as Alpine touring.

The same day I proceeded to Yamboli, a town prettily situated on the plain, four hours to the southward. At the gate I was stopped, and, with my escort, thrown into quarantine. The establishment consisted of a mud hovel,

wanting one side, and there, they told me, I must wait all night. To be placed in quarantine at any time is annoying, but to be thus absurdly confined, in consequence of a generalizing order given to a sentry without the sense to use his senses, was doubly so. I knew that the cordon was but a police precaution, qualified by the word sanatory, and intended to apply only to the natives, that some notice might be obtained of them before being permitted to enter the town. Russian officers came and went—imported and exported plague—as they pleased; but I was not a Russian, and therefore, argued the sentry, heedless of the assertions of my Cossacks that I was a privileged person, was included in the act. To wait, and freeze appeared my doom; and the Cossacks, after d——g the *Russian* sentry, resigned themselves to their fate, and began ungirthing their horses. Not being so patient, I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book, and wrote a note to the General, stating my hardship; but no one would carry it. I then had recourse to an argument which I should have enforced before — an argument which seldom fails with Turks or Russians—a bribe; and succeeded in getting out of limbo,

escort, baggage and all, little heeding my gaolers, whether I carried the plague or not.

"His Excellency is fast asleep," said a servant to me, "and cannot be disturbed—come to-morrow." At any other time I should have respected his repose; but as it was, my own repose depended on the duration of his, since no other person, and I had inquired of a few, could take on himself to assign me quarters; and to attain my object, without coming to a rupture with the lacquey, I lengthened our altercation on the pros and the cons, raising my voice, and stamping, in order to give more emphasis to my words. General Timan (so was he named) soon made his appearance, as I expected, with anger on his brow and reproaches on his lips; which, however, he exchanged, on perceiving the intruder, for complaisance and soft speech: then, having rowed his domestic for not having informed him that I was there, and apologized for his deshabille, he led me into his apartment, where *trois bons plats* were speedily set before me, and soon disposed of;—my ride, the keen air, and the detention at the barrier, having totally effaced any solid remembrance of the roast

chamois on which I had breakfasted at Selimhia, with young Montresor and Wolk Llanevsky.

General Timan was a neat dapper little gentleman,—quite a dandy—*a rara avis* in the army. His dressing gown was of the richest Brussa silk; his cap of the finest Persian wool; his slippers of the gayest patterned Russia leather; his charger was equipped with an English hunting saddle; his pistols were from London; his chibouques were of the latest Stamboul fashion, with a Turkish boy, dressed in green and gold, for chiboukgi; his tea equipage—main stay of a Russian kit—was elegant, china and silver; he had packs of French cards (with which, two Brigade-generals making up the party, we played whist till two in the morning); and, unheard-of luxury, he had a mattrass to lie me on. But with all these advantages, the good hospitable General was quite Russian in regard of the toilet. On rising from my couch in the morning, expecting to find something superior to what I had seen in other quarters, I confidently asked for a basin to wash in. The domestic required twice telling before comprehending me, and when he did, seemed rather embarrassed. However, after some delay, he returned

with a large brass utensil of very doubtful form; it might have passed for a stew-pan, or a foot-bath, or something else. With certain misgivings, I performed my ablutions in it. An hour after, entering the apartment,—where we had dined, supped and slept, and were about to breakfast,—rather abruptly, I surprised mine host, whom I had left sleeping, making with much ingenuity, a perfectly opposite and unequivocal use of my washing basin. "Mon cher ami," he burst out—"Pardon, j'ai les hemorrhoides." His servant was standing by, and eyed me—the rascal!—with a grin of baboonish satisfaction. Whether the said utensil — my horror — completed a three-fold office in the kitchen, I did not allow myself to discover. I should not have related an anecdote of so low a description, but it is by such trifles that we arrive at a just valuation of the delicacy and refinement of a people:—whether that which is exhibited is natural or affected. We should preserve a different opinion of a Russian belle, if a pin escaping from her ball-dress did not disclose stays couleur d'Isabelle;* — or of a Russian

* The name couleur d'Isabelle (French for yellow dun) originated in a whimsical vow of Isabella Clara Eugenia,

General's propriety, if his deshabille after parade did not betray the want of a shirt;—or of a Russian nobleman's magnificence, displayed in costly entertainments, if he were not seen at breakfast with a two-pronged fork, an oxydized knife, and a dirty cloth.

The residence of the Russians at Adrianople rather affected public morality. The Greek women were bound in gratitude not to be coy. A few Turkish fair also took advantage of the general relaxation to shew their admiration for the brave, to the scandal of the *Faithful;* and one lady, of good family, was in consequence seized, and about to be sacked as an example. In half an hour the Marizza would have flowed over her, had not General ——— of the artillery interposed with the Mollah. The Mollah, to oblige him, abated the rigour of the law, and had her privately conveyed to his quarters, she being irrevocably dead to Turkish society. Now the General's solicitude, though highly

governess of the Netherlands, at the siege of Ostend, which lasted from 1601 till 1604. She not only kept it, but wished to persuade the ladies of her Court to follow her example; which, to save appearances, they imitated by having their shifts dyed.

commendable, was not quite disinterested, the object of it having many admirers in the army, over whom, in merit of this action, he hoped to reign pre-eminent, notwithstanding his wooden leg. But Mussulman fatalism thwarted him. To his eager declaration that he had saved her life, she simply answered, "Good; I was prepared to die; I therefore owe you nothing:" then said, "Give me a chibouque." Judge of the poor man's mortification; at the least he expected a kiss. Let not my readers suppose that because the fair Scherifeh asked for a pipe she deserves to be classed with les dames de la halle. The fairest and haughtiest ladies of the seraglio, whose hair, and neck, and ears, and arms, daily glisten with diamonds, divert ennui with the fumes of the soothing weed. She was then at Yamboli, as well as the Archbishop of Adrianople, but to obtain a sight of her was difficult, because she was become extremely particular; and, what is worthy of remark, never appeared abroad without being veiled á la Turque. My title of Englishman, however, gained me admittance to her bower, by exciting her curiosity, having never, she said, knowingly seen one of the species. She received us haughtily, and

motioned us, with the air of a sultana, to be seated on the sofa at some distance from her. Two pretty Greek girls, her attendants, brought us sweets and sherbets, and then chibouques, with which and an insipid conversation, half an hour passed without any thing to offend the strictest decorum; her Mahommedan pride gave her modest assurance, and made her feel that, though degraded in the eyes of her own caste, she was yet superior to Christians. Her person was comely, rather en-bon-point, her hair luxuriant, and her eyes fine, but with an expression by no means winning.

Nothing occurring to detain me, I took leave of General Timan the second noon, and pursued my journey over the vast plain towards Adrianople. We rode eight hours, to Buyuk-deré-bendt, a Bulgarian village, where I passed the night with the commander of a party of Cossacks, quartered there. I would have preferred lodging with the Tchorbagi, but I could not avoid the former's politeness, and could only evince my sense of it by smoking with him half the night. For conversation we had no medium except that of a bad interpreter, only a little less ignorant than myself of the beauties of the Cossack tongue.

I took leave of him when the sun rose, in a cup of raki, with the hope of supping at Adrianople, twelve hours distant. A Cossack accompanied me, to pass me clear of the outpost, which was within six hours of the city. We reached a post in half the time, when he left me, saying that I should encounter no further obstacle. This intelligence was very consoling; I was tired of the anxiety of moving about the occupation of an army—such an army!—whose language I could not speak, and whose Generals, at least those whom I had the pleasure of knowing, although particularly civil, would never give a traveller a written order, or even countersign his passport, entrusting him to the discretion of the Cossacks,—gentry, as I before observed, who were under very little control. In this case my Cossack completely misled me. At another village, further on, when I thought to be again within the pale of the Sultan's law, so accommodating to Franks, the green uniforms basilisked my eyes, and my pass was demanded by the sentry, as indispensable to quitting the lines. Here was a pretty dilemma, knowing that in default of one I should be reconducted to Yamboli. However

I put a good face on the matter: throwing open my capote, to shew my uniform, I pulled out a packet, and bid the sentry call his officer immediately. He proved a bad soldier, and left his post to obey me; whereupon we clapped spurs and galloped away, neither heeding sundry cries, borne after us on the wind, nor stopping till we reached Buyuk Dervent, where I knew an Aga governed. It was my fortune that the Cossacks attached to the above post were absent at the time, or I should soon have been overhauled, and had the mortification of seeing my Bulgarian Surrogee, who behaved nobly in keeping the baggage horse on the gallop, rattaned.

In the square of Buyuk Dervent a company of Russian soldiers were reposing, having left Adrianople that morning,—evidently from the hospital, by their sickly looks. We passed them without interrogatory. On the road, they had just come over, were twenty or thirty Cossacks urging on the stragglers, who, poor fellows! were many of them lying down quite exhausted, while the unfeeling whippers-in were endeavouring to stir them up with their lances. I did not feel precisely at ease in their company; habit is so

inveterate, and the Cossacks are so addicted to pillage, and it would have been so easy to have toppled us over with a side blow, producing a trance sufficiently long to allow my bags to be unlined, that I was surprised it was not done.

At sunset one of my horses broke down, and compelled us to seek refuge in a village on the left hand, two hours distant from the city. It had just been occupied by a body of Turkish irregulars, every house but one — that one of course the worst—under which I crept, and prepared to sleep supperless, for the owner swore that he had not even a mouthful of bread to offer me; that the Turks had taken what the Cossacks had left. I believed him. My Surrogee, however, told him a tale which changed *his:* "Something," he said, "might be found in consideration of the English Bey Zade." Little cared I in whose consideration, still less at his versatility. In short, in this cabin, where poverty might have been supposed to be the ruling genius, I made a hearty supper of meat, eggs, and rice, with bread and wine ad libitum; and slept on a heap of dressed sheep skins, by a blazing fire. I only mention this little circum-

stance, as an additional proof to those I have already mentioned of the plenty enjoyed by the meanest peasant of this country.* Had this Bulgarian possessed nothing I should not have been surprised, considering his long exposure to the marauding visits of the Cossacks who, unlike the Osmanley foragers, neither respected his wine nor his pork. But one year's crop gives the peasant in Turkey bread and wine

* The accomplished traveller, Ali Bey, equally bears evidence to the comfortable condition of the peasantry in Turkey: "I lodged yesterday in the house of a Christian labourer; to day I have put up at the house of a Mussulman labourer. The frank and hospitable character of these people, pleases me infinitely. Their habitations are remarkable for extreme cleanliness. They live very comfortably; they are well dressed, and in want of no household furniture or utensils. I have particularly remarked that they have a great quantity of pretty mattrasses and cushions."—*Journal between Damascus and Aleppo, August,* 1807.

"We passed also several groups of Turcoman shepherds. What a difference between them and the Arab pastors! Men, women, and children were all well dressed. The camels which carried their effects were covered with beautiful Turkey carpets. These people appear to enjoy all the comforts and pleasures of the pastoral life; and it is among them, exclusively, that we should seek for the models of those shepherds, as sung by the poets."—*Journal between Aleppo and Konia.*

for years; where grass is boundless, and seed unheeded, cattle and poultry must multiply He supplies his forced lodgers, as though from a hard earned and scanty store, with discontent and curses, but places before his Frank visitors plenty, with good humour.

From the village of Arnaout Keuy, the next morning, we overlooked Adrianople,—from the same spot where the Russian army halted the night previous to its capture. I envied what its feelings must have been while gazing on that fair city—its silvery mingling streams, its countless minarets, its turbaned cemetery—considering it only the type of a brighter conquest, happily unrealized—alas! the half of those elated troops looked on their graves.

A musket placed against the wall of a house at the entrance of the city, indicated to us a sentry's post; at the same time the head of its owner popped out of an aperture in the paper window of a cafeneh, and demanded the whence and the where. This specimen of the Nizam Dgeditt was easily satisfied; and, resuming his pipe, waved to us to proceed where we pleased.

On alighting at the house of our worthy consul, I again had the pleasure of meeting Captain

Chesney and Mr. Peach, who had arrived the preceding evening. Our satisfaction, however, at retasting the comforts of civilization, was somewhat damped by the circumstance of plague being at Adrianople, it having spread to the city from the Russian hospital, where it first appeared, and every house in consequence being a prison. Travellers in the East, from being exposed to contagion in every shape, often sleeping under the same roof with it (in preference to making a cast of their proportions in the snow); and invariably escaping by disbelieving in its power, as well as by being a great deal in the open air, soon cease to fear it, but the European residents hold it in instinctive horror, and neglect no means of insuring immunity. Nothing is admitted within their doors without being previously fumigated, or immersed; no visiting takes place between the disinfected; dogs are chained, and cats invariably destroyed on account of their fur, and their wandering propensities. All these precautions appear very ridiculous to a stranger; although it is fair to say, that one is scarcely justified in thus qualifying them without having witnessed the progress of this chief messenger of death (now in danger of being superseded

by cholera) when armed with sovereign sway;—watched its insidious approaches,—seen quarters unpeopled,—bazars deserted, and closed, one after another,—the dead-cart hourly grating over the grass-grown streets, filled with the corpses of neighbours and of friends—one's own house resounding with groans of anguish, or cries of mania. Such sights and sounds, common enough in the East, did not however this time shock humanity. The disease was mild, nothing more than typhus; not that I think plague is ever other than an aggravated typhus,—an opinion coinciding with that of many medical men who have studied it. There is often in London a typhus that would in Turkey be called plague; and, vice versa, often a plague in Turkey that would escape in London under the mild denomination of a typhus fever. Difference of care, and of medical knowledge, constitute a corresponding difference in the phases of the disorder.

Plague is certainly not indigenous to European Turkey; yet, having once been there, it may be supposed to remain always shut up in some house, with old clothes or other things; a danger which is diminished by the purifying effects of the frequent conflagrations in the large towns.

To such a cause many ascribed its appearance this year (1830), and the Russians, of course, eagerly seconded the prejudice, in order to clear themselves. But if the previous suffering of their troops from it during the whole war were not sufficient evidence of the contrary, it is notorious that the plague broke out first in Adrianople, in their barracks;* and there it would have remained, had a strict cordon been established; but, so far from any precaution being adopted, the soldiers were not prevented selling the garments of their deceased comrades to the Jews, who sold them to the poor inhabitants. Thus the disease was disseminated. The Grand Vizir, however, had the good sense to listen to advice, and to adopt the sanatory measures

* Every body that has seen a Russian camp, or cantonment, will agree with me in the constant attendance of three powerful agents of disease—filth, bad air, and want. Science never directs the choice of situation; dirt of all descriptions remains where it falls; and the bad rations of the soldiers depend in quantity on the avarice of the Colonel. Fever, in consequence, must ensue; that fever becomes typhus; and, from a total want of medical aid, soon grows as mortally contagious as plague. Hence the reason why, when once in a Russian army, nourished by the primary causes, it never leaves it, as was proved in the late Turkish war.

which General Collins,* the Russian Commandant, most culpably neglected. He established a lazaretto at Arnaout Keuy, a village three miles distant, to which the infected were removed. Hence the city was saved: about three thousand only were attacked, of whom one thousand died, or one in three. The Russians, on the contrary, lost one thousand eight hundred men, or two in three that were attacked,—a fatal difference, which they owed to the want of a lazaretto.

The contagion or non-contagion of plague, has been so often discussed by able pens, that any remarks of mine would be superfluous; I will only observe that in the case at Adrianople it shewed itself exceedingly capricious. A Greek lady of my acquaintance escaped, though her child died of it in her arms. A Greek physician of the place attended a Mollah, who had buboes; his servant, with him on the visit, became inoculated, and died in two days; the doctor escaped infection. The Mollah died.

Plague is sometimes communicated with a rapidity—by a touch, or a passing breath—that

* He fell a victim to the plague at Adrianople, March, 1830.

would stagger the firmest anti-contagionist, if his observation rested there; but such only occurs from very peculiar or pre-disposing causes. In a general sense, it is not so easily transmissible as is usually believed. It is a fact, that in Constantinople, where it has made awful visits, it rarely enters the habitations of the great, who, at the same time, adopt no precautions; their safety consisting in their large airy apartments, and their habitual cleanliness, and in no other cause, for they frequent the bazars, transact business, and receive visits as usual. The poorest Osmanleys have also the safeguard of domestic cleanliness, but that (without spacious rooms) does not avail in the confined quarters of an ill-built city. I believe that a person may shake hands in the open air with an impested subject without danger, but not remain safely two hours in a thickly occupied house, where the disease is, even though he keep the prescribed six feet of space between him and every other; a great proof of which is the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, plague rages in the depth of winter, when doors and windows are carefully closed, and the inhabitants, wrapped in old cloaks and furs, huddle together for warmth;

and it always disappears in the warm weather, when the people pass most of their time in the open air.

During the existence of the plague at Adrianople, between January and May, 1830, a caravan of merchandize went twice a week between that city and Constantinople, besides travellers, Tartars, &c. yet not a single case occurred in the latter place (nor beyond ten hours of the former), to the great astonishment of the contagionists of Pera, who considered it miraculous that it did not come with every bale, and greatly blamed the Turkish authorities for not establishing a quarantine. The Turkish authorities excused themselves by saying that the plague never had come from Adrianople, therefore it would not come; and their reasoning, however bad it might appear, spared a great deal of trouble and expense to the good citizens of Constantinople.

That quarantine is highly requisite to a certain extent, no one can doubt; but it requires considerable revision as it at present exists in Europe, where it is applied—as a quack medicine that is puffed as an universal panacea—to every thing and every person in the same quantum indiscriminately—to a human being from

the salubrious shores of the Bosphorus, to a bale of cotton sewn on the pestiferous banks of the Nile, to a gazelle caught on the plains of Syria, to a silk handkerchief wove in the looms of Persia, that has been in the pocket of a traveller exposed to sun, wind, and rain—to each forty days. It appears absurd; yet the absurdity is practised in every part of Christian Europe, excepting Great Britain, where a happy medium is observed, and the selfish ideas of individual preservation entertained by the framers of quarantine laws, who are seldom exposed to their inconvenience, are borne down by the great interests of commerce.

Notwithstanding the panic, we penetrated the seraglio of the grand vizir, Redschid Pasha, then holding his court at Adrianople; he having expressed a desire to cast eyes on us; we being equally willing to salute him, as one of the lions of Turkey. He had lately come from Schumla, whence his journey was as a triumphant march, consequent on his dignity. The beys and agas of the towns through which he passed, prostrated themselves before his horse; and as he approached the city, the pashas, Husseyin and Alish, met him, and, dismounting,

kissed his stirrup. We had, therefore, reason to esteem ourselves honoured by his invitation, enhanced by the gracious reception which he gave us. His residence had an air of barbaric magnificence. Saddled steeds were in the court; crowds of Albanians, armed to the teeth, in the halls; trimly bearded, long robed officers, in the anti-rooms; himself, in pelissed state, reclined in the angle of a divan at the farther end of a handsome saloon, on the floor of which were squatting some of his intimates in humble demeanour.

He clapped his hands, and ordered coffee and pipes, a mark of attention which we scarcely expected from one of his rank; at least not the pipes, that cherished symbol of equality, token of precedency, among the Osmanleys, which a son may not use in the presence of his father, or a younger brother in that of an elder one. And as this ceremony is the only picture of ostentation observed in Turkish social life, occupying the place of dinners and suppers, I will briefly describe it. To preface: the chiboukgis are the most important menials of an Ottoman establishment, the favourites of the lord. He who presents the pipe to the Sultan

is not only a pasha, but can dispose of pashalicks. They must be comely persons, and well skilled in the difficult art—only obtained by long practice—of so filling a bowl, that the slightest inspiration will spread a complete ignition over the superficies of the tobacco, replaced at each expiration by a layer of delicate white ashes. The bowl should be in the form of a bell; the reed, a Bagdad cherry branch, at least seven feet long without a joining; the mouth-piece, of lemon or cloud-coloured amber, clear, but not transparent, inviting, by its *tatto morbido,* the lips to caress it. With such an apparatus, presented by a youth á la Ganymede, you may imagine that you are inhaling the spirit of nectar, and, while in a kind of trance, watching the odorous vapour curling above your head, that the ceiling is studded with houris' eyes. But this perfection can only be obtained at the divan of a refined Osmanley. What, compared to it, is a cigar or a meerschaum! they may well be termed weed, while the other is a bouquet.

"Sublime in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe,".

sung Byron; but farther on he added,

> "But thy true lovers more admire by far
> Thy naked beauties; give me a cigar."

Thus proving that he had not been chez a pasha of acknowledged taste. Indeed his highest acquaintance among the Faithful was the aga of Thebes, a drunken old sot—I knew him since at Smyrna, as chief douanier—who probably never gave him a clean turn out; for the true lover of tobacco, real discriminator of its beauties, must be a sober person, capable of being exhilarated by the brown berry's juice. But to return to our subject. Scarcely had the vizir's laconic order, "Coffee, pipes, bring," undulated through the ante-room, than it was obeyed. Two capidgis with silver sticks, vizirial emblems, marshalled in a shoeless, noiseless train, which nearly filled the apartment. The chiboukgis advanced first, describing circles in the air with the long chibouques, and placing brass saucers on the spotless floor to receive the bowls, presented one to each guest, with a finished and graceful submission, that would have become ambassadors offering gifts to a queen. In the middle of the apartment,

the Cavedji took his station, holding a tray covered over with a piece of gold brocade: beside him waited the dispenser of the sober decoction; while a third person removed the covering, and disclosed the china cups and filagreed silver saucers (the latter in some cases are studded with jewels). The cup-bearers then advanced to perform their duty; and, the cups being all filled, stood one beside each guest, waiting, according to etiquette, till the vizir took his, to present theirs. At the same moment we were served: we sipped, returned the cups to the expectant hands, and then the room was cleared with the same quiet haste. His Highness shewed us yet farther honour. When we had skimmed the cream of our first pipes, he again clapped, and ordered fresh ones. Again the silver sticks and train entered; this time bringing a handsomer set of chibouques, and, instead of coffee, conserve of roses. We were much pleased, and enjoyed the second pipe equally. His Highness clapped a third time, and a third batch of pipes was brought in, yet handsomer than the preceding. Sherbet was the accompaniment, and on each bowl a fragrant pastille was laid, producing a delightful

effect. Not content with displaying his smoking apparatus, his Highness indulged in another species of vanity,—in having his pelisse changed three times, each time for one of richer furs; yet so quietly was this little manœuvre performed, that it might have passed unnoticed, had we not seen it in other instances; almost imperceptibly the attendant removed one from his shoulders and replaced it by another. Our visit occupied an hour, during which we conversed a good deal. Never before, I believe, had a grand vizir's divan been the scene of so much clatter. We talked to him and to ourselves about any thing, and he appeared to like it. One of the party spoke to him in behalf of a village some hundred miles off, that had a bad aga. "Pekey" (very good), replied the vizir; "it shall be remedied." He probably had never heard of the village. Another proposed a way to save the Bulgarians. "Pekey," replied he. Another suggested the propriety of building a bridge over the Marizza. "Pekey," replied he. Another said that Adrianople ought to be fortified. "Pekey," replied he; "bakalum." In his turn he said, "Why did not the English assist our lord (the sultan)

against the Russians?" This was an awkward question, which almost pozed us. We gave him, however, many reasons, all, in his opinion, I make no doubt, very bad; indeed we could scarce make out a good one to our own satisfaction. On this subject, being interesting to him, he dwelt with earnestness. By some means or other he had got hold of the notion of the Russians getting to India, and inferred thereby that it was England's vital interest to uphold Turkey. As many people in the wise countries of the west entertain the same idea of Russia being able *now* to invade India, we could not be surprised to see him shake his head with an air of incredulity at our assurance that the thing was impossible. That a Russian army will soon get to Constantinople (within a very few years if unopposed) is another question, which well behoves England's consideration. Redschid Pasha's opinion, though grounded on a narrow basis, that it is her interest to uphold Turkey, is not singular.

The morning following this visit we left our worthy host, Mr. Duveluz, and continued our journey towards Constantinople. The distance between the cities is forty-four hours, about one

hundred and fifty miles. Tartars sometimes ride it in sixteen hours, but travellers usually employ three or four days. With baggage it is difficult to make above four or five miles an hour, particularly on the great thoroughfares, where the condition of the post-horses is as wretched as their endurance is surprising.—When you mount them, they appear half-dead, and at the end of the stage do not seem worse; indeed such transformation would be difficult. No stage in Turkey is under eight hours, few under twelve, and many are sixteen and twenty hours; and, in addition, the poor animals are walked about to cool for an hour before going into the stables, where they only get barley straw to eat; which they have not time to digest before they are brought out again, to have saddles put on their ever sore backs, and be rode perhaps by some merciless Tartar. A Turkish poster is one degree worse off than a hackney-coach horse.

The first night we passed badly at Kuleli, a mere post-house. We left it early, and took coffee at Eski Baba, a large village with a good mosque. Before the bath were two Corinthian columns of Egyptian granite. We changed

horses at Luleh Bourgas, twelve hours from Adrianople, a good town, pleasantly situated on a plain, watered by the Erkené, and celebrated for a manufactory of pipe bowls, as the name *Luléh* denotes. It has signs of the magnificence of the early Sultans, in a large dome, connecting the sides of the main street, with a handsome gateway on either hand; one leading to the mosque, the other to the Khan, both large and sightly buildings. The latter had superb stabling, with ample room for upwards of one hundred horses, under one lofty vaulted roof, supported by numerous fine granite columns. Large apertures in the walls near the roof constantly admitted the air, it being a principle with the Osmanleys to keep their stables cool, covering the horses with thick cloths. And, as no country presents more variety of climate than Turkey in Europe, no horses at the same time being so healthy as Turkish horses, it follows that the mode adopted with them is good—spacious well-ventilated stabling, with plenty of body clothes. Horses in Turkey never stand on straw, but on the earth or sand, kept very clean, and are always tethered. The practice of tethering is worthy of imitation every where;

it does not distress the animal, and it prevents his kicking. Nothing is more unpleasant than being between two rows of loose heels. "Extremes meet" is exemplified in the contrary practice of the English and the Turks respecting horses, the result of each being the same—excellence. English stables are hot, Turkish stables are cold:—English horses are high-fed, Turkish horses get little else than chopped straw:—it requires hours to dress an English horse; as many minutes suffice for a Turkish horse:—the English snaffle would scarcely hurt a deer's mouth; the Turkish bit would break a tiger's jaw:—the hoof in England is pared to fit the shoe; the shoe in Turkey is fashioned to the hoof.

From Luleh Bourgas, a jog trot of three hours brought us to Karisteran, a Turkish village. A troop of newly mounted lancers was here en route to Constantinople. I knew the Commandant, Mehemet Bey, bim bashi, which was fortunate, or we should have found difficulty about lodging. He was very civil, welcomed us with the friendly chibouques, turned somebody out of a clean room to make room for us, and sent his cook to assist our domestics in preparing supper.

The next morning we started with the troop. Our route lay still over plains, vast and uncultivated. It makes one melancholy while traversing these beautiful countries, to think that destiny should have bestowed them on such unappreciable beings. We rode with speed this morning, and reached Chorloo, eight hours from our resting place, by noon. But our haste was of no use; every horse at the post-house being taken up for the service of a pasha, who was to pass through that day on his way to his government. It was a very trifling consolation for the delay, that we saw the cavalcade from the window of the cafeneh, at which we established ourselves to while away the interim; at the same time it was a handsome sight and characteristic of olden time. His horses, forty in number, led the way, richly caparisoned,—a guard of Albanians,—two taligas, covered in with crimson cloth, containing his harem, of which we could not even catch a beam of an eye; himself, the pasha, muffled to the ears in shawls, preceded and followed by pipe bearers, coffee bearers, his selictar, his cook, his kiaja, *cum multis aliis.*

We were loth to pass the night at Chorloo, because there was not a house with a whole

window, it having been the advanced guard of the Russians; but three reasons concurred to make us:—the jaded state of the horses, the lateness of the hour when they were brought to us, and the severity of the weather. To a Greek house therefore assigned us as quarters we went; the master of which, however, proved so exceedingly uncharitable and inhospitable that we were compelled to have recourse to the aga. Redress was of course instantly granted, and the fellow narrowly escaped the bastinado for his pains. It would have served him right, for his perverseness arose from our not being of the Greek religion. The Mussulman that came to arrange matters between us understood nothing about the difference; we were all infidels and swine eaters to him, and that one should refuse the other an asylum was absurd. Had a company of Osmanleys been in our place, the animal would have been cap in hand, and knee on ground, uttering effendi every minute, though almost certain of receiving barely thanks in repayment, instead of the sultan's coin which we gave him.

The sea of Marmara gratified our eyes the following morning as we trotted over a fine up-

land. The sun was rising over the Princes' Islands, and, refracted by mists, two duplicates of himself — brilliant parhelia—rested on the blue mirror. How gladdening to an Englishman is the view of the sea after a separation from it! Rolling in vast billows, or reposing among classic isles, or undulating on romantic shores, it is equally an old friend, recalling home more forcibly than aught else.

At Selybria we intended to get a boat to go to Constantinople, but the wind suddenly shifting to the north made us abandon our intention. This town is still famed for fast sailing boats and hardy sailors—Greeks or Turks. Gibbon tells us that when Mahomet II was sweeping Roumelia, in his progress towards the capital, the Selyvriotes alone shewed a courage worthy of Greece, and, launching their boats, ravaged the opposite coast of Asia Minor. In my opinion they would have shewn a more worthy spirit had they brought their arms and their barks to the golden horn, in the teeth of the invader; but the latter proceeding would have made no individual profit,—an incentive equally required by the ancient, as by the modern Greeks who never exhibit such deeds of daring, or patient

forbearance, as when engaged in piracy or brigandage. Strange that the most lawless pursuits call forth some of the noblest energies of the mind. Extensive ruins of an extensive building, adjoining the town, lead us to suppose that it was, in the time of the Lower Empire, a station for troops. Our road lay past it, and thence along the golden sands of the Propontis, within a few feet of the eternal margin. Some people admire a tideless sea, but to me it is monotonous in the extreme; to watch the ripples kiss the same pebbles, on the same line of sand, hour after hour, is as tiresome as hearing water drop, drop, with an unvarying cadence. How fine on the contrary is an ocean tide advancing gallantly up a rocky beach, wave chasing wave, till it breasts a barrier of cliff in haughty defiance.

The cafeneh belonging to the menzil khan, at Buyuk Tchekmedge, six hours from Constantinople,* gave us shelter for the night. In the

* On the west shore of the Propontis are two large lagoons, two miles apart, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of beach, yet communicating with it by openings through which the water flows. To save the traveller a circuit of several miles, Solyman the Magnificent caused bridges to be constructed, with firm causeways leading to them over the unsound grounds; one is called Buyuk Tchekmedge, the other Kutchuk Tchekmedge—the former is a very fine work that would not discredit any nation.

morning we perceived the lagoons covered with wild fowl, so tame that they scarcely heeded our pistols which we discharged among them. The country equally indicated the absence of man, though so near where half a million jostled. The burial grounds were the first cultivated tract that we came to; and a demand of the sentry at the Adrianople gate for backshish the first voice that we heard. In the street some veiled women, seeing we were strangers, began asking questions about their relations at Adrianople, mentioning Mustapha, Ali, Hassan, to know how they were. Though not having the slightest acquaintance with any one of these gentlemen, or indeed with any of the name at that place, I gratified the fair applicants by answering that we had left them quite well, and that there was no fear about the plague. This made them quite happy, and they thanked us, as though we had conferred a real favour on them. What a state of society where people trust to a passing traveller—not heeding whether he be a foreigner or not—for news of their absent relations. The idea of these females thus interrogating us was, *per se*, an absurdity; but affection (probably maternal or conjugal) caused it, and made us respect it.

It occupied us above an hour slipping and sliding along the frost-covered streets, up and down four of the seven hills, till we reached the most convenient spot for quitting our horses, balluk bazar, on the shore of the port opposite to Pera. While our baggage was being stowed in a caique, we had leisure to observe the ever-lovely, never-fading scene, a principal object in which was the Blonde—beautiful specimen of nautic art—her booms covered with dove-like gulls, and the elegant piades, shooting by, appearing more in unison with her than with the clumsy Turkish men-of-war, not far off. After the kind of mortification which the sight of Russian banners triumphant in Roumelia had caused us, it consoled our national vanity to see our own proud ensign floating in the centre of the golden horn,—where too it is seen to most advantage; at the peak of a fine frigate. May it have waved typical!

Crossing the harbour, we landed at maits skellesi (dead wharf), Kasym Pasha. A body was there, and two others were taking possession of their landed property as we traversed the cemetery to get to Pera, where we reposed, and caused apprehension. We had left the plague,

we had sojourned with it, we might have brought some token of it. We knocked at some doors, but in vain; they looked at us from the windows, taking us for importers of the foul disease.* Jews selling old clothes in an infected town could not have been more distrusted. The next day, however, we were admitted to pratique, but no shaking hands took place for some days.

* The absolute desertion by friends and relatives, which constantly takes place among the Christian inhabitants of the towns in the Levant (so contrary to Mussulman practice), greatly aggravates the horror of plague, and tends to kill weak-minded people;—husband leaves wife (I knew a case),—brother leaves sister,—father leaves child,—to the mercenary care of a wretch from the general hospital, who, by virtue of having already had the disease, is safe from infection: surgeons flee their patients; and the priests will not render them the soothing offices of religion.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pera—Carnival—Ambassadors—Dragomans—Adventurers—Mustapha Effendi—Royal Birth—Sultanas—Illumination—Ramazan—Story Tellers—Bairam—Procession—Review—Sandjack Scheriff.

When we reached Pera, the end of January, 1830, the carnival was in full career. There were balls costumed and non-costumed: one, chez l'Embassadeur de France, exhibited Highlanders and Albanians, Crusaders and Saracens, Orsons and Valentines, a Hippogriffin, and Lord Douglas, decorated as K. C. B.; neither was there a want of Swiss girls and Fatimas. But on the scenes of a Pera carnival I need not dwell, the fac simile being seen in every secondary Italian town; at the same time this little suburb presents as singular a spectacle as any in the

East, viz. the assemblage of distinguished personages (representatives of the sovereigns of Christendom) crowded together in a narrow wretched street that would not ennoble St. Giles. The principal among them, the ambassadors of France, England, Russia, and Austria, may be styled the kings of Pera. They have no equals out of their sphere, and they exercise absolute control, respectively, over all under their protection, without reference to Turkish laws or Turkish authority. The house of each is an asylum that would protect even a Turkish criminal. No monarchs are more considered by their subjects; for, in the eyes of a Levantine, there is no state comparable with that of an ambassador: — if he wish to describe greater magnificence, or authority, or pride than usual, his highest type is an ambassador. I leave out of the question the dignity of a grand vizir, or even of a pasha;—the mention only of such personages makes a Levantine shiver.

The kings live in a feudal state of tiresome sameness: each confines himself very much to his castle, and to the society of his compatriots whom chance or business may bring to the capital of the East. Habits and customs, totally

diverse, interdict their associating with the magnates of the land, as in other countries; and etiquette and formality stiffen mutual intercourse. Except on public nights, in rotation at each other's houses, they never meet.

They are tenacious of certain usages, considered absolutely requisite to maintain the respect of their subjects. One is singular. When a member of the corps diplomatique leaves his house, or enters that of one of his brethren, the great bell, which is hung for the purpose at the entrance, is tolled, in strict accordance as to rank; for an ambassador three times, a minister twice, a simple chargé d'affaires once; by which means all Pera, not being very large, at once knows the importance of the functionary who is soiling his feet; and on certain days, when visiting is the established order, the tolling is as incessant as at an assize town, to the great annoyance of the Mussulmans, for they entertain a religious dislike to bell-metal. The kings may not ride or walk without being preceded by guards. At the balls, no dancing commences until all the four kings are assembled; whereby a considerable delay sometimes occurs, as he who arrives last is looked on

as the greatest man for the evening. But these, and other punctilios, are considered highly essential to the ministerial dignity, and certainly, as long as they answer the end proposed, they are wise. The stranger who incautiously smiles at them is regarded by the Pereotes with the same horror as a liberal would be in the court set of St. Petersburgh. I recollect their being perfectly scandalized at the unheard-of event of the B. ambassador, (Sir R. Gordon), having been seen walking the streets of Stamboul without a chavass before him to clear away the dogs. Equally forgetful of his high station was he considered by them in allowing visitors to appear in his presence with black neck-cloths on.

The dragomans may be considered, as in truth they consider themselves, the nobility of the kings. No aristocracy, not that of the Celestial Empire, equals them in self-importance. To see the head dragoman of an embassy shuffle along the street of Pera, not bowing to those who bow to him, or looking at those who look at him, stepping only out of the way of a blind beggar, or a basking cur, or a puddle—three common obstructions

in a Turkish town—a person may not be very fresh from the west, and take him for a Mollah. Yet, in truth, he is an important personage in others' as well as in his own estimation. All the rayas and others protected by the ambassador, his employer, regard him as their immediate protector—the prime minister of their sovereign. All that aspire to the same enviable exemption from Turkish prerogative court his favour as the means of obtaining it: in fine, all in any way dependent on any of the embassies respect him because he may choose to change his employer, thereby becoming their immediate superior.

To each embassy are attached four or five dragomans with high salaries, with more or less knowledge of the Turkish language; some slender enough. Five or six jeunes des langues (as they are termed) are also attached to each—sons or nephews of the former—receiving salaries, and studying the language in order to fill the posts of dragomans to which they are eventually called. Few of the young men, however, acquire a competent knowledge of it before the time when they may be required to interpret at the divan of the reis

effendi for the simple reason that in Pera Turkish is never spoken; their mother tongue is Greek; their domestics are all Greeks, and they are reduced to learn a very difficult language through the sole medium of a master, which might be nearly as well done in London. They are not submitted to any test whereby to judge of their qualifications, and therefore are careless, often to the detriment of the public service. Learned or ignorant, they are certain of a salary, so great is the influence of the body congregate.

Whence these dealers in languages drew their origin would puzzle the most consummate king of arms to determine, notwithstanding that some of them have gained modern Italian countships, or baronial honours. We may suppose, for the stock, that a few Italians with a smattering of tongues in the suite of the Venetian and Genoese bails, two or three centuries back, united themselves with the families of some Greeks, protected for the same qualifications. These married and intermarried—cousins with cousins, uncles with nieces, nephews with aunts—and increased to what they are at present, in numbers to supply the wants of all the embassies,

and sufficiently bound in relationship to have the secrets of all the embassies in common, to be made use of as occasion prompts. This is not supposition. Let a perfect stranger marry into the family of a dragoman, he will have a connexion in every embassy: *He* would soon be *au courant* of affairs, concerning or not concerning him:—a Pereote, brought up in the odour of dragomanerie, Machiavelian school, can never be ignorant of them.

This kind of partnership is very convenient for the members of the large dragoman family. It enables them to hold their employers in check; in many cases to defy them. The threat of an ambassador to do without them excited mirth at its impotency. It often happens that an ambassador dare not discharge a dragoman with whom he is discontented, lest, as he naturally would, he go with his secrets into the service of another government. How many important negociations have failed in consequence of their being open to bribery!

How grievous it must be for an ambassador, charged with a delicate mission, on arriving at Constantinople (perhaps for the first time in his life) where he is opposed to keen rivals, his

actions watched, his words noted, to find that he must throw himself into the arms of men whom he feels he should not trust. He may not be able to talk French well; his dragoman cannot talk English;—thus rendering a double interpretation necessary. A dragoman rarely ceases to receive the pay of a government, even after proofs of delinquency. Another serious inconvenience, arising from the employment of Pereotes as dragomans, is their fear of the Porte of which they cannot divest themselves, notwithstanding the sure, never falsified, protection which they enjoy. This, aided by the nature of an oriental education, of which obsequiousness and mystification form the groundwork, renders it impossible to get plain truth, if harsh, conveyed to the ears of a Turkish minister. Let us suppose an ambassador at the divan of the reis effendi, with the intention of administering to him a few threats or reproaches, which the nature of the case requires, and which, if believed sincere, may lead to good results. He seats himself, stiff and dignified, on the sofa, taking care not to let the reis effendi think that he yields a tittle of pre-eminence on the least trifle; takes his chibouque,

and directs the dragoman to proceed, and render literally what he has told him. Instead of thus doing, the dragoman tells the effendi that the eltchi hopes he is well, is his humble servant—in short, converts the severe things which he has been directed to say into as many compliments, or at least disarms them of their point. The eltchi, while this is going on, puts down his chibouque, and listens, and looks, endeavouring to draw a conclusion; but in vain: he does not understand Turkish; and the countenance of an Osmanley never expresses whether he has heard a pleasant or an unpleasant thing. He gets an unmeaning reply, and goes away exclaiming against Turkish stupidity, and on the impossibility of negociating with such animals, alike insensible to reproof or praise; whereas the whole fault lies in his dragoman's timidity. Every person who has to do with the Turks knows how extremely difficult it is to persuade a dragoman to translate fairly, even on trifling points. He is always put off with, "This is informal;" or, "The effendi will be displeased."

It is strange that so clumsy a machinery should have so long embarrassed the diplomatic

relations of Pera. Its defects are however beginning to be understood. The head dragoman of France has been for many years a Frenchman. Russia does not care who she has, her policy with Turkey being very straight forward: "Do so, or I will declare war." She generally keeps her word; therefore her ambassador has only to hold up his finger to obtain all that he wishes. Austria is so well aware that interpreters are as awkward in politics as in love, that it is a *sine qua non* with her ambassador to talk the language. This is certainly the best mode of all, for Osmanleys are by education so distrustful that they will hardly open their minds in the presence of a third person. It may not be convenient to have our ambassadors educated expressly for the Ottoman Porte, but their dragomans ought certainly to be Englishmen, totally unconnected with Pera.* The beneficial effects of such an

* An excellent establishment for producing dragomans might be made at Malta. English children born there generally know the Maltese language, which is nearly allied to the Arabic. It is no slight advantage knowing the language, gratis, which is the foundation of Turkish, and which must be studied, as well as Persian, to know it perfectly.

arrangement would shortly be visible. In addition to the certainty of the ambassador being rightly interpreted, the distrust of the Turks of witnesses, unavoidable when those witnesses are Levantines, would be overcome, for the English character is high in the East. The saying, "an Englishman cannot speak false," is as proverbial in Turkey as in Persia.

The commons of Pera—as odd a multitude as ever herded among bricks and mortar—are composed, chiefly, of that interesting portion of mankind called Levantines, in which all nations have a share, and of Greeks from the Cyclades, who come in swarms to seek employment as servants or artizans; enriched by a liberal sprinkling of adventurers, bent by the force of circumstances to exercise their wits.

Were such an establishment formed, we should be certain of having good honest dragomans for the courts of Turkey and Persia, for the great consulates; also to accompany any expedition, by sea or land, instead of employing foreigners, who may be at the same time in the enemy's pay. Again, it is much better, more just, that the lucrative situation of dragomans (with graduated salaries from 400*l.* to 1200*l.* a-year), should be filled by our own subjects than by Italians, as they are at present. It would be an honourable profession for a score or two of young Englishmen.

To these must be added, of late years, tradesmen of all kinds, allured by the new and fashionable wants of the Osmanleys,—wine, Wellington boots, and close garments. Occasionally might be seen, while I was there, a decayed German baron, or Italian count, or a colonel de la grande armée, come to teach the nizam dgeditt tactics; Poles and Prussians on the same errand; fabricators of rockets à la Congreve, to burn the Russian fleet; chemists, to manufacture superior gunpowder; geologists, to examine the mountain ores; bankers, to arrange loans; portrait-painters, to delineate Sultan Mahmoud and his court; in fine, speculators of all denominations—en grand et en petit, en raisonable et en absurde—all attracted by the report of the improving tastes of the Moslems, and all equally surprised and grieved to find that the Moslems regarded all their projects with indifference, and patronized nobody excepting tailors and wine-merchants; only paying those because they could not help themselves. A fair English vocalist, caught by the common error, came to Pera, but soon found that the Osmanleys were insensible to sounds softer than the clash of a military band.

From Paris also, about the same time, a fashionable *modiste* was on the eve of coming, on the strength of paragraphs in the journals, which stated that the Sultan's daughter wore stays, and accompanied him on horseback at reviews. She was excusable in giving ear to the report, absurd as it was, for she could not suppose that the Turkish ladies, if civilizing, could dress otherwise than á la Francaise. Two Cornish farmers were brought out to cultivate an estate on the left bank of the Bosphorus, belonging to Mustapha Effendi (Sultan's secretary). They did wonders; but Mustapha expected miracles, and because he had no returns the first month, swore that he was duped, and that he would advance no more cash. Farther to shew his adhesion to new modes, the handsome secretary ordered out some English saddles; but when they came he objected to the price. How to get off the bargain? At length he ascertained that they were made of pig-skin. "Allah Kerim! what profanation! —a believer sit on the skin of the forbidden animal! Take them back." His ideas of religion, it is to be observed, are so lax that I have more than once helped him with a bottle

of wine. Pera may well be termed "a refuge for the destitute."

The carnival had not half elapsed, when we were aroused one morning, February 8th, by the cannon of the Seraglio-point, announcing that a son was born to the sultan, making the third. The fortunate mother, thus elevated to the honours of a sultana, was a Circassian slave. No change is so complete as that which befals a lady of the imperial harem who bears a son:—palaces, slaves, wealth, are at her command to satiety; for she may become *Valide Sultana*, the mother of the reigning sultan. While childless, she mingled with the crowd of fair competitors; her best occupation eager rivalry for a smile. The mother of a daughter is also emancipated from the condition of odalisque, and gains a separate establishment, though far inferior to the other.

Great rejoicings in consequence of the auspicious event took place. During a week royal salutes were fired daily, in which the English and Russian ships of war in port joined; and each night the fleet and the mosques were illuminated, displaying the unrivalled art of the Osmanleys at such exhibitions. The ships

dazzled on the harbour, rigged with lines of fire; strings of lamps were wreathed round the minarets, and suspended between them in form of crescents, which seemed to float in the air, making each of the hills, profusely studded with them, appear a mound of glory, the effect being richly heightened by the *visible* gloom of the cypress groves. The city thus splendidly robed and diademed, beneath a sky, above a tide, of deepest, brightest azure, is a magical picture even in a Christian's eyes. In a Moslem's!—he may be envied. If a Teriaki, placed at his open window commanding a view of it while operates the potent drug, he beholds the vault of heaven open, and his Prophet, encircled by the Faithful, suspending bright symbols of Ottoman pride over the beautiful city of faith. Fanaticism may give bliss which knowledge cannot; but it is bliss which has a terrible counterpoise. The Teriaki in the morning shivers into consciousness from his celestial dream, totters through the streets, and sees, perhaps, beneath the very temple which shone brightest emblematic the preceding evening, the headless body of a friend. At this very time Zebecks (Caramanian brigands), obnoxious on

account of Janizzary principles, were daily decapitated at Stamboul. With them, one day, a Greek lost his head, for apostatizing a second time, from Mohammedanism to Christianity. On being condemned according to law to suffer for this defection, he offered to re-embrace the Mussulman faith and save his life. "Olmaz," replied the judge, "you shall not have the opportunity of playing so foul a trick twice." He richly deserved his death; and dying a ghiaour, the Mussulmans thought that he went to hell.

The last day of the carnival, and the first day of the ramazan, fell together. Excepting during the long days of summer, the penance of the latter is not very severe, then from thirst; but did it exist in a populous country, where the great proportion live from hand to mouth, it would be insupportable. It is at once a fast and a feast. Its observers repose all day and revel at night. Their great privation is the chibouque; not even snuff may be taken, and, it is said, the *particular* make a scruple of swallowing their saliva.* Unlike a

* Exceptions to the fast are made, as in the Catholic religion, in favour of the sick, women with child, soldiers on march, and travellers.

Catholic fast it is strictly kept, and remissness, far from being winked at, incurs reproaches, being easily detected by the evidence of the breath; notwithstanding which I frequently saw Turkish officers, during the ramazan in question, eating voraciously at the tables of Franks. But irreligion was then fashionable at Stamboul, military men, moreover, being nowhere very scrupulous. Truly uncomfortable during these tiresome days, the Moslems nearly rub the skin off their fingers, in their only occupation, running over the ninety-nine beads of their comboloios, and endanger their eyes by gazing on the sun as he travels towards the west. Scarcely has its orb disappeared, than three guns, fired from Ramis Tchiftlik, announce the glad tidings to the expectant, hungry multitudes of Constantinople, and give signal to cooks, and coffee bearers, and pipe-holders to make up for lost time. And now is witnessed the inconsistency of man, his indifference to an object when gained; now these same crowds, who a minute before—multiplied personifications of hunger—were watching the soul of nature with the anxiety of Guebres, relapse into accustomed indifference as though replete. Yet this is the

Osmanley's character. He calmly discusses his pipe, sips his coffee, performs his ablutions with care, and then, not till then, commences the operation of eating, over which he has been gloating in thought since the streaks of daylight permitted a black thread to be distinguished from a white thread, after when no aliment may soil a Moslem's lips. The mosques are illuminated every night during this two-faced month, as well inside, as out, for the namaz, which is recited an hour and a half after sunset; at which hour, beholding through the windows the risings and inclinings of the devout company, with mechanical exactness, the unbeliever almost fancies it an automaton exhibition.

The peculiar feature of the ramazan consists in its saturnalia, or license of the people to say and do as they please, and which they avail themselves of in the cafenés, filling them till midnight, carousing and in all ways dispensing with their orthodox gravity. Music (rather instrumental discord) is never absent, nor their disgusting kara-ghez (ombres chinoises), of which the obscenity is only equalled by the gratification it affords the spectators, who are farther

excited by the dialogue between the mimic actors, always lewd, often witty, at times seditious, neither sparing sultan nor ministers. Nearly all the popular commotions and revolutions in Stamboul have been planned in the nights of ramazan.

Story tellers, whose tales if collected would swell the thousand-and-one nights, all of the same stamp, also abound on these festive nights; the most celebrated of whom, however, one Hassan, we had not the opportunity of hearing, for his tongue was tied in consequence of having at the period of the massacre of the Janizzaries, when all lips were sealed, ventured in his favourite resort to turn the Sultan, in connexion with that body (of which Hassan was a firm partizan) into ridicule. Being seized, he would have suffered death, had not a favourite at court prevailed on the sultan to see him; on which he excused himself in a witty way, shewing that his thorns concealed roses. He was consequently freed, but forbidden to exercise his vocation.

The fair sex also partake of the festivities of the season. Their harems are nightly enlivened by dancing girls, wandering singers, fortune

tellers, by all classes, in short, of that numerous and profitable profession in the East, whose business is to divert ennui. It is also the season for lovers: for love in the East, though ranging chiefly in fancy's domains, does occasionally escape the lattices. Cunning old Jewesses—ambassadresses of sighs, antidotes otherwise—convert their dingy back apartments into bowers of delight, where mingle the flowery intercourse which gave so intense an interest to the preceding year. Would the Deity of the Bosphorus speak, what a tale! did its waters enshrine as well as entomb, its deep bed would be variegated with beauty's moulds, victims of four centuries.

Various state ceremonies likewise distinguish the month of ramazan. Some hairs of the prophet's beard are produced for the admiration of the "Faithful;" and on the 15th day of it, some remnants of his garments are immersed in water by the Sultan's hands, which holy water is then bottled and sent to the pashas of the empire, each of whom is expected to send back a handsome present, beside the largess to the Tartar who bears the dose. If the pasha be in favour, a moderate

gift is accepted; if not, a capidgi takes it back and demands a richer one,—ominous that the pasha will be superseded.

The cannon of Ramis Tchiftlik announced in the evening of March 24th, that the moon of the month chevale, to catch the first glimpse of whom an Iman, it is said, is stationed on the Bithynian Olympus, had quitted the sun's embraces, and consequently that all true Believers might eat again in day-light. Followed the Bairam, or feast of three days, during which the Mussulmans air their best garments (on their own goodly persons), exchange presents, gladden their slaves, adorn their women, and reciprocally give the kiss of peace;—tokens of good will and fraternity which are repeated at the Courbam Bairam, and only then.

The Mussulman year being closed, and the Mussulman people purified from their sins by the preceding penance, having renewed a solemn compact with their prophet, the first day of the Bairam—of the new year—is ushered in by the Sultan, as first Iman of Islamism, going in state to one of the mosques to recite the ramaz, thus asserting his claim to the caliphate,—to be head of the church as well as the state, in Turkish

phraseology, "to rule by book and sword." To witness the ceremony, therefore, we left our beds at four in the morning, and after a cold row through a clammy fog, up the whole length of the harbour, found ourselves at the appointed place, in the midst of various costumed figures, and close ranks of soldiery, visible, though indistinctly, by the glare of numerous torches. More light enabled us to see that most of the Franks of Pera, ministers, secretaries, consuls, dragomans with wives and daughters, adventurers, instructors, projectors, &c., occupied every vantage spot, forming a singular audience to an Ottoman pageant, and the only one that morning, for no Mussulmans were present excepting those in office, a strong sign of Mahmoud's unpopularity. In one corner several Armenian and Hebrew women were huddled together to view the procession, but poor creatures! the sterns of some led-horses dispersed them long before it came; and in another part, five taligas, close screened, were drawn up, containing the Delhi Sultana and her suite. Opposite to us, on the railings of the handsome mosque, several fakirs were clinging, wild and romantic looking objects; and above them,

collected on the trees, on the minarets, and about the cupolas, multitudes of storks were exceedingly observant, instead of clattering as usual, as became the reputation they enjoy for predilection for Mohammedanism.

Our scene was placed in Eyoub, a suburb of Constantinople, resting on its wall and on the shore of the harbour, celebrated from several causes, but originally from a Mohammedan chieftain of the name of Eyoub (Job), who was killed on this spot during the siege of the city by the Saracens, in the reign of Leo. Of his history I know nothing, or of his merits; but the former must have been bright, the latter in high esteem, since Mahomet II., five years after the conquest, immortalized him by building a handsome mosque* over the spot where his bones mouldered, and designing it as the place where the sultans should be girded with the sabre of Othman,—a distinction tending more than the saintly warrior's relics to preserve its veneration. The investiture is given by the

* The inscription is as follows:—"In the year 863 (1458) the Emperor Mahomet built this mosque, intending it for a paradise of delights, a place of worship for the people of God, who have religion and purity."

Scheick of the Mevlevi Dervishes, called Mollah Hunkiar, who resides in opulence at Cogni, enjoying the office by right of his family, which, as being descended collaterally from the Abbassides, last race of the Caireen caliphs, claims spiritual pre-eminence over the Othmans, no one of whom would be considered reigning de jure in the eyes of the nation, unless girded by the Mollah Hunkiar. The present Mollah succeeded to the office in 1803, when two years old, by the death of his father, the old Scheick; and, when seven years old, was brought to Constantinople, to invest the present sultan, Mahmoud II. What an interesting spectacle! to see his little hands tying the renowned sabre of the wise and valiant Othman on the loins of his ferocious descendant. What a contrast beneath the dome of that mosque!—on one side an innocent child, supported by the ministers of religion; on the other a despot, surrounded by his satellites. This was power stooping to opinion—a lion led by a lamb. How impressive the moment!—when altogether—the man and the boy, the warriors and the priests—bent their foreheads to the pavement in acknowledgment of one truth and one falsity:

"there is no God but God; Mohammed is his Prophet." How sublime the voice from the minaret!—when the Sultan left the mosque amid the acclamations of his subjects, exclaiming "Mavrolanma padishaim, senden buyuk Allah var. Be not elate my sovereign; God is greater than thee:"—a caution which is repeated at each accession, a caution which might be dispensed with as ineffectual. But I am digressing from one ceremony to another. One by one the torches went out, superseded by the glare of daylight; still no sultan appeared, though we had been waiting three hours, and the imperturbility of the storks and fakirs opposite seemed to mock our impatience, which was beginning to be audibly expressed in Frankish dialects, when Khosrew Pasha made his appearance, splendidly dressed, his cloak thrown back, two pages holding up the skirts, so as to display the rich embroidery on his breast, over which flowed a snow-white beard, and bowing to the spectators with courtly humility, rode down the line to the gate of the mosque, where, dismounting, he addressed the troops to the end that they should cheer the sultan. Members of the Ulema next began to

arrive, their ample robes and caouks* appearing to advantage beside the uniforms and fezes of the nizam dgeditt; then, after an interval, thirty or more of the royal horses, with gold and purple housings, studded with diamonds—each steed worth at least a plum—came pawing down the street with airs of royalty. Strains of music now came on the breeze; the Caimacan advanced on horseback, preceded by two lines of tchiaoushes, with silver tipped staves, emblems of pro-vizirial dignity. More led horses succeeded, yet more costly caparisoned, followed by the bostandgis and the capidgis—a numerous train—arrayed in blue and red cloaks; after whom walked the pages, in two lines, their eyes modestly bent on the ground, their heads bearing wide spreading plumes to conceal from vulgar gaze the countenance of their master, who, mounted on a superb Arabian, rode between them, no other-

* The caouk is a species of turban, not composed of a shawl wound round, as may be, but made up carefully and firmly, the folds being restrained by transverse bands of gold lace or other substance. It formed the peculiar head dress of Turkish gentlemen. The Sultan fulminated against it, but the Ulema chose not to be confounded with the multitude.

wise distinguished in dress than by a diamond chelengk in his fez. Immediately behind him rode his secretary and his selictar, and other ministers of state closed the march. Not deigning to cast eyes on the infidels who had theirs eagerly directed towards him, or on his troops who salaamed to the ground, shouting "May our sovereign live a thousand years!" he passed slowly along, through the outer court, to the entrance of the mosque, where the sheick islam assisted him to dismount, the different bands at the same moment striking up cheering airs. In twenty minutes he reappeared, and the procession returned in the same order. Thus simply was performed this most important of Ottoman pageants, which used to be truly magnificent, the state officers then wearing their national distinctive costumes, and the led horses carrying the armoury of the Greek emperors,—noble trophies! Then, after the mosque service was over, the sultan used to repair in state, by water, to Dolma Backche, the nearest palace on the European shore of the Bosphorus; in the extensive gardens of which the people were entertained all the day with games and shows.

In lieu thereof the sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plain of Ramis Tchiftlik, his

regular troops,* which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though, beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The count, whom the sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janizaries, that the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best

* The army of Sultan Mahmoud amounted, in the spring of 1830, to twelve thousand men at the outside, stationed chiefly between the capital and Adrianople. Their want of discipline and of subordination was striking, requiring occasional strangulation in the barracks; so that it is to be apprehended that the Nizam Dgeditt will, in a few years, become as obnoxious to good order as were the Janizaries.

irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit.—European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should be the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress which a military life, more than any other, engenders. An elegant uniformity in the army might have been obtained, flattering to the national prejudices, by making one regiment wear red turbans, another yellow, another white, another speckled, another striped, and so on; and—a more important advantage than mere look—this style would have created great emulation among the different corps. The wearers of green turbans might have been enrolled as a sacred corps, or have composed the artillery.

The Mussulmans were as indifferent to the review as to the procession, but they indulged

somewhat in the gaieties due to the season; and cheering it was to see them, for their depression in consequence of public misfortunes was deep. In the cemeteries crowds assembled, and the youth of both sexes amused themselves, with swings suspended from the cypresses. The sexes being thus permitted to mingle (the fairer as usual veiled) is a feature of the Bairam.—The sun shone out, and their bright-coloured garments waving among the dark foliage had a lively effect. Wrestlers, their arms oiled, were displaying their address; and crackers, let off among the trees and crowds, were faint images of the pistols which the Janizaries were in the habit of discharging about the streets during the three days. Then it was not prudent for Franks to walk about Stamboul; now we were every where permitted with good humour.

Another pageant, the translation of the Sandjack Scheriff from Ramis Tchiftlik to the seraglio, on the news arriving that the Russian army had recrossed the Balkans, diversified the spring of 1830. The procession, which lasted some hours, having to traverse the whole length of Constantinople, was nearly the same as that of the Bairam, with this difference, that the whole Mussulman population crowded to honour their Prophet's standard: which enthusiasm for things

rather than for persons, might have been a lesson for Mahmoud, who has also another lesson to learn—a much severer one. He will learn it. He will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation,—customs descended to it from Abraham, and respected by Mohammed,—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom,—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditionary rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the Sultan. Mehemet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy:—the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can. A monarch runs as much risk in anticipating reform, as in retarding it:—the impulse of the people alone can determine the point.

CHAPTER XX.

OF CONSTANTINOPLE (STAMBOUL).

Stamboul—Wall—Breach—Galleys—Charsheys—Bazars—Osmanie—Burnt Column—Eski Saray—Seraskier's Pillar—Panoramic View—Parallel—Hippodrome—Columns—St. Sophia—Cisterns—Menagerie—Women Market—Bath.

THE origin of the name Stamboul is doubtful, and unimportant to any one excepting the Easterns, who attach weight to it. The Greeks, in accordance with their usual idea that there is nothing in the world which did not originate with them, trace it to their language, to the words *eis tin polis;* whence Istambel by an easy corruption. This theory is ingenious, but its fallacy is apparent; for although it might have been the old custom to call the capital, by excellence, Polis, as we apply Town to London, the Osmanleys would have heard *apo tin polis,*

as often as *eis tin polis*, and might as well have imagined it the name of the city. The Mussulman doctors say that the word is a corruption of Islambol, which signifies "full of the true faith." This is more consonant with reason, though no Greek will admit it; nor are there many Osmanleys of sufficient reasoning power to separate Islam (true faith) bol (ful) and perceive their connexion with the other word. "Allah knows," is the usual answer one gets to much less puzzling questions from the uneducated. Both words, however, are superseded by Stamboul.

On which ever side of the city we approach it, we are immediately arrested by a striking memento of its former fortunes—girdle of its magnificence—the wall. Its preservation is remarkable; for as it was six centuries since, so, to all appearance, it is,—equally respected by time and Turk, excepting the breach through which the conquering Janizaries rushed; the fragments, which then streamed with blood, still preserve their place in the ditch, scented by myrtle. The wall, which is about twenty-two feet high, flanked at equal distances by square towers, and pierced by twenty-five gates—seven towards the Propontis, thirteen towards the harbour, and five landways—circumvallates the

city, enclosing a space of thirteen miles in circumference. Various Greek inscriptions,* remaining on different parts of it, shew that it was repaired by Theophilus. While rowing or sailing along the Propontis shore of the city, or riding down its land face, we have a clear view of the wall; but from the harbour it is concealed by rows of houses intervening between it and the water, without which obstructions, the quay, four miles in length, would be the finest promenade in the world; having on one side the battlemented wall, with its inscriptions and gates; on the other the vast suburbs, comprising arsenals and cities; to the west, a rural scene in perspective; to the east, Scutari, washed by the deep Bosphorus. But, it being impossible to visit Constantinople without having Gibbon in one's thoughts, this quay, looking at the breadth of it, gives rise to another reflection,—seems to invalidate his splendid account of the attack of the city by the Crusaders, wherein he tells

* Many of the inscriptions were copied by the Rev. Mr. Walpole, of H.M.S. Blonde. Some of them were tolerably legible; but others required the classical scholar to decipher and connect them, in addition to a considerable share of resolution to overcome the toil, and the importunity of the ignorant inhabitants, to whom the "writing on the wall" had been invisible.

us that the besiegers let down bridges from the tops of their ships to the wall, and thus "made for themselves a passage through the air;" an enterprise unmatched by Ariosto, and which, if the space between the wall and the water (leaving out of the question its elevation above the water) was the same then as now, we may pronounce to have been impossible. And that the space was equal, the construction of the quay which, apparently, is coeval with that of the battlements, bears evidence; though, had it not existed—granting an improbability for the sake of the argument—distance would have been equally against the ærial feat of the Venetians, for the water, where unconfined by a quay, does not flow near enough to the wall to allow even boats to approach it; so that Dandolo's ships, the waters of Constantinople not having changed their landmarks, would have grounded as early as would ships of the same burthen in the present day, and that would be far enough off to relieve the inhabitants from any fears of an escalade from the tops.

Equally inclined is the traveller to agree with the remark of Gibbon, that at the distance of three centuries and two thousand miles, it is difficult to be correct, when, in comparing his

still more splendid account of the Mohammedan conquest of Constantinople with the site, he endeavours to make out by what means the galleys, which Mahomet II. introduced into the harbour over land, could have proved of such service to him as it is said they did; so much so that, according to Gibbon, without them he must have raised the siege: the historian omits to add, that the forces of the Osmanleys and the Greeks were balanced to a hair, as they must have been, if the addition of a few boats were sufficient to turn the scale. But so far from that being the case,—from the Ottoman owing his success to his boats,—there are many reasons for saying that they could not have rendered him any service. In the first place, the breach being two miles from the harbour screened from it by the inclination of the land, they could not have assisted directly. In the second place, the good condition of the north-west angle of the wall, particularly exposed to missiles from the harbour, shews that they did not make a false attack: and in the third place, they did not intercept the communication; for it is certain that people entered and quitted the city during the assault, and that after its fall vessels sailed away with families on board. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the galley

episode, if it had any foundation beyond the imagination of the discomfited Greeks, who would not fail to adduce anything to save their own credit, would even have given their enemies miracles to work with, had they not *unfortunately* been Mussulmans, was merely a royal freak to shew power,—in a Xerxes-like strain,—perhaps with the idea, by its hardihood and novelty, of infusing discouragement among the besieged, shewing them that nothing was impossible to their terrible foe. Whatever its moral effects, no doubt great, it certainly produced none physical.

To enter the city from Pera, we usually land at the balluk bazar (fish market), near the "new" mosque (yeni giamisi); then, passing under a venerable gate, wind through two or three dirty lanes, ascend a street where chibouque manufacturers work, and so enter Mizir charschey; that is where the wares of Egypt and Arabia are prepared for sale, among which may be noticed the alcohol for the eyes, the henna for the finger tips, and a third powder, much used by ladies to give the hair a golden hue. Those who have dark hair cannot use it. After golden colour, red hair is most admired in the east. We next lose ourselves in the labyrinths of the charscheys, traversing in all directions, or as

they are commonly, though erroneously, termed by Franks, bazars; bazar signifying market, and used in no other sense, as et bazar (meat market), at bazar (horse market), &c.; whereas charscheys are streets, or rather, in Constantinople, long, vaulted, stone galleries, lighted by apertures in the roof, with shops on either side, where the corporate trades carry on business. No cooking or smoking is allowed in them, and the iron gates, at which are always sentries, are closed before sun-set, owing to which precautions they are never involved in a conflagration. Screened from sun, wind, and rain, and farther attractive by the richness of the wares of all countries spread out in tempting profusion,* the charscheys are the favourite lounge,

* The manufactures of Constantinople, consist chiefly of sword-blades, gun-barrels, pipes, saddlery, gold-lace, muslins, silks, and leathers. The four first named are manufactured almost exclusively by Mussulmans. Their gun-barrels are singularly good, being made of wires beaten together, often inlaid with gold, producing a beautiful wavy appearance. Their stocks are generally inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The locks are bad. Flowered muslins, embroidery of all descriptions, in gold or silver, is done by the Armenians, in a manner far superior to anything of the sort in France or England. Considerable skill is shewn in chibouques, in silver coffee-saucers, and in everything relating to horse equipage. The excellence of Turkish woollens, carpets for example,—the temper of Turkish blades are too well

particularly of the fair sex, who crowd them from morn till evening, bargaining and chatting and laughing with whoever will bargain or chat or laugh with them, infidel or not. Another amusing scene for the stranger is the bitt bazar, or louse market, a sort of repository existing in French and Italian cities under the similar name of pouillerie-pidocchieria, in England known by that of Monmouth-street. All such places, however, whether in Paris, London, or Naples, must yield to that of Constantinople,—where, too, the name is calumnious, no people under the sun being so free from the obnoxious reptile as Mussulmans,—on account of the various and tempting offers which assail you on all sides. One man holds up a fur pelisse; another, an amber mouthpiece; a third, an ataghan; a fourth, a silver-

known to require mention; but I must not omit to observe the wonderful art that is shewn in manuscripts. Korans well written and illuminated, are beautiful things, as also the perpetual almanacks on long rolls of parchment. The Osmanleys carry the art of dying to great perfection; their vegetable dye, *sang de bœuf*, for example, is inimitable, and unsurpassed in durability;—also the art of coining, in which they are the only people, except the Venetians, who preserve the same colour in every piece of their gold money. Take any number of sequins or mahmoudies, not the slightest shade of difference will be observed between any two of them; but take an equal number of the coins of any other country, several varieties of colour will be seen.

hilted pistol, and so on; all ambulating and puffing their articles at the same time, with much address and humour, while the goodness of many of them shew that they belonged to men of rank; for no man in the East, when he wants cash, is ashamed of selling his clothes, or indeed of doing any thing that is right —or wrong, civilization not being far enough advanced to admit of mauvaise honte, and as it is the custom in Turkey to wear half a dozen garments on one's shoulders at the same time, in the shape of jackets and pelisses, a chevalier d'industrie may go often to the bitt bazar before coming to his shirt. It is not uncommon to see a richly dressed individual, followed by domestics, dispose of a ring, or a garment, or other trifle, for ready money, then walk away quite unconcerned.

Of all the khans in Constantinople, and they are numerous, for the accommodation of bankers, merchants, tartars, and vagabonds, the most remarkable is the Validé Khan, less so on account of its vast size and commodious arrangements, than for having been founded by the mother of Selim III., that extraordinary woman, who had perception to note the sinking state of the Ottoman empire, and judgment to suggest remedies:—in whom originated the useful un-

dertakings which adorned the reign of her son, and who inspired those brilliant ideas of reform which, unskilfully acted on, led to his ruin. Fortunately, she died before him; in another sense unfortunately; since, had she lived, she might have better directed the bias she gave, and thereby have given a tone to the state. Where is the country that cannot boast of paramount worth in woman?—though born among barbarians, sold in a market, reared in a harem, toy of a despot,—what a soul to burst such trammels!

Leaving the Charscheys at their upper end, we find ourselves on the second hill, close to the Osmanie, the most elegant of the mosques, built, as its name denotes, by sultan Osman. In form, it is a square of ninety-five feet, covered by a singularly tasteful cupola, which rests on the four walls of the building. As I have other mosques of more importance in view, I just mention it, and pass on to

THE FORUM OF CONSTANTINE,

near it, where still remains his column, ninety-six feet in height, thirty-five in circumference, composed of eight pieces of porphyry. Round the capital, which is of marble, is this inscription:

Το θειον εργον εν θαδε φθαρεν χρονο καινοποιει μανουηλ εισεβης αυτοχρατωρ.

It was so much damaged by the great fire of 1779, that, to prevent it from falling asunder, it was found necessary to bind the shaft with eight rings of iron; and, more especially to preserve it from damage by a similar cause, the sultan ordered the lower part to be fortified with a strong work of masonry, and prohibited houses from abutting against it. The rings and the stone work have a bad effect; at the same time our gratitude is due to Selim III. for having preserved so interesting a monument. It is called by the natives the burnt column. Not far from it on the same elevation is the

Eski Saray,

a large walled space containing a palace in which Mahomet II. resided before the great seraglio was built. It then was appropriated for the reception of the women of the deceased sultan, and of the old maids, who are now superseded by a regiment of the Nizam Dgeditt. In the middle of it rises a lofty, ill-formed, white column 100 feet high, with a spiral staircase leading to the summit, around which is a gallery. It is named the Seraskier's tower, since that officer, in his capacity of Governor of the city, stations himself on it to observe the progress of insurrections, or of incendiarism.

The stranger turns it to a more agreeable purpose, and surveys from it a panorama that words cannot describe. The aqueduct of Valens, the seven towers, Saint Sophia, the seraglio's domes, the Propontis,—circlet of beauty studded with ocean gems,—Mount Olympus, the gloomy grand cemetery, the wide flowing Bosphorus, the golden horn, covered with caiques gliding like silver fish, are a few only of the features beneath him. Long may he look before being able to trace any plan in the dense mass of habitations that cover the hills, and fill the valleys, which are so thickly planted, and so widely spread, that the countless mosques, and public baths, and numerous khans, besides the charsheys, (of a moderate city's dimensions) are scarcely noticed for the space they occupy; although in other respects they attract attention, for no one can look at the seven hills, each crowned with a superb mosque, with numerous smaller ones on their sides, without being duly impressed with the piety of the Ottoman monarchs, and of their favourites, unsurpassed, save in Rome. Their good taste has led them to imitate Saint Sophia, the Turkish architects have improved on the model, and their taste and vanity combined to erect them on the most commanding spots, whereby Constantinople is embellished to a

degree it could not have been in the time of the empire; that is, in an external view. I sincerely hope that whenever the cross replaces the crescent (which it must do) a mistaken zeal for religion will not remove the stately minarets. Another pictorial charm, which it also owes to Mussulman customs, is the union of the colours, green, white, and red, visible in the cypresses, the mosques, and the dwellings. The city might be improved, but to alter these quaintnesses for the sake of regularity would be profanation. I said improved; but I hardly think I am correct, certainly not as regards its outward appearance. In possession of a nation with ideas of comfort, regularity, and chaste splendour, Stamboul would lose part of the indefinable hold on the senses which it now has. Its very deformities are not displeasing. The perpetual and varied contrast is food for the eye, and excitement for the mind. We leave Pera, a regular European town, and in five minutes are in scenes of Arabian nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas, or recollections, of Venetian canals, or the Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men, adorned like actors. The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's calpack; the gaudy armed chavass by the Nizam

dgeditt; the servile Greek by the haughty Moslem; and the full-blown Armenian, by the spare Hebrew. The charsheys resound with Babel's tongues, the streets are silent as Pompeii's. We stumble over filthy dogs at the gate of a mosque, clean-plumaged storks cackle at us from the domes; a pasha with a gallant train proceeds to divan, harpy vultures fan him with their wings; and in the same cemetery we see grave-diggers and lovers, corpses and jesters. A lane of filth terminates with a white marble fountain, and a steep narrow street conducts to a royal mosque. In a moral sense also the parallel holds. We have an absolute monarch, a factious people; pashas, slaves *de nome*, despots *de facto;* a religion breathing justice and moderation, a society governed by intrigue and iniquity. The Mussulman is mighty in prayer, feeble in good works; in outward life modesty personified, in his harem obscenity unmasked. He administers to a sick animal, bowstrings his friend; he believes in fatality, and calls in a doctor. In short every thing, and every person, and every feeling, and every act, is at total variance in this great capital; and a man may readily find amusement in it for some months. Your shoemaker this year may be a vizir the next; your friend

the bey serve you with coffee and pipes in a week, thankful for a backschish;—and, what is a worse change, your boon companion of the evening be headless in the morning. But I digress. Descending from the Seraskier's tower, we proceed to the apex of the triangle, and find ourselves in the

HIPPODROME;

or, as the Turks call it, At-Meidan. It is an oblong square, 250 yards by 150 yards. Three monuments of antiquity in it attest that the Osmanleys are not such indiscriminate destroyers as is usually believed. Were it necessary to quit Constantinople for proof of that, I would cite Athens, which, notwithstanding the numerous sieges it has undergone, from Turks, and Venetians, and Greeks, still possesses enough to interest the world. It must have required great care to preserve its ruins, more than would be shewn in modern civilized warfare. Though not connoiseurs of art, the Osmanleys have religiously preserved temples, columns, &c. as trophies. Those in the At-Meidan are—1. An Egyptian obelisk, sixty-five feet high, covered with hieroglyphics. It rests on a pedestal, on which are groups in bas relief, exceedingly fresh, among them the figures of

Theodosius and the Empress. The accumulation of soil has buried the inscriptions all but the first few lines; but they were previously copied.* 2. A pyramidal column, 100 feet high, composed of loose stones, apparently ready to come down with the first gale. An inscription informed us that it was originally cased with plates of brass, brought from Rhodes; quere—part of the Colossus? 3. A spiral column of bronze, eleven feet high, four feet in circumference, called the serpentine column on account of three serpents' heads that used to surmount it. Mahomet II., the day that the city fell, knocked them off with his mace, to shew his contempt for the emblem of collective wisdom. The square at the moment was filled with victorious Janizzaries, and "Allah hu" rent the air over the prostrate fragment. What a triumph! the youthful conqueror might have fancied himself a god. Thence he turned his horse's head

* Κιονα τεταπλευρον ακ χθυνι χειψενον αχθος—Μουνος αν ασηϊσας θενδοσιος βασιλεὶς—Τυλψῆσας Προχλω επεκεχλετο τυσθεση—Κίωνὶ κελίοις εν τεαχυντα δυο.

On opposite side.—Difficilis quondam dominus parere serenis—jussus et extinctus palmam portare Tyrannis—omnia Theodosio cedunt subolique perenni:—Terdenis sic victus, duobusque diebus—Judice sub Proclo sublimes elatus ad auras.

north, and rode a few paces to—where we will follow him—to

St. Sophia.

Spirits of St. Helena, of Constantine! where were ye?—It is said that he reproved some zealous Mussulmans (quere, killed them?) for breaking the marble pavement. Probably he did; the pavement in variegated beauty still exists. The conversion of the church to a mosque was soon effected. Mohammed was invoked in it that day; and the following afternoon, from a hastily constructed minaret, the muezzin's voice was heard for the first time in Constantinople. The same minaret stands at this day, at the north-east angle, and is easily discernible from the other three, by its ancient and mean appearance. Mosques, however, had been tolerated by the emperors above a century previous, for the benefit of Mussulmans resident in the Eastern capital; and Bajazet, (Ilderim)—he who boasted that he would feed his horse with a bushel of oats on the altar of St. Peter's at Rome—obtained leave from the emperor Manuel II. (Paleologos) to establish a Mekhemé, and to found a royal mosque; but its imams were not permitted to call their flock to prayers. From a similar spirit the

Greeks are prohibited the use of bells in their churches, though not I should imagine in retaliation. What a difference between the fine tones of the human voice, and the din of bell-metal!

The original St. Sophia was built by Constantine I., and overturned by an earthquake. Constantius rebuilt it. It was again destroyed by the great fire which consumed nearly all the city, in the fifth year of Justinian. Justinian then built the present edifice.* Its outward appearance is mean compared with that of the other mosques, owing to its flat dome and dwarfish minarets; — also to the vicinity of its superb neighbour, sultan Achmet's mosque, built in, and filling up, the interval between it and the Hippodrome. But the situation is very good. It is visible from every side,—from the sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the harbour; from the latter to most advantage, Achmetie being then concealed by the inclination of the land.

* Its form is nearly square, 273 feet by 247, representing three naves without a cross. The dome has 128 feet diameter, and is 195 feet above the pavement. It is lit by twenty-four windows; two half cupolas are annexed to it, terminated by four smaller ones. The gallery above the naves is supported by forty columns, eight of which are of porphyry; the rest of Egyptian granite.

It has always been difficult of access to Christians, whereas the other mosques while I was there were comparatively easy. The imams of some of them acted as our ciceronis, of others did not oppose us, but from St. Sophia we were warned off before even reaching the doors: in addition to which (customary) fanaticism the Superior at that time was a rigid believer, to contravene whose will the Sultan would not have dared. This inaccessibility, however, only sharpened our curiosity. The Hon. Mr. Grosvenor was then a guest of Sir Robert Gordon, and he being willing, I nothing loth, we resolved to penetrate together beneath Sophia's domes. So, changing our hats for fezes, and otherwise assimilating our costume to that of the Nizam dgeditt, not entirely, for a complete disguise would have made us more guilty if discovered, we started from Pera one fine day, taking with us a chavass by way of a protection, our appearance rendering it doubtful whether we were renegade Mussulmans or apostate Christians. We passed leisurely through the gardens skirting the seraglio, then wound through the royal mausoleums adjoining the mosque hastily and mute, as Lot on his flight, looking neither to the right nor the left, and so reached the outer gates unchallenged; totally

unconscious, though, that in the mean while our chavass, fearing to embark in so unholy an enterprise, had abandoned us to our destiny. Leaving our shoes at the threshold, we proceeded quietly along the vestibule, still unnoticed, as far as the great doors which open on the body of the edifice; and there, the difficulty being surmounted, we stood to admire!—but in truth were disappointed at finding it inferior in disposition and the richness of its marbles to some of the other mosques. Nevertheless it was St. Sophia, the most celebrated, and one of the most venerable of Christian temples—centre of memorable associations — and we were congratulating ourselves on being where so few Christians, during four centuries, have been, when a little Turkish boy came running to us, exclaiming: "run, quick—they will kill you." Had we immediately profited by the kind warning, we might have got away unmolested, but surprise detained us—to look for the danger, to ask questions. No sooner had the lad spoken than he disappeared behind a column; at the same instant we became sensible of a movement—a confused murmur of voices, in it ghiaours only distinct—and from the interior five Turks, one of them an imam, rushed out at us, yelling rather than speaking, and indicating by their gestures

that we deserved pounding in a mortar at least. The sudden appearance of these fierce fanatics completely threw us out, and any presence of mind that remained was seriously impaired on perceiving for the first time, on looking round for him to screen us with his staff of office, our chavass' defection. To resist was the next thought; but fortunately, in anticipation of such a result to our expedition, we had brought no arms with us, or we should have produced them, and then — Allah kerim! I should not have written this. Our situation was most unenviable,—not liking to remain where we were, equally fearing to turn our backs, either way, expecting martyrdom, no ways consoled by the immortality we should gain by such an unusual finale. What the feelings of my companion in the pickle were I do not know, but I fairly own that I never felt much more uncomfortable, or looked, I dare say, more foolish; not long, however, remaining so, for one of our tormentors, a fellow in a green turban—I shall not easily forget him—soon brought the affair to a point. Having succeeded in working himself into a passion till the foam ran over his beard, he then raised his ataghan, with the apparent intention of making our swinish blood expiate our sin. But at that moment, when neither of our heads

seemed worth anything like so much as a New Zealander's head when tattooed for exportation, the imam interposed, and seizing his arm bid us authoritatively escape. We did not require twice telling, and retreated, an eye each way, under a shower of maledictions, and some blows which the more unceremonious bestowed. The green-turbaned savage wrestled ineffectually for a minute with the priest, then dropped his weapon, and rushed past us to the doors,—to close them we feared, when worse than death might have been our lot, but he had not the wit. He seized our shoes, and as we ran out, our steps having considerably accelerated in our passage down the vestibule, hurled them at us with puerile anger. Slipping into them, glad that we had not had to "eat more dirt," we quitted the precincts of St. Sophia, half disconcerted and half amused, fully determined not to enter them again on similar terms.* In

* We had a consolation in thinking that our indignity was not without precedent. About thirty years since the Russian ambassador at the Porte was much worse served in the mosque of Solimanie, for visiting which he had a firman from the Sultan—but in that day Solimanie was difficult of access. His lady not having left her shoes behind her on going in, had them taken from her, and farther received gentle admonition with them; his aid-de-camp had two of his front teeth knocked out with the heel of

the next street we met our chavass, who premising with "wonderful!" said he thought we were dead; then proposed that we should adjourn to a cafeneh to smoke a pipe, which we did. "You must not think," naively observed a gentleman at the embassy, "that the imam was trying to save your lives; he was only wrestling with the green turban for his ataghan, that he might have the honour of killing you." However, praise be to the imam. The old capitan pasha, when I related the adventure to him, manifested greater signs of feeling than I had ever seen him on any former occasion. He laid down his narghiler snake, uncoiled his legs, combed his beard, twisted his moustaches, lifted off his fez to scratch his head; and having said that God was great, and the mosque was holy, and we were Franks—he had too much politeness to tell me that we were infidels, though he meant it—protested that he was surprised that we had not been immolated, adding

his own boot; and the whole party were violently ejected into the street, where worse treatment might have befallen them, but a mollah whose house was close by harboured them till their guards arrived from Pera. The Sultan, much mortified, endeavoured to pacify his Excellency by sending him presents, but his Excellency thinking that was treating him rather too much like a school-boy, sent them back—admitting, however, the apologies of the Vizir.

that even his high presence, had he been there, could not have saved us. This was half humbug of the old hypocrite. Certain however it is, that six months after, when Count Orloff was in plenitude of power, he could not see St. Sophia. The sultan had granted him a firman for the purpose, and fixed a day; but, on that very morning, sent his secretary to him, to beg that he would not visit it.

Near St. Sophia is the church of St. John the Evangelist, now converted into a menagerie of wild beasts. There are two fine lions in it, so tame that the keeper goes in to them, and invites strangers to do the same. We declined under the apprehension that hats would not meet the same respect as turbans.*

Also behind the Hippodrome is the church of St. Sergius, built in the reign of Justinian, one of those that depended on the see of Rome. The Mussulmans converted it into a mosque,

* This feeling of the animals in the East about hats is ludicrous and disagreeable. In places frequented by Franks it is probably encouraged, and where Franks are rarely seen it arises from their being strange objects. One cannot walk through Tophana (the most fanatic quarter of the capital) without being assailed by a yelling pack; on the Troade I have often been run at by cattle, while turbans were passing unnoticed.

and called it kutchuk Aya Sophi (little St. Sophia), from its similitude to the cathedral.

The north side of the Hippodrome is bounded by the highly-carved cloister and balustrades of the Achmetie; on its south side, opposite, is a massy remnant of Constantine's palace, and a few yards behind it is the entrance of one of the vast cisterns made by the same emperor. It is a noble excavation. The roof is supported by 220 marble columns. Each column is marked by the letters K O S, and with a globe surmounted by a cross. It was capable of containing 1,460,000 gallons of water,—a good supply for 10,000 people during four months:—at present it is half-filled with earth, and a few poor people spin silk in it. Fifty such subterraneous lakes, therefore, would have sufficed half-a-million of inhabitants during an ordinary siege, supposing the aqueducts to have been cut.—That there were as many or more for that purpose is not doubtful; and the Porte would do well to look for them and clear them out, now that the city is again in danger of being attacked. A detachment from the Russian fleet, or a troop of Cossacks in advance, might cut the bendts in one night: awful would be the distress, for all the water used in the city

and the suburbs comes from them, fifteen miles distant. Such a crisis, however, is not thought of. Only two other cisterns are known, one near St. Sophia, called for excellence the Basilica, of a similar description, only on a more gigantic scale, having above 330 marble columns, some with Corinthian capitals.

The next object of interest in this part of the city is the

Avret Bazar (Women Market).

Slavery sounds revolting to an English ear; change the name, where is the country in which it does not exist? The labourer is chained to his plough, the mechanic to his loom, the pauper to the work-house. Slavery ever has been, and must be, a principle of society, under different names. Where the population is thin the powerful force the weak to be their drudges, or import others; where the contrary is the case, necessity is the coercive power. Freedom, in connexion with the millions who depend on daily toil for daily bread, is a sophism. Since, therefore, slavery, barefaced or masked, exists, as though a provision of nature, in all communities, barbarous or civilized, it should rather be the object of rulers to render it bearable by wise provisions, than

to aim at the impossibility of abolishing it, thereby entailing greater evils on the sufferers.* Mohammed fulfilled this sacred duty, as the pages of the Koran bear testimony. Among various regulations for the good treatment of

* In support of this argument, the evils of the African slave trade have increased since 1815. The slave dealers are driven to select fast bottoms, in order to avoid our cruisers;—to overload them, in order to cover the risk. Hence infinite misery to the slaves. Were the trade legalized, it would be their interest to have commodious ships, supplied with conveniences, so as to ensure the safe delivery of the cargo, and they would then be under the eye of the law — of superintending officers, and be liable to punishment if guilty of cruelty in the passage. As long as African despots sell their subjects, it is idle to expect that they will not find purchasers. When they do not, they will slay the prisoners taken in war, whose lives are now spared for the market. Their blood will then moisten the sands of Africa, instead of their sweat fertilizing the plantations of the West Indies. On which side will humanity gain?

Suppose the Russian Government were to interdict this commerce in the Caucasus, and in Georgia, what would be the consequence? All the horrors of a contraband traffic, as nightly journeys over the mountains, escapes across the frontiers, hasty embarkations, any where and any how. Whereas, under the present system, the slaves travel as commodiously as the country admits of; they embark in good vessels, and are brought to Constantinople in health and beauty, where they are lodged in a comfortable khan (the market), which, being public, is under the surveillance of the police.

slaves, that mothers should never be separated from their children, honours his memory; and, that it has ever been strictly observed, honours the Mussulman people.

But a market where—horrid idea!—women are sold like beasts. God forbid that I should defend it! At the same time, the pretty creatures seem so content, that I cannot pity them. Perhaps I should follow the example of most writers, who, whenever they touch by chance on such a subject, give vent to a deal of sentimentalism and vapouring about weeping innocence, and dishevelled locks, and torn garments, and beaten breasts. Such exist only in imagination, and I believe that many who describe the slave-markets in such moving terms never saw one. Occasionally, I will not deny, heart-rending scenes occur, in the case of captives of war, or victims of revolt, wrenched suddenly from all that is dear; but these are rare occurrences.

The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the

Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l.* Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but

such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article, from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "Buy me." They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers, for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her à la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16*l.* Males are sold in a different place—always young. Boys fetch a much higher price than girls, for evident reasons: in the East, unhappily, they are also subservient to pleasure, and when grown up are farther useful in many ways; if clever, may arrive at high employments;* whereas woman is only a toy with Orientals, and, like a toy, when discarded, useless.

* Four-fifths of the ministers of the present Sultan were purchased slaves. How many of the pashas who rule the provinces sprung from the same origin I cannot say, probably great numbers. The road to honour in the East is through a disgusting channel.

Not far from the Avret Bazar is a colossal stone edifice—an oblong square, surmounted by two domes—the finest public bath in Stamboul, built by a certain Mustapha Pasha, and bearing his name. As bathing has a great share in eastern customs, the baths being objects of solicitude to all classes, I may be excused digressing a little on the ceremonial. The structure is the same as that of the Roman baths. One of the domes is pierced by numerous illuminators; beneath it is the bath. The other dome is open at the summit, like the Pantheon's, to let the rain descend in a marble basin of water on the floor. A broad bench surrounds the apartment, supplied with couches, each couch separated by a railing; so that the most timid person need apprehend no intrusion on the place which he takes, and where he leaves his clothes. Decorum is a natural virtue with Mussulmans, strictly, almost fastidiously enjoined by the Koran, and religiously observed. The Frank who goes for the first time to one of these great establishments feels very awkward, and wishes to retreat, for the company gaze on him with surprise; the appearance of a Frank being not only unusual, but, I may almost say, of no occurrence. The courtesy, however, of the hammamgi (master),

and of the others, re-assures him. He is conducted to a sofa, and presented with a chibouque, which gives him time for reflection. He observes, with pleasure, the perfect cleanliness of every thing, particularly the linen; the pavement too, variegated with slabs of verd antique, of roux antique, and of other coloured marbles; the basin in the centre, an urn of one piece; the elegant carved chimney; the position of the company, some proceeding to the bath, others coming from it; some reposing in delightful languor, and others performing their devotions; for the Mussulman, when purified outwardly, does not neglect the inward man. When ready to quit his under garments, clean wrappers are put round his body and over his shoulders; a towel is put round his head. This garb is precisely the same as the *ihram*, the costume in which the hadgis perform their ceremonies at Mecca, and doubtless the type has a very proper effect on a Mussulman: the Frank sees nothing symbolic in it, but he feels great satisfaction in being so completely covered that the most shrinking modesty could not take offence. He then steps into wooden clogs, and supported by his tellak (bather), walks toward the bath. A narrow passage intervenes between it and the dressing room, of moderate heat,

where those who dislike rushing at once into a reservoir of vapour, like a steam engine's receiver, sit awhile to allow the pores to adapt themselves gradually to the increased action of the blood. In summer, when the thermometer is at 80° or 90°, the precaution is of little consequence, but when there are 30° or 40° difference between the dressing and the bathing rooms the sensation, on suddenly entering the latter, is suffocation. The average heat of a bath is, in summer 102°, in winter 90°.

Our stranger then penetrates into what he may well deem Pandemonium. He sees, imperfectly through the new medium, a number of human figures stretched on the heated marble estrade, like corpses on the table of a fashionable dissector. Wild looking forms, half naked, with long loose hair, are enacting sundry manœuvres over them, rolling them about, twisting them like sticks of wax, kneading them like dough, singing wildly all the time in a strange dialect, and making the vault ring with the claps of their hands against each other or on the flesh of the prostrate. Round the sides of the hall, beneath fountains, he sees other subjects, equally passive, literally undergoing the process of drowning.

By the time that he has made these by no

means consolatory observations, the perspiration is streaming from every pore, and his Asmodeus, who has never left him, seeing that he is in a fit state to act upon, signs to him to lie down. The stoutest has a nervousness creep over him at this moment; would desist from the experiment were he not withheld by shame, and by a natural desire to try a new thing. He takes another survey of the scene before resolving, and then, being satisfied that no one has died under the operation, resigns his body; with dismal forboding, though, if he possess the slightest glimmering of anatomy, of suffering rupture or dislocation. I pass over the minor and agreeable processes of titillation and friction to that of shampooing. Our Frank now begins to be alarmed; for his joints, unlike Turkish joints, are difficult of cracking. Fingers and toes soon yield, but his elbows and knees are obstinate and excite the tellak's wrath, who sings in a louder strain, and applies in good earnest to the task. His patient, knowing that what is pleasure to one is death to another, imagines that *his* joints are not made to crack, and therefore begs him to desist, assuring him that he is well satisfied; but as he speaks in some western tongue, the swarthy demon over him merely replies by a grin, and continues his

work. At length imperfect sounds are produced, on which he addresses words of congratulation, not understood, and the other supposing all is over feels half mortified that the operation has not been *so* terrible. Before, however, he can raise himself, the tellak slaps him on the shoulders and turns him over on his breast with the dexterity of a cook with a pancake, seizes his arms, crosses them behind with a strain, as if about to draw them from their sockets, thrusts his knee into the small of the back, and with this lever pulls up the head and shoulders, letting them fall again, himself falling with his whole weight on the crossed arms.* Each time this is repeated the internal fabric appears about to give way. The patient almost screams with apprehension, and threatens loudly; but his tormentor no ways moved, thinking that the delhi ghiaour is only amusing himself with the chorus of a song, continues the see-saw operation until the desired cracks issue from the shoulder-blades, or till he is tired. He then drops him, and

* Shampooing, as far as legs and arms, is very well, but when extended to the back it may be dangerous in people whose bones are not used to it. The Orientals on the contrary, are always supple. The joints of withered old men are as free as if newly oiled. It is a fact, that rheumatism is unknown in Turkey, which must be attributed to these baths.

wrings his own dripping locks. Our Frank forgets his rage, on finding after a minute investigation that he is whole, and allows himself to be led to a fountain; he conceives his terror over, but soon finds that he has only escaped being broken alive for drowning. During five minutes eyes, ears, nose, mouth (he fain tries to look and speak) are filled with soap; a tide of hot water, during another five minutes, washes that away, and leaves him clean for the first time in his life. Thus, par-boiled, faint and angry, he is lifted on his legs; dry wrappers are put round him, a turban on his head, and he is led to his sofa with a determination never to enter another Turkish bath. He is laid on, and covered with hot linen, and fresh air is allowed to blow on him. He falls into a most voluptuous doze, sips his coffee and chibouque with a pleasure hitherto undreamt, while the nadins dry him by gentle pressure through the cloths—a species of magnetism—inducing slumber. A glass of sherbet thoroughly revives him, and he gets up so elasticized in mind and body that he resolves to come again next day. A mirror, with back of mother-of-pearl, is held before him to tie his cravat; he counts the money on it, and judges of his liberality by the tone in which *hoch guieldin* (welcome) is pronounced. A Frank

deems it requisite to overpay, as he may consider himself an intruder. In Stamboul a native pays fifty parâs (4½*d.*). The poor are admitted for twelve paras, but then they have no tellak, nor are they entitled to a sofa; but they may use hot water for hours. In the interior of Asia Minor, such a bath does not cost a poor man above one or two paras. Men and women use some of the baths on alternate days, while others are reserved expressly for the different sexes. My ignorance of the custom nearly led me into a serious scrape soon after my arrival in the country, viz. into a bath, where I had been once before, filled with women. A scream, and a confused waving of long hair, told me, at once, my error. At any other time it would have been a delicious sight, and as it was, astonishment for a moment chained my feet; but shriek on shriek, accompanied by some choice epithets, in which the sharp notes of the old predominated over the mellow tones, and, as I thought, stifled laughter, of the young, bid me think of a retreat, unless I desired unpleasant handling. There was not, fortunately, a single person in the street to witness my exit, nor did I wait till one should come; I hastened down to the water side, took a caique, and rowed over to Galata.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSTANTINOPLE *(continued)*.

Solimanie—Bedlam—Mausoleum—Valens' Aqueduct—Marcian's Column—Historic Column—Seven Towers—Golden Gate—Breach—Scutari—Cemetery—Howling Dervishes.

We leave the interesting region of the two first hills, and after a gentle descent and ascent, reach the third hill, where towers pre-eminent the superb mosque of Solyman the Magnificent, built on the most elevated part of the city, after the style of St. Sophia, but surpassing it in architecture, in site, in decoration; in all save veneration and antiquity. It is 234 feet by 227 feet. A whole cupola and two half-cupolas cover the central aisle, and ten small cupolas the lateral aisles. Nearly all the mosques are similarly capped, and the assemblage of so many cupolas has a very imposing effect. A flight of broad marble steps

leads up to the great doors,* before which is a façade of six gigantic Egyptian granite columns with pointed capitals. There are also various other entrances, ornamented with Arabesqued archwork of good sculpture. Before the entrance is a court 117 feet by 152 feet, surrounded by a portico or open cloister formed of rows of marble columns with Turkish capitals,* which are connected by Gothic arches, and sustain twenty-four cupolas. At the angles

* Over them is an Arabic inscription—"The mighty servant and glorious vicar of God, by virtue of divine power and glory; existing by the authority of the mystic volume, and by the observance of its precepts, spread in all parts of the world, the conqueror of the cities of the East and of the West by the assistance of God, the fountain of every victory and of his armies; the image of God above all people; the emperor of Arabia and of the other regions; the institutor of the imperial constitutions; the tenth emperor of the Ottomans, viz. Solyman, descendant of the emperors Selim, Bajazet, Mahomet, Amurath, Mahomet, Bajazet, Amurath, Orchan and Othman: in building this mosque of noble, perfect and wonderful structure, as a place of worship for the people who assiduously serve and adore God, has given pleasure to the Lord of Majesty and power, who is the Creator of the universe. May the series of his imperial race, united with that of time, be never interrupted; and may the holy souls of his predecessors enjoy eternal delights in paradise! It was begun the end of Gemaziel ula of the year 957 (1550), and terminated the end of Zilhiggi 964 (1556)."

of the court spring the minarets, two of which have each three galleries, resembling wreaths in the distance; the two others, being lower in accordance with the laws of perspective, have only two each. In the centre of the court is a handsome marble reservoir, which supplies water to numerous fountains for the ablution of the Faithful, all of whom before entering a mosque wash arms, legs and neck—in the winter no pleasant duty. They leave their shoes at the threshold and walk in,—then immediately kneel, and having first placed their hands a moment before their eyes and over their ears, as symbolic of shutting out the world, commence a series of prostrations which lasts twenty minutes. It is impressive to behold people of all ranks thus totally absorbed before God, their foreheads bent on the pavement; and that the head may literally come in contact, a Mussulman unrolls his turban; for Mohammed said, "The knees and foreheads of those doomed to penance in hell shall not be scathed by the fire, because those parts touched the ground in adoration of the Supreme Being." It is difficult to go into a mosque at any time and not find men at prayers, or in groups on their knees round an imam, who is expounding the Koran to them. Women are not suffered to pray in the

mosques, their presence being deemed prejudicial to the current of religion in men. I do not suppose they regret it, for on the slender chance which the Prophet gives them of heaven, it is hardly worth their while to pray. In one of his journeys to the other regions, he declares that he saw heaven filled with the poor:—hell contained many rich, and swarmed with women. Poor women! he has fairly cut them out by the houris; yet, with consideration, he ordained that any true believer who might particularly desire it, might have a beloved wife with him in Paradise.

The interior of Solimanie is simple, and from its simplicity vaster apparently than in reality. The columns supporting the galleries are of valuable marbles, brought from Alexandria Troas. It has one altar, and a pulpit, that is, a narrow stair highly ornamented with gilding, which serves the purpose, and on which the imam changes his place, ascends or descends a few steps, according to his discourse. In lieu of paintings or statues, the walls are covered with sentences from the Koran, and the different names of the Creator, in Arabic characters, which, from their richness and variety, have a good appearance. At evening it is lighted with coloured lamps which are attached to a circle of brass of the size of the dome, and suspended

beneath it by chains, — a very elegant mode, copied by the Osmanleys from the Greeks.

Connected with Solimanie is a Bedlam, on a corresponding scale, adorned with marble colonnades, fountains, and gardens; — luxuries which sadly contrast with the state of the unfortunate inmates, who, furious or tame, are fastened by the neck with a heavy chain. We are generally led to believe that Orientals hold people thus afflicted in a certain degree of veneration: — in Constantinople, at least, they have lost the superstition, and see in them little more than wild beasts.

Behind the Solimanie, in a garden, are two octangular buildings, covered with cupolas; they contain the bodies of Soliman and of Roxellana. The death of this great monarch caused such intense grief, that the superficies of the third hill scarcely contained the multitudes that attended his funeral. As the offering most grateful to his spirit, the prejudice respecting women was broken through, and his favourite laid by him. The coffins are stone, the same as in all the royal mausoleums which are numerous: the best are those erected by the mother of Mahomet IV.

The above sketch applies to the principal mosques of Stamboul. Each is more or less

adorned with spoils of antiquity, which are certainly more worthily thus employed than in building and repairing private fortresses and houses, as Rome witnessed. The mosque of Bajazet, near the above, built 1498, has twenty columns; four of which are of porphyry, ten of verd antique, six of Egyptian granite; besides eight smaller ones of verd antique, which adorn the fountain. Schehzade giamisi, built by Soliman I. in memory of his son Mahomet, and Ederne Kapusu giamisi, built by Mihrumah (moon-eyed) daughter of the same monarch, are both very elegant. Laleli, built by Mustapha, has remarkable subterranean excavations, supposed to have existed in ancient times as a cistern. Kilisi giamisi, on the eastern declivity of the fourth hill, was a church built by the emperor Anastasius, and, after St. Sophia, the most remarkable of the churches that were converted to mosques. What is singular, it retains ocular evidence of its former destination: in the cupolas, four in number, are Mosaics, well preserved, representing the Crucifixion, the Virgin, with other sacred pictures. Why the Moslems neglected to remove or destroy them I do not know. The galleries are supported by fine Corinthian marble columns, and in the court is a large urn of one piece of verd antique.

The distinctive sign of a royal mosque, is having two or more minarets. In Constantinople, four of the mosques have each four minarets; that alone of sultan Achmet has six. The wooden spires on their summits are often gilded: some of the domes also are surmounted by a gilt ball, as if to lift them; and the effect is exceedingly tasteful, beyond what could be expected from so slight an ornament.

To all the royal mosques are attached pious or learned establishments, supported by the mosque revenues. Three have bedlams; four have imarets (poor hospitals); and each has a medresseh (college with a library). The medresseh on the foundation of Mahomet II. (built on the fourth hill, eighteen years after the conquest) is famed for having produced the most sages in Ottoman learning. The library established by Abdul Hamëd, father of the present Sultan, is the best. In all are twelve libraries, containing Persian, Arabic, and Turkish literature. They are not much frequented, nor much enriched by modern authors. The Mussulman Augustan age was when the Moors ruled Spain,* of which the library of the Escurial possesses the best evidence.

* During 800 years that the Moors were in Spain, Arabic literature flourished. The academies of Seville and of

The third and fourth hills are connected by an aqueduct of forty-one arches, built originally by the Emperor Valens, of ruins of Chalcedonia, and since restored by Soliman. Its position is happy, uniting in an eminent degree the ornamental and the useful; for, in addition to its aqueous office, it preserves the contour of the city, the valley it spans being so wide compared with the others, that, without it, Constantinople would appear two cities. It occupies nearly the centre of the length. To go on it is rather hazardous, yet it is worth while to venture a few yards for the sake of the prospect on either hand. The water in some parts filters through and constantly drops, making some mosses on adjoining fragments sprout luxuriantly. The Adrianople street, which nearly bisects the city longitudinally, passes under its eastern extre-

Cordova, especially shone. Ebn Tarhun of Seville, 691 of Hegira, sung of the creation of man, on the soul, and on Mecca. Dhihaldin Akazary, sixth age of Hegira, wrote a poem, "Treasure of Poets." Ebn Forgia, and Ebn Macrama, and Almotuabi, were famous poets in the fifth age of Hegira.

In the library of the Escurial is a Spanish and Arabic Dictionary of all the caliphs, captains, philosophers, poets, and learned ladies, in 4 vols., by Ebn Alkhali Mahomet Ben Abdallah, 710 Hegira. Also in the same library is a treatise on music, with designs of thirty different musical instruments, by Abdi Nassar Ben Mahomet Alpharaiba.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC

Marcian's Column, Constantinople

Remains of one of the gates of Constantinople

London, Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street

mity: following its course across the valley, we ascend the

FOURTH HILL,

where, near the mosque of Mahomet II. in the court yard of a Mussulman's house (now burnt down), is the column of the Emperor Marcian,* in excellent preservation. The height is fifty-two feet; the shaft is granite; the capital, of the Corinthian order, is well executed, and supports a square urn, ornamented at each angle with an eagle in half relief. In the precincts of another Mussulman's habitation, where was the forum of Arcadius, is the remnant of a pedestal, supposed to be of the celebrated historic column, representing Theodosius' victories, which we are told, rose 140 feet above the pavement, and whence the murderer and usurper, Alexius Ducas was cast down by the judgment of the Latin chiefs, 1204. Other remnants of antiquity probably remain in the vast circuit of Stamboul's walls; but to find them is the difficulty; chance is one's only guide, a conflagration by laying open quarters, one's best map. Tiresome as is the well-conned tale of a professed

* On the pedestal are these words distinct, "Hanc statuam Marciani." The remainder of the inscription is illegible.

ciceroni, I have often wished for one in Constantinople. The presence is better than the absence. One is not obliged to listen, and he saves a great deal of riding or walking, which is keenly felt in a large hilly, ill-paved city, where innocent curiosity is magnified into necromancy; the pursuits of an antiquarian interpreted as the researches of a treasure hunter. There are few natives of the East who can understand the incentives of curiosity or pleasure, uninfluenced by stronger motives: If they see a man taking observations, he is calculating a horoscope; if they see him measuring ruins, he is tracing some deposit of coin. They hate trouble, and therefore cannot reconcile it with pleasure.

But in default of antiquities, there are a few modernities that are interesting by their resemblance to ancient usages. The shops are like the shops at Pompeii, open from side to side, having a parapet where the window should be, with a narrow cill by way of a door: They are closed at night by shutters, slinging on the top, which in the day serve for awnings: The counters are covered with slabs of marble, always beautifully clean, particularly so where preparation of creams, wheys, &c. are sold, of which the Osmanleys make great consumption. The confectioners' shops are admirable in point of

elegance, and the excellence of the article: every body has heard praised Turkish sweetmeats; I may add that one is in danger of having a tooth ache during his stay at Constantinople. The cooking houses are very tempting; cababs, and roasted sheep's heads, are smoking in them all day long. You go in with your friend, and squat down on a clean mat: ad interim the chibouque is brought. Cababs on toast are served in five minutes, with a jug of wine which you order from the nearest Greek vault: a cup of coffee terminates your luncheon,—the whole about the cost of eightpence paid handsomely.

The Osmanleys, like the ancients, eat and drink a great deal in the open air. Venders of sherbets, of rolls, of creams, of sweetmeats, of catimeras (sort of cake), of boza (kind of beer), are at every corner; whereby the cries of Constantinople are as numerous as those of Paris. Some of them sound ludicrous to an English ear:—az beaz (white, white) in relation to bread, makes the new arrived Englishman often turn round with mingled anger and surprise. Balluk (fish) likewise catches his ear for the first few days; and perpetually these two resound in all the streets.

The Osmanleys also shew the taste of the Romans in their country houses, by building

them on piles in the water where possible; and so far do they project over the Bosphorus, that private caiques lie under the basement floors, whence they issue romantically through low arches; and the inhabitants are often seen fishing from their window,—a mode peculiarly suitable with their indolence.

Many other points of similarity might be cited between the ancient Romans and the Osmanleys. The burial grounds of the latter are highly ornamented, and equally rendered subservient to social intercourse; their love of display, I may add, in appearing abroad with numerous attendants; and their contempt of women. But in what relate to the decencies of life, there is not the slightest resemblance. The signs over the doors, the frescos in the chambers of Pompeii, have not the remotest counterpart in Turkey. In the article of cruelty, too, there exists a wide difference. The exhibitions which delighted the Romans would disgust the possessors of their second capital. Spain alone humbly imitates them.

The cloaques are also evidences of the former masters of Constantinople. They are indifferently kept; but connected with them is a curious anecdote of the present sultan, who, when young, had Haroun Alraschid's habit of

going about the city incognito. It chanced one day that he passed by one of the cloaques that was opened for the purpose of being cleaned; In it was a man up to his neck in abominable filth, endeavouring in vain to remove an obstruction. The sultan stopped, and looked with commiseration at a human being thus employed. At length the labourer, after long driving and tugging, lost his patience:—he threw down his guielberi, uttered an oath, and was about to abandon his work; but, as if suddenly receiving a bright idea, took up his instrument again, and thus apostrophized his impatient spirit: "Dayan gian, yoksa seni bounden beter boku soccarim;" which being translated, means, "Persevere my soul, or I will plunge thee in worse filth than this." At this exclamation, made by the speaker in perfect ignorance of who was listening, the sultan opened the eyes of astonishment: "Is it possible," he thought, "that there can be a worse occupation than that?"—He returned to the seraglio, but could not rest for thinking on what he had heard. He asked his attendants to expound the labourer's meaning: they could not. "Go then," he at length said, "and fetch him hither."

"Where is the honest man who was working here this morning?" demanded a capidgi of the

superintendant of cloaques:—"God knows—he left off work two hours since."

"Wonderful! find him instantly!"

The appearance of an officer of the seraglio on such an errand aroused some of the neighbours. One exclaimed, "He went to the bath from here; a boy followed him, carrying a suit of clothes."

"Which bath?" asked the capidgi:—"run, bring him to me."

The object of this research in the mean time had completely purified himself (without which salutary measure he could not have gone into a mosque to say his evening prayer), and now appeared quite another person, dressed in a suit of good cloth, a fur pelisse, with a caouk on his head: he might have passed for a substantial tradesman. "Kalk, guiel,"—"Rise, come,"—exclaimed a messenger, rushing into the bath, where he was enjoying the restorative chibouque; "quick, a capidgi of the Porte wants you."

"God is great," replied the other; "want me! why—for what?"

"You will know soon enough. Come."

The capidgi, having ascertained that he was the very man, bid him follow him to the seraglio. During the walk he vainly endeavoured to guess

at the evil which he conceived had fallen on his head.

"Eshek" (ass), said the sultan to the officer, on beholding a respectably dressed man, who would have done credit to a pasha's suite; "I told thee to bring me that fakyr bokulu" (stinking wretch).

"Effendimiz," this is he.

The sultan then addressed the man, who was standing with his hands crossed before him, his eyes cast on the floor, in great apprehension; "Wast thou, some hours since, in the cloaque, in the condition of a hog?"

The fact could not be denied. "What said'st thou, dost thou remember?"

This question made him fear that in his wrath he had uttered something treasonous, which had been overheard, and he began to implore grace on the plea that in a moment of anger a man's tongue may utter what his heart does not acknowledge. "Fear nothing," replied the sultan; "didst thou not say, 'Dayan, &c.' Explain what situation is worse; or didst thou speak in folly?"

Thus reassured, the man answered by pointing to the tchocadars, who were in the presence, and added, "Their situation is worse." If the sultan was before astonished, he was now still

more so. "The work," continued the man, "at which I was engaged, is disgusting in the eyes of God; but it gains me sufficient in two or three hours for the day, sometimes for two days. I am then free. I purify myself from its stains, and dress becomingly: I frequent the mosques, and the cafenehs, master of my time; whereas thy officers cannot call one moment their own, to eat or to drink. This is my meaning; I told my spirit that if it had not courage to submit to that servitude for two hours, I should be obliged to put it in perpetual bondage, by taking a great man's bread, to be at his call the whole twenty-four hours."

The sultan, far from being offended at his boldness, dismissed him with a handsome present; though, I dare say, the tchocadars, thus coarsely commented on, would rather have seen him get the bastinado. This circumstance, which was related to me by an officer of the seraglio, gives rise to reflections on the cause of love of freedom, which this man possessed in its widest sense, simple, divested of any specious ornament. Whence came it? He could not conceive it disgraceful to serve a great man, for an oriental education inculcates that that condition is honourable, and it confers consideration. It came from pure love of indo-

lence, so dear to, so cherished by, the Osmanleys, to indulge which they are capable of enduring great privations. Does it follow that love of freedom and love of indolence are synonymous terms?

The cafenehs likewise merit a stranger's notice in Constantinople less on account of their number — several hundreds — their charming shady situations, and their elegant fitting up, with variegated marbles and sculpture, not to mention highly coloured representations of ships, kiosks, gardens, &c., in which the fish are as large as the ships, the men as tall as the houses, than for embracing the whole mystery of the barber's science — a science which is looked on with infinitely more respect in the east than in the west, and to which the preparation of the sober berry, far from being the stay of the concern, is quite secondary; simply intended with chibouques, to amuse the customers while waiting. In addition to shaving, cutting hair, trimming, dying, and anointing, the barber bleeds, draws teeth, and applies leeches,* all very adroitly. At the same time

* Not a century since the same union existed in London; in the year 1745 the surgeons were separated from the barbers by an Act of Parliament, entitled "An Act for making the Surgeons and Barbers of London two distinct and separate Corporations."

may be seen, one man holding his head to be washed and shaved, over an enormous metal basin, the operator twisting the solitary lock from side to side, and brandishing his razor with inimitable grace; a second submitting to have every hair plucked out which interferes with the prescribed line of beard and moustaches; a third having his eyebrows dyed; a turbaned urchin squalling as a bad tooth comes out; a tartar, with his sleeves up to his shoulder, getting bled after a long journey; in the corner, a tiriaki coiled up, enjoying his dream of Paradise; and, if in Pera, the scene is further diversified by Franks, smoking and chatting, waiting a turn. Oh ye! who visit the East, put yourselves under an Armenian or Turkish barber. Never shave yourselves. His shaving is ambrosial. The delicate manipulation with which he assists the steel sets you to sleep, and so exquisitely is the operation performed, without ruffling, in the slightest degree, the tenderest skin, that when done, and feeling your face, you start—considering the country you are in—doubtful of your sex.

We need go no father than the fifth hill. Thus far the breath of the seraglio vivifies the languid mass; thus far every description of traveller, with one added to Sterne's list—the

hypochondriac—may find food for amusement and reflection; but, beyond it, we wander through a wasted city, and view the effect of the silent depopulation—from executions, disease, and famine—which has reduced its 750,000 inhabitants, in the reign of Solyman, to half the number. Our eyes wander over the Etmeidan, Janizzaries' slaughter scene, and rest on three large towers in the S. W. angle of the city, which denote

THE SEVEN TOWERS.*

How things become changed from their original purpose!—a church becomes a stable, a palace barracks, a hut the residence of a monarch, by the vicissitudes of war; but Mahomet II. little thought, when he erected this fortress for the custody of his treasures, that it would be long solely used as a prison for Christian ambassadors. The apartment where they were lodged is not bad. The golden gate, or triumphal arch, raised by Theodosius to commemorate his victory over Maximus—through which, for one emperor who entered it in triumph twenty ingloriously fled, thereby rendering the

* There were originally seven; but the great earthquake of 1766 threw down three of them: one of the others is nearly ruined. They were erected 1458.

name a mockery—was in the present circuit of the seven towers. Two dilapidated Corinthian columns, supporting the remnant of a frontispiece, denote its existence.

Adjoining the towers, supplying the want of the golden gate, is the gate Yedi kule kapusu. Four other gates also give entrance to the city from the country, viz. Ederne kapusu (anc: gate of Poliandro), Top kapusu (anc: gate of St. Romanus), Mevlana yeni kapusu (anc: porta quinta), Selivri kapusu (anc: gate of ———). These gates are massive arches uniting the double wall, and connecting each with a good stone bridge over the fosse, which is twenty-five feet wide, and not so many in depth, notwithstanding the assertion of history, that it was one hundred feet deep at the time of the Mohammedan conquest; which, however, it could not have been, or we should not be able to see the ruins of the breach in it as we can. A fine paved road runs along it, from the Propontis to the harbour, a distance of three miles and a half, bordered on the left hand, for a considerable way, by a vast cemetery. The great age of some of the cypresses, and the antique fashion of many of the tombs, led me to conclude that this was the receptacle of those who fell in the storm,—a striking evidence of which event is seen in the

prostrate condition of a tower and of eighty feet of wall in the ditch, about one-third of the distance from the sea of Marmora to the harbour, near the gate of St. Romanus. The Mohammedans considering them a trophy, and believing that Constantinople had seen its last siege, have suffered these interesting ruins to remain where they fell; and time has ornamented them with a profusion of wild creepers. No, beautiful, and romantic, and classic as is Constantinople and its environs in every part, it has no spot so truly interesting, so riveting to the imagination as this, the breach, where closed the career of the last and noblest of the Constantines.

One more suburb of Constantinople remains to be mentioned; the city of Scutari, on the opposite coast of Asia. It was anciently called Chrysopolis (city of gold), the cause of which name still exists, in its being the depôt for the caravans from Arabia, from Syria, and from all parts of Asia Minor. In consequence, its inhabitants are chiefly employed in manufacturing saddlery, with all kinds of horse and travelling equipage. One mile from it is the site of the city of Chalcedonia, now occupied by the village Kady Koju; and, about a cable's length off it, in the fair way of the Bosphorus, on a rock just above

water, is a square white tower, called by Europeans Leander's Tower (without any reason), by the natives Kiz Kulesi (Maiden's Tower), built by Manuel Comnenus for the purpose of extending a chain from it across the strait. It is admirably situated for assailing hostile ships: some heavy cannon are mounted; and in the rock is a spring of pure water. Between it and the shore is a passage for vessels not drawing above fourteen feet.

The inhabitants of Scutari being entirely true believers (excepting some Hebrews), the mosques, royal and private, are numerous and handsome. That built by a daughter of Solyman is the most elegant.* There is also a superb pile of barracks, built by Selim III. for the Nizam dgeditt, and near the city is a seraglio where the sultans used to reside for a while when

* It has this inscription, "This mosque adorned with columns, has been built by a pious princess, gem of the Ottoman crown, ornament of the world, of religion, and of her country. God render her incomparable with every grace. Built by the daughter of the Emperor Solyman, son of the Emperor Selim, who rendered the world habitable with justice and clemency, and established security and tranquillity in favour of the Faithful. May God extend his empire to the eternity of ages! It was begun, with the aid of God, in the sacred month of Zilhiggi, in the year of the Hegira 954 (1547).

they intended to follow the armies to a Persian war.

From the outskirts of Scutari the great cemetery stretches three miles over the plain, where repose the half of the generations of Stamboul, undisturbed by axe or spade.* A more striking memento of human nothingness, a more imposing tribute of human piety, a more sincere attestation of faith in resurrection, elsewhere is not to be seen. The graves are never disturbed, being barricaded by superstition as well as by law; for it is the Mussulman faith that some part of the body (the os-sacrum, generally believed) remains undecayed, on which, at the last day, to effect regeneration. Some Mussulman divines assert that the dead suffer torments while actually in the grave; that they do until laid there is universally orthodox; for which reason the breath is scarcely out of a man than he is hurried to his last home without ceremony, the bearers running as fast as they can, giving

* It is a common error to suppose that the Constantinopolitans are all buried at Scutari in anticipation of their capital falling into the hands of the infidels, when their graves might be defiled. It certainly is a favourite resting place; but the different cemeteries on the European side of the Bosphorus, would, if put together, cover a space equal to the great cemetery. Nearly all the sultans are interred at Constantinople.

a funeral a grotesque appearance. All Mussulmans believe that the dead undergo an examination in the grave, before Monkir and Nekir, some time during the first three days, in order to decide whether the patient shall go straight to heaven, or perform a little preparatory penance in hell. On this account the grave is constructed so as to allow the body to sit up and answer questions. I have often witnessed a Turkish burial: as soon as the procession reaches the spot fixed on, breathless, two of the party set about digging the grave, while the remainder sit round the coffin in a circle, apparently quite unconcerned. Women cannot attend. The coffin is then taken to pieces, and the body being laid in the ground, a kind of vault is raised over it with the planks, on which the earth is heaped. No service whatever is performed. This accommodation is of course very temporary, but it lasts sufficiently for the dark inquisitorial angels to arrive. The tombs, or monuments, are very beautiful; they are of white marble, covered with verses of the Koran, durably and massively gilded on a dark-blue ground. The Osmanleys carry the art of gilding to perfection, and the Arabic character is peculiarly effective for its display. The name of the deceased only is inscribed, without any record of virtues, such

as deface Christian tombs—deface, I say, since in nine cases out of ten the record is false. The nature of the carved turban denotes the rank which the deceased held in society. Women's monuments are distinguished by a lotus leaf painted on them. Some graves are covered with marble troughs filled with soil to grow flowers in, the odour of which is grateful to the spirit when he revisits his earthly tenement; neither is it uncommon, in the cities, to see private burial plots covered over with wire trellis work in which to keep birds, whose notes are also supposed to solace the spirit. All erroneous as it is, this idea is very beautiful, and the possessors of it are enviable; it is the most intellectual part of the Mussulman faith, and shews that Mohammed had a soul for poetry. How soothing to affection the belief, that it can afford pleasure to the soul of a departed friend,—can still converse with it; how assuaging to the pang of separation! It is touching sometimes to witness the solicitude of Turkish females about these hallowed spots, where they pass some part of nearly every day. Once in a romantic burying ground, on the banks of the Bosphorus, I accidentally saw a young female, unveiled, with her hair loose, plucking the stones from a new made grave,

and casting them from her with maniac gestures. She did not perceive me, but continued her sad task till not a stone or a weed defaced it;—then threw herself on it. There she remained till her women, who were observing her from a distance, came and roused her from her trance of woe. In Europe such grief would be deemed a mockery; but with Eastern women, whose passions grow in solitude, who have few worldly amusements to divert the current of their thoughts, and whose joy generally centres in one object with whom perhaps hope dies, it is often too real.

The deep solemnity of this vast forest of cypresses, impenetrable alike to sun or gale, cannot be imagined. Paved roads intersect it in various directions, hourly traversed by man and beast. On whichever side you approach Constantinople or its suburbs, it is through a burial ground; you cannot pass from one quarter to another but through a burial ground; you look out of window on a burial ground; your only promenades are in the burial grounds. Mussulmans at least have the awful lesson constantly before their eyes. At night the dogs troop in them, to the annoyance of all that have to pass them; and without being provided with a good stick and a lantern, a man has a chance

of being found in the morning ready laid for burial; for though a most cowardly species, they have wolfish blood and acquire artificial courage at night-time.* Yet to see one crouching behind every tomb,—one darting at you at every angle,—to hear their continued bark, adds an indescribable interest to these gloomy solitudes. Thus amidst the ruins of Ephesus, how exciting is the long howling of the jackals in every direction! How greatly would it enhance the scene, on entering Balbec to meet an hyena! What a train of association it caused me, one day at Sardis, the sight of a Turcoman boring one of the three remaining columns of the temple of Apollo, for the purpose of blasting it! It is not that an hyena, or a jackal, or a Turcoman, abstractedly viewed, adds much to the

* There are instances, though rare, of their seriously hurting people. Two, one day, tripped up a little youngster of the Blonde, and commenced biting him, and might soon have finished him had not an old Turkish woman opened her door and driven them away. A formal complaint was in consequence lodged against them before the ambassador for having thus insulted a British subject. But as his Excellency did not exactly know what procedure to adopt in so novel a case, it was referred to the waivode of Galata, in whose jurisdiction the assault and battery had been committed. The waivode took proper cognizance of the affair. He sent out his emissaries, and a dark, ill-disposed, well-known dog was taken up on suspicion, and, making no defence, was publicly put to death.

picture, but connectively each speaks volumes. They are the postscripts of time, the seals of desolation. An extent of ruins signifies no farther than that a city once stood there; there may be another within five miles;—tenant it with savage beasts, and we conclude that equal ruin has befallen the surrounding country. The Turcoman boring the column was a sorry spectacle; but what a tale of fallen grandeur! in the once proud capital of Crœsus, the tumuli of Alyattes and his wives in sight;—what evidence of the reign of barbarism! Thus also in the cemeteries which environ Stamboul, we involuntarily think, as the pack yells round us, that we are in a desert. Ten paces on we enter a populous quarter. They never disturb the dead (which would be easy on account of the shallowness of the graves,) or the Turks would soon destroy them. I do not even think that they like human flesh. Lord Byron says, in the notes to the siege of Corinth, that he has seen them gnawing bodies washed up under the seraglio walls. That should be conclusive; but I suppose that his lordship wrote from memory, and mistook the place. The water beneath the seraglio wall is bound by a pier two feet above its surface, past which the current rushes, without the slightest eddy, at the rate of two miles

and a-half per hour. Nothing thrown into the Bosphorus lower down than Buyukderé bay, or the Propontis, can turn up, that is, come to shore, within several miles of Constantinople. Indeed it is contrary to reason to suppose that the Turks, who have such superstitious veneration for the dead, would tolerate these disgusting animals were they in the habit of violating them.

Adjoining this paradise of worms is the college of dervishes *kadi*, or the howling dervishes, in contradistinction to the dancing dervishes at Pera. We found them in full cry. They were extremely civil; were flattered at our curiosity, and gave us prominent seats. The apartment was octangular, surrounded by a low railing to keep off the spectators. The superior gave the time with his hand and head, while about twenty brethren moaned, half sung, a kind of hymn, in which the names Allah, Mohammed, Mustapha (a saint, founder of the order) continually recurred. At intervals some howled suddenly, others danced round as mad, and all by turns approached and kissed the hand of the superior, who sat aside on a carpet. During the performance sick people were carried in and laid at the superior's feet to be cured. He whispered in their ears, stroked their breasts, and then bid

them rise. They obeyed: some tottered off; others, faith lighting up their sunken eyes, joined the holy troop, and sung and danced with equal fervour. Presently the scene changed to one of a more lively description. To the notes ya-la-ye-ip, sung to a merry tune, the fanatics twisted their bodies in rapid contortions, jerked themselves violently forwards and backwards, to either side, their heads twirling and their eyes rolling in a frightful manner, making the spectators giddy and expect every moment that some would fall into fits. Occasionally, seized by a sudden impulse, they howled in concert. For upwards of thirty minutes this bedlamite game had lasted, and we began to think that the actors were endowed with perpetual motion when the superior, extending his hand, pronounced the word "Allah." Immediately, as if they felt the hand of the Almighty as well as heard his name, they stood each still as a statue, eyes fixed, head firm. This was the grand *coup de theatre*, and exceedingly well done it was—quite sublime. The sport recommenced with greater ardour. In a state, apparently, of complete frenzy they seized each others' hands, and they danced and they sung, and they leaped in concert. Then dividing in two lines, they rushed from side to side, and they charged,

head down like goats, only separating to meet again with greater impetus, all the while making the dome resound with discordant howls. Finally, closing in a heap, confusedly embraced, with disordered garments and swollen veins, they stamped and rolled round the hall, till three, overcome with the violence of the exercise, foamed and fell into convulsions. This was the triumph of devotion; and thus terminated, after two hours' continuance, as singular a scene of folly grafted on superstition as one could wish to see. It is worth seeing once, and only once.

Under the head of Scutari I should mention that from the heights behind it is a fine, by some said the finest, view of Constantinople. Whether it is, I will not pretend to decide, since the impression made on me was the same from whichever side I received it. One is in danger of becoming surfeited with the profusion of beauties which nature has here amassed in a narrow compass. I would recommend the epicure in such things on his arrival to take horse and ride to Buyukderé, by which he will prolong his enjoyment. There let him embark in a caique, and descend the Bosphorus. I will not dwell on the enchantment. Who once makes this excursion will be tempted to repeat

it often. Nor is the ride devoid of interest. During the first two or three miles, let him occasionally turn round and look on the glorious scene he is leaving. Each time he will doubt the evidence of his senses, comparing the proud capital—billows on billows of city—within cannon range, with the barren almost trackless heath he is traversing, where man neither sows nor reaps. To the civilized European the contrast is truly painful. To find himself, on leaving Palmyra, at once in a sandy desert, would only excite his surprise at the individual folly which could build in such a spot; at the same time the triumph of art over nature would reconcile him to the anomaly, and flatter human pride. Here it is the triumph of ignorant, indolent despotism over a soil which scarcely needs the spade to burst into fertility, yet remains profitless. Luxury alone might have prompted the ornamental. Ascending the heights of Kiris Bournoo, the fortifications of the Bosphorus and the distant Euxine open on him—a scene that may be dwelt on.

There is another view to which I would draw attention. It is from the tombs of the Armenian cemetery on the borders of a deep ravine. The spectator looks down between two hills nearly united at their bases, only separated by a

narrow rivulet, thickly studded with habitations; that on the right being the Greek village of St. Demetrius, notorious for the lax morals of its inhabitants; on the left is Pera. Emerging from the shadow of the hills are seen the capitan pasha's palace, and the arsenal gates on the one hand; on the other his divan hane and the quarters of kasym pasha. Beyond them the harbour intervenes with admirable effect, to break the monotony of architecture,—masts and yards mingling with doors and windows, caiques appearing and disappearing among cypresses and domes,—not an expanded sheet, but a narrow triangular lake, of insufficient dimensions, apparently to allow the guard frigate anchored in it to swing round, her broad red ensign wanting space to display its ample folds. From the base of the triangle, on the farther side, Stamboul rises, and expands to the east and west, with the configuration of the hills, till two-thirds of its extent are visible. Valens' aqueduct occupies the centre of the picture, and over its deep arches, lying parallel with them, defined on either side by the domes of a mosque, the soft blue line of the Propontis, like the pencil stroke of a drawing which represents distant water, faintly traces the horizon. When the sun is setting, and gilding the

columns and minarets; or on gala nights when the frigate and the mosques are covered with lamps; or, still more magnificent, when the devouring element, as I have seen it, careers over the seven-hilled city, the above feebly indicated scene is capable of arresting the attention of a gourmand whose dinner is waiting. The masses of dwellings thus brought together in a *coup d'œil*, from the nature of the site, and the foreshortening of the picture, are striking in another sense:—they prompt the question, "How do their inhabitants exist?"—a question which every stranger puts to himself as well as to others—a question which is difficult to answer; for Constantinople does not offer the same resources as the great Christian capitals for those who live on their wits. Vice, the great alimenter of idleness, is kept under by the strong arm of religious law. There is little commerce; there are few arts; there is no great influx of travellers; the rich men of the provinces do not congregate in it. There are no cultivated lands to speak of within twenty miles, in some directions within fifty miles. The commonest necessaries of life come from distant parts:—the corn for daily bread from Odessa;—the cattle and sheep from beyond Adrianople, or from Asia Minor;—the rice, of

which such a vast consumption is made, from the neighbourhood of Philippopolis;—the poultry chiefly from Bulgaria;—the fruit and vegetables from Nicomedia and Mondania. Thus a constant drain of money is occasioned, without any visible return except to the treasury or from the property of the Ulema. The places above mentioned may be considered as foreign parts; their inhabitants never visit the capital, and thereby restore the equilibrium. But though I cannot precisely solve the problem of the means of the Constantinopolitans, I may give a rough sketch of them, which may serve as a specimen of the inhabitants of European Turkey in general;—not of the Asiatic Turks, who are a different people; more open and hospitable, less treacherous and avaricious; but far more fanatic and ignorant.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the Osmanleys—the Greeks—the Armenians—the Jews.

In reference to some writers, who assert that we should change "Turks," as a general appellation for the sultan's subjects, for "Osmanleys," because (according to them) the former is vilifying, I beg leave to remark that the latter is only applicable to the European Turks, as is easy to be shewn. When Othman (founder of the reigning dynasty) usurped the sovereignty of Cogni (Iconium) on the death of sultan Aladdin, of whom he was the vizir, Turk, or Turkman (husbandman) was (as now) the denomination of the inhabitants of nearly all the provinces that at present comprise the Turkish empire in Asia. After the conquest of Brussa, however, his followers disdained it, and assumed the name of their leader, leaving the indigenous name to those who would not immediately follow his fortunes. The short interval that elapsed

ere the seat of their empire was at Adrianople, prevented these proud soldiers from losing their characteristic, and thereby ceasing to be a separate body. With Amurath their descendants quitted Asia and settled in possession of the lands of the Greeks, from which time the distinction has remained, so that no European Turk will allow the name of Osmanley to an Asiatic; even talking of the powerful Car' Osman Oglou, or Tchapan Oglou, he tells you, with a sneer, that he is only a Turk; and this superciliousness has been fortified by the superiority that in all demi-civilized countries those of the profession of arms assume over the pursuers of husbandry;—the lowest European Mussulman having seldom till lately had occasion to be other than a soldier, whereas in Asia, there not being a raya population, the Mussulmans put their shoulders to the plough. "Bin Turk bir toorp; yazektoorp!" a thousand Turks for a radish; poor radish! (at being valued so cheap) is in every Osmanley's mouth.

The name Turkey is also strictly Turkish. The Asiatics sometimes call their country Tourkia Yakasi, but the Europeans never do; they may call it Memleket Osmanley, or Vilayet Othmanjick, the appellation being also extended to Bythynia, because Othman reigned

there. Both names, however, are superseded by "Roumely" (for Europe), "Anadolu" (for Asia).

Having thus settled, in one way, who are and who are not Osmanleys, we may proceed to give a sketch of the Constantinopolitans, among whom rank foremost, of course, the Osmanleys. As they value beauty, even in men, more than talent, it is right to commence saying a word on that subject; the more necessary because they have been so often described as a very handsome race, and the impression thereby made is so strong, that it requires to be among them some time before allowing one's self to doubt. All, however, who have visited Constantinople since the catastrophe of the Janizzaries, agree that they are not in general good looking, the disuse of turbans and long robes being the cause of their altered appearance. Excepting Russian troops, I never saw a worse-favoured body of men than the Nizam-dgeditt. The magical effects of a turban are well known. It gives depth to light eyes, expression to dark eyes; it softens harsh features, relieves delicate ones; it hides misshapen ears, or a "villanous low forehead;" it adds gravity to a simple countenance, dignity to a sensible one; and it little matters whether a man be hump-backed

or bandy-legged, crooked or parrot-footed, when clothed in ample robes, which, besides concealing defects, impart a theatrical assurance to his step. The sultan, as I have before observed, could not have hit upon a surer way to make his subjects discontented with him and with themselves.

Midway between the savage and the civilized man in regard of mental resources, not yielding however to the latter in physical enjoyments, the vices of the Osmanleys have been overrated, because they have been chiefly drawn at periods of fanatic excitement, which should only be considered as episodes. The most favoured nations, at times, with all the advantage of education and example, commit wholesale the excesses of Ashantees and Cherokees; yet, when the crisis is over, resume their place in the front ranks of civilization.

The prominent feature of his character, and which, far more than his religion, acts as a bar to improvement, is an exceeding love of indolence, which he carries to an extent scarcely credible; shopkeepers, in hot weather, rather than rise off their cushions to reach you the article you want, will desire you to go to another shop. The "*dolce far niente*," joined to the *pensar niente*, is the Osmanley's felicity; and

while he could flatter himself that he was as far above the rest of the human species as his prophet above him, he constantly enjoyed it; but late reverses have broken the charm, and placed him in the condition of a paralytic invalid, who wakes from a dream of health to a sense of his helplessness.

He is not revengeful, that is if interest be in the scale against passion, unlike the Albanian, with whom blood must atone blood. He will forgive a personal insult, and embrace the murderer of his friend; will fight with ardour for his patron, and the moment after be equally faithful to his fortunate rival; bowing, at the sight of the firman of death, to the very executioner of a kind master. Provided with this authority, a man might stab a pasha in his divan (if he could get at him), and it would almost save him from the immediate fury of his attendants; certainly it would save him were they in an adjoining chamber.

But the Osmanley's treachery is terrible: for, as the Spartan boys were taught to consider theft meritorious, so does he consider the art of successfully dissembling the highest effort of the human mind. The command that he exercises over his tongue and features is perfect,—by us unattainable. The most cutting reproach, or

the most sudden surprise, or the most joyful news, is no ways betrayed by one or the other, unless he be in a situation not to need observation, when he will foam. His entire education tends to the acquirement of this talent. Through life he is no better than an automaton while in the presence of a superior: with eyes cast down and hands crossed before him, he stands unless bidden to sit,—is mute unless invited to speak. The more I have witnessed of this command over what may be termed the involuntary emotions, the more I have been astonished; but it requires a painful apprenticeship to arrive at such perfection.

Individually, he is courageous; and he is skilful in the use of arms, drawing his ataghan in particular with an electric effect, so that at one motion he can unsheath it, and almost sever his opponent. No inconvenience, however, arises from this aptitude, for it is death by the law to use a weapon unless by command of a superior. Severe as this law is, heat of blood not being even admitted in excuse, it is invariably acted on, otherwise no man's life would be safe among an armed population; and in consequence, no country is so free from manslaughter. Once, and only once, did I know of a fight; it took place one afternoon on the quay of Buyuk-

deré, between two of the capitan pasha's guards, one of whom, half intoxicated, had just taken a loaf from a Greek's shop, for which offence the patrol, which happened to be passing at the time, seized him and were driving him towards the pasha's kiosk, that the soles of his feet might pay the penalty of the palms of his hands. Irritated, at length, by the abuse and the blows of the chavass bashi, the fellow turned sharp round, drew out his own sabre from the hands of the chavass who was carrying it, and made a cut at the bashi. The bashi parried it, also a second blow, but then, finding himself hard pressed, dropped his stick and drew his ataghan. They were now on a par, both much enraged, and the affair seemed likely to be sanguinary. Their countrymen did not interfere, probably fearing a by blow, otherwise than by calling on Allah to witness their madness; nor did we, and for the same reason. — Still, however, the parties kept a respectful distance apart, preluding by some pretty flourishes, which made the air whiz as though they were using switches. At length, with one accord, they advanced a pace, and made a cut. Neither thought of guarding. The blades, directly horizontal, passed each other like flashes, and took effect, — the sabre dividing the skin of its opponent's

neck, while the ataghan, not being so long, only reached the other's nose, making a neat incision across it;—at the moment we thought that one of their heads was off. The sight of blood cooled instead of inflaming the antagonists, who instantly sheathed their weapons; and he who had first drawn, recollecting then the enormity of his fault, rushed, with presence of mind, into the house of a diplomatist, relying on the respect usually accorded to such. Thence he was conveyed to the flagship. The pasha ordered him to be strangled at sunset; but, in consideration of his temporary asylum, sent him to the bagnio instead.

The Osmanley is avaricious from the nature of his country, which combines uncertainty of employment and insecurity of property. At the same time he is inconsistent; for, though he may be said to adore gold, ostentation makes him spend it. He will give rich presents to a stranger, while an intimate friend may expect in vain for a token of liberality. He has a richly dressed train of domestics and a beautiful stud, neither of which can he employ, while his domestic expenditure is so trifling, that, excepting on parade days, when it is lavish, five shillings will pay for the dinner of a pasha's household. Simplicity guides most of his tastes: perfumes,

and the sound of falling water, and rushing wind,—harmless pleasures which are easily procured by artificial means,— are necessary to his comfort; to which add the chibouque, and a tolerable supply of coffee, and he requires no more to enable him to get through the day with patience. At evening he may honour the ladies with his presence. We will not draw the harem curtains; a description of the bizarre and multiplied sensualities behind it, would rather offend than amuse. Yet this monotonous life is capable of being exchanged for one of violent action, and with a surprising facility. After lolling half a year in Sybarite indolence, only using his legs to convey him from one sofa to another, he will gird his loins, and ride twelve hours a day for a month.

He is not the unsocial animal so perpetually described; on the contrary, he is very partial to the company of his likenesses, as the constant occupation of the coffee houses proves. True, whether in town or country, his verbal intercourse is confined to "selam aleykum, aleykum selam, ne var," and other ordinary questions and answers, followed by a long silence; but what can they say? deprive the most loquacious people of books, of gazettes, of scandal, their conversation will soon drop to monosyllables.

The Osmanley's hospitality has been too much extolled on principle, for in a country which offers few resources for travellers, hospitality becomes not only a bounden duty, but a point of self-interest in order to obtain the same upon occasion; besides, the arrival of a traveller in a family is as good as half a year's newspapers. Neither is his charity, wide flowing though it be, so very meritorious, because it springs from the selfish idea of smoothing with it the individual way to heaven, not out of "kindness to all men;" and is, therefore, in appearance cold, bitter cold, as any one will say who has seen a pious Osmanley give away his quantum of paras in his morning stroll, one by one, according as he is solicited, then stop at a baker's shop, buy a loaf, break it in pieces, and distribute them to the expectant dogs; after which stated duty, a friend's son, or a friend's hound in distress would scarcely attract his notice. Such arises from his religion, which consists chiefly of appearances—ablutions, alms, prayers,—by which, obliging his followers to attest their faith daily in public, by acts that could not be misinterpreted or slurred over, making the infraction a crime, little caring whether the heart were in unison with the tongue or not, Mohammed provided his creed

with a firm bulwark against the most dangerous of heresies—visible indifference; and by a due observance of which, though uninfluenced by one proper feeling, a Mussulman feels assured of exchanging his kiosk for "a hollow pearl," his favourite palm-tree for a branch of the tüba, his sherbet for draughts from the rivers of milk and wine, and, above all, of obtaining a sight of Him, "one look at whom," said Mohammed, "is joy past imagining." This however, this injunction to his followers to practise charity, is not the only boon which poor Mussulmans owe to their Prophet, who was infinitely too well acquainted with mankind to suppose that simple exhortations on such a subject would operate on the mass, and he therefore saved the really charitable from the unequal duty which the callous would have imposed on them—do impose on them in all countries—by establishing poor laws. Poor laws—our boast—which to this day only exist in one corner of Christendom—have been sacred among Mussulman nations since 1200 years. By them a Mussulman is bound to give to the poor two per cent. of all he has; and where the religion maintains its wonted sway over the minds of the people, the law is strictly observed; but in the cities — the principal ones of European

Turkey for example — where religious indifference — herald, according to the missionaries, of the introduction of Christianity — is making progress, charity, it is mortifying to observe, is rapidly waning.

But the virtue which chiefly characterizes the Osmanley (as well as all Mussulmans) is cleanliness, which he carries to fastidiousness. I cannot comprehend how some travellers have disputed it; they must have formed their opinion from their tartar and their surrogee, although these, the journey over, thoroughly purify themselves in a bath. For my part, I do not know so clean a people, and I have seen them in all grades of society. In addition to his daily ablutions, he takes a bath — such a bath! — at least once a week. Equally incorrect is the saying that he does not frequently change his linen; perhaps they who assert it judge from his shewing no shirt collar, which in civilized Europe would certainly be an admissible argument. The sailors and soldiers, for example, used to wash their linen twice a week. His house, and every thing relating thereto, his food, &c. are scrupulously clean; and in every Mussulman dwelling is seen a neat temple to the worship of Cloacina — a piety no where else practised out of Great Britain.

No people have a keener sense of propriety. We in vain seek in the streets of a Mussulman town for sights which in polished European cities make a woman turn her head, and necessitate the magistrates to affix in conspicuous places "ici il est defendu de deposer, &c." When they bathe in the sea they never appear *in naturalibus*, however remote the spot, lest by chance a female might be shocked; even boys of the tenderest age retain a cloth. I could cite fifty other examples to the same purport. For those who love to trace ancient customs in modern times, it may not be uninteresting to observe that in Turkish camps the same practice, in necessity, is strictly observed as was prescribed to the Hebrews, though more out of respect to man than to God.

The Greeks occupy the second place in importance among the inhabitants of European Turkey, and more particularly deserve notice on account of the influence which they have exercised over its destinies; an influence which has tended more than any other cause to undermine the Ottoman power, by acting on it like a perverse mind on a pampered body. The Osmanleys viewing conquest only as the means of obtaining repose, had gained their object with the powerful aid of the Koran as long as

the nations whom they subjugated were of the same caste as themselves; but on obtaining possession of all the Grecian provinces—(their dominions in Europe having been too narrow while Adrianople was their capital to affect their general policy)—they perceived that other arts would be necessary to rule their new subjects, and reap the fruit of their labour. They were therefore delighted to find in the Fanariotes the requisite knowledge, with a ready pliability of temper, which saved them the necessity of hateful study. Policy should have shewn them their error, but indolence was in the opposite scale; they employed them in affairs of state, and from that moment began to decline in learning. With another character the Greeks might have reformed their masters and taught them how to govern, but their treachery was so unvarying that the Osmanleys could never regard any scheme of theirs, although really beneficial to the empire, but as injurious to it. Had they been commonly honest they would long since have been emancipated; in proof of which I cite Kuprogli's Greek secretary, who by his artifices caused the fall of Candia 1669. He received royal rewards during his life time, and after his death was honoured by a public funeral; but we in vain search the annals of

Turkish history for another Greek in high office who did not betray his employer; and considering the number of pashas who have lost their heads by the treachery of their Greek agents, it is surprising that they were so long trusted.

The Greeks naturally turned their power to their own advantage. The hardest terms of their servitude gradually disappeared. They were forbidden at the conquest to build or repair churches; they have done both. They were forbidden to celebrate their religious festivals, burials, &c. openly; they have long since given them the greatest publicity. The odious tribute of every fifth child was discontinued two and a-half centuries since. In the capital they soon became of sufficient importance, as dragomans of the Porte and of the fleet, to rival the courtiers in wealth and display; to vie with pashas out of it by obtaining the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia.* It may be said that this is the fair side of the picture, that in the provinces on the contrary they were exposed

* The situation of hospodar of late was preferable to that of pasha, because the former was under the protection of Russia. The term of his government was for five years, then for seven years. If he then feared the complaints of his oppressed subjects, he found a secure asylum in Russia and Austria with his spoils.

to the wills of pashas, of agas. This is partly true in the Morea; in Albania quite incorrect; and in Roumelia the Greeks, aware of the difference, early abandoned country occupations to the Bulgarians, and congregated in the cities where they enjoyed equal protection with the Mussulmans. The great hardship of the peasantry has consisted in the difficulty of procuring money to pay the kharatch, often multiplied in the course of the year, but in the towns this difficulty never existed. At the same time it must be recollected that pashas in Europe have seldom had unlimited power. It is only in the great pashalicks of Asia where tyranny is practised on a broad scale, and in them live few or no Greeks.

The Greeks have been and are, without contradiction, the most favoured subjects of the Ottoman Porte, which superiority they owe to their union and their hierarchy. The latter preserved the former, and prevented them from losing their distinction as a nation.

The modern Greeks, as the ancient, have ever been impatient of the rule of the stranger. They constantly dreamed of the empire and its pride, of St. Sophia and the cross, which recollections joined to the torpitude of their masters, made them often rebel. The Osmanleys on these

occasions generally wiped off all scores at once by an indiscriminate vengeance, affecting guilty and innocent. The Greeks naturally cried out Tyranny, Oppression! and the cry re-echoed throughout Europe; and as the Greeks alone of the Porte's subjects thus repeatedly complained, Europe rationally concluded that they were peculiarly oppressed. Tyranny is comparative. What is cruelty, folly, and bigotry in one country, is justice, reason, and religion in another. If one portion of the inhabitants of an empire have privileges which the others have not, the government, though abstractedly bad, cannot be accused of tyranny towards that privileged part; nor can any reasoning persuade it of the fact, because it draws a comparison with the rest of its subjects. It is unreasonable to suppose that it will willingly regulate itself by other nations. I by no means pretend that the Ottoman government is not perverse and horrible; the desolate state of the fairest portion of the globe is evidence of this fact before a volume of arguments drawn from the retrograding effects of its faith; but I must say that the Greeks have suffered least by it, have least reason to complain. Visit any part of Grecian Turkey, the peasant is well clothed and well fed, his property is protected, his wife and daughters

are sacred: (I exclude periods of revolt). His great hardship is being obliged to lodge and feed troops on their march, and to receive government officers;—the Turkish peasants are equally exposed. In every sense the condition of the Greeks is superior to that of every other class in the empire. The Armenians, though not more oppressed, are infinitely less considered, on account of their not being so completely a nation. The Jews are absolutely despised. The Fellahs of Syria are slaves in comparison of them: and the Fellahs of Egypt are in a state disgraceful to humanity. It is easy to account for this remarkable difference between the Christians and the Mussulmans of the Ottoman empire inversely to what we should expect to find it.

The Christians have one common misfortune, that of being governed by strangers in every sense of the word; and one common sentiment, that of being oppressed. These two causes, existing among any people, would produce a spontaneous united opposition to the government which no concession on the part of the latter could dissipate, because the root of the evil is the being of the government. All its acts would be regarded with jealousy;—if conciliatory, after purposes would be imagined;—if arbitrary, indications of discontent would be manifested.

In this contention the people must have the advantage, because their endeavours tend to one point alone: religion and sympathy are embarked in the cause, and every loop-hole left is immediately occupied. On the contrary, the government has many things to distract its attention from this imperceptible encroachment. State difficulties, the weakness or good nature of the monarch, the carelessness or corruption of ministers, are all arms for the people. By this proceeding, all their own merit, the Greeks entirely changed their condition, but, not content with the prospect thus afforded them of gradually rising to the condition of the Osmanleys, too confident in their own strength, and in the blindness of their rulers, they often immaturely revolted and drew on themselves the punishment they had reason to expect, and thus lost ground. If other proofs were wanting of the superior condition of the Greeks, comparatively, I would cite the frequency of their revolts. A people ground to misery by watchful tyranny rarely shake their chains. It is when physical wants are satisfied that moral abstinence is felt; that the mind has leisure to dwell on fancied superiority,—to desire change of government, a constitution, free press, equality of property, and so on on the scale marked by intellect.

The cool pride of the Osmanley, the superiority he constantly assumed, and marked by distinction of dress, tended as much as any thing else to make the Greek discontented with him. So sorely has he felt on this point, that, I verily believe, had the Osmanley with wise policy, permitted him to wear yellow slippers, and a white turban, and an ataghan (though with a wooden blade), he would not have cared much about changing masters.

Now let us consider, by the side of the Christians, the Mussulmans; the causes of whose inferior condition may be summed in the few words, that they have no legitimate causes of complaint. They are ruled by their lawful sovereign, whom their religion teaches them to consider as such by divine right. They are taught that he has a just title to the lives and property of his subjects, and that for mere whim he may cut off from ten to twenty heads per diem, being moved thereto by divine inspiration. To question these prerogatives is impiety, and they therefore have no refuge from tyranny but in sullenness, and in passive resistance, which the peasantry in parts of Asia Minor display by not cultivating more land than is requisite for their villages, so that the towns, and troops on the march, may suffer;—farther

seceding from occupation, if hard pressed, and trusting to their flocks and herds, which they can drive away, for subsistence.

The Greek, as an animal, is handsomer than the Osmanley. As a man he is distinguished by knowledge; not that he has much; nor is much necessary, for between a very little and wilful ignorance is a wide gulf. His manners from long contact are similar; his tastes are not more refined; his constant air of cunning, and ready adaptation of phrases and features to the occasion, evince habitual servitude. His moral character is sufficiently notorious. Say the Philhellenists (whose number is fast diminishing), what can be expected after four centuries of slavery? They forget the centuries of crime and bigotry that disgraced the empire previous to the Mohammedan conquest. Many fondly hope that the Greeks will be again what they were. Is a similar hope ever entertained for the Italians? The European merchants in Turkey fly into an opposite extreme, and assert that the Greek is as dishonest as the Osmanley is honest. They judge from their mercantile transactions, in which it is true the latter display more fair dealing. We must seek the cause. The Osmanley despises trade: he rarely follows it; and when he does, pride—the pride of the lord—

keeps him from practising the knavery of the slave. But, where is his faith when his object is the head of a pasha, or the spoil of a banker! In a word we may say that where the Osmanley is honest it is through pride: where the Greek, through fear.

Were a sufficient number of Grecian skulls to be examined, they would afford a strong argument for or against craniology. They should all have the bump of vanity. The Greeks have always been and are the vainest of the vain on all subjects, from politics to dancing. They still consider and call their country the "fountain of philosophers;" the "mother of heroes;" the "shining Greece." Here they stopped. Of late years, however, it has been so much the fashion in Europe the saying "We owe every thing to the Greeks," that the modern Greeks begin to believe it; certes, it is too flattering to them to be rejected. A Fanariote noble very seriously told me that had it not been for his ancestors, Europe would still be barbarous. *His* ancestors!—It would puzzle any Fanariote (except perhaps the Argyropouli) to trace his descent higher than the Mohammedan conquest: could he do so, he would have more trouble in tracing any of the noble stocks of Attica and the Morea among

the schismatizing population which disgraced New Rome so many centuries. Then, as now, the appellation *Greek* was a religious, not a national, distinction. "Are you a Greek?" you demand of an inhabitant of the Morea or of the Cyclades. "No, thank God, I am a Catholic;" and vice versa. A Frank ignorant of this often gives an insult when he means a compliment. After all, what do we owe to the Greeks?—Poetry?—Without them we should have had Shakespeare, though Pope would not have acquired so much renown.—Painting? We have only notices of theirs.—Music? They were unacquainted with harmony.—Sculpture, architecture? We English at least have not profited much by their unrivalled productions.—History? Theirs teaches us to admire cruelty and duplicity.—What are all the acquirements of all the ancients to the wonders of printing, of the compass, of steam, which overturns empires and creeds, discovers worlds, and almost sets worlds in motion. Yet there are people who still love to repeat, "We owe every thing to the Greeks."

The Armenians occupy the third rank at Constantinople. They are good-looking, affable and pliant, peaceable and loyal. They are divided into two classes, catholics and schis-

matics, as I have already mentioned in another chapter. These sects are in open enmity, and are both cordially hated by the orthodox Greeks, whose principal article of faith appears to consist in hating every one who does not pray, fast and feast to a tittle, as they do. The Armenians are the chief bankers of European Turkey, having supplanted the Jews in that dangerous but lucrative employment, in consequence of possessing superior honesty or rather inferior knavery. They are greatly protected by the Ottoman grandees, often against the sultan himself. In return they perform eminent services. If a pasha requires a million of piastres to buy or take possession of a pashalick, an Armenian banker provides them; he trusts to his creditor's talents at spoliation for repayment, and if he have sufficient art to remain long in office his fortune is assured. On the other hand, should the pasha be impeached and beheaded, the banker is seized and made to disgorge his patron's wealth and his own.

The Hebrews form the fourth tribe of the Constantinopolitans. They are as is well known descended from the Spanish exiles, victims of a cruel policy. It is not surprising that these turned their steps to Turkey, considering the protection that their ancestors had enjoyed

under the Moorish kings. In addition, they neared Jerusalem, the place—the valley of Jehoshaphat—where every Jew wishes his bones to rest. Numbers in every part of the empire realize their property in their old age, and retire to the holy city to die there. When I was at Salonica three hundred embarked for that laudable purpose. Their position in Turkey is ambiguous. They are termed musafirs (guests), but are treated as guests who have outstaid their welcome. Nothing can equal the contempt which is heaped on them. If an object of popular hatred has to be insulted, who are constrained to do it?—Jews. If a malefactor or other is to be dragged through the streets, who perform the degrading task?—Jews. If a pasha cannot get a volunteer executioner, on whom is the odious office imposed?—Jews. They have the peculiar marked countenance of the nation,—eye of care, sallow complexion, scanty beard,—which is not remarkable in the Jews of England. Indeed the Jews of the East and of the West appear to be distinct families. What in Turkey particularly distinguishes them from the other inhabitants, independent of costume, is their uncleanliness:—owing to it the Turkish troops will not quarter in their houses. A modern writer on Turkey has published an absurd

calumny about them, concerning their kidnapping and killing Christian children. Their national timidity would contradict this were there not abundance of direct evidence to the contrary.

They never by any chance follow agricultural pursuits. Their household language is Spanish, rather a vile dialect of it; at the same time, they are well acquainted with the Hebrew and Turkish languages.

The various people above-mentioned, however different in most points, have one common characteristic,—a total want of conscience. Examine them as we may, we never meet with a trace of it. We are taught to believe that conscience is implanted by nature, but we learn by experience, that education is its parent. Still, in civilized Europe it is seldom entirely eradicated from the bosom of any man, or its place is supplied by honour, the reputation of a good name, &c., sufficient to answer the purpose of society. But every subject of the Porte, of whatever sect, acts perfectly unrestrained by it, or by its substitutes. A pasha slays his confiding guest; a kadi bastinadoes an innocent man; a banker cheats his patron; a servant robs his master;—all swearing on the Koran, or on the Talmud, or on the Testa-

ment, to their respective faith. What is more surprising, this train of evil goes on in the most regular manner, no ways out of the prescribed course of events. The pasha washes his guest's blood off his hands, and eats his dinner, and sleeps as sound as on the preceding day. The banker and the merchant, each in their respective calling, place more merit in fraud than in honesty, and deem a fortune sweeter earned by the former than by the latter; solace their leisure hours by talking of their dexterity in overcoming Frankish caution. Be the object to encompass a man for his blood, or his money, the air of friendship, the winning softness of manners assumed, the oaths put in requisition, the awful denunciations invoked on their own heads in case of treachery are not only sufficient, one hundred fold, to deceive the uninitiated, but even the initiated, in oriental manners: should the latter not yield, he cannot help thinking himself the most suspicious, stony-hearted being alive. Not only strangers, or provincials, but even Constantinopolitans, who breathe from birth the air of dissimulation, are frequently taken in: witness the readiness with which pashas, beys, &c., fall into the snares spread for their lives, notwithstanding the experience of ages, of every day, of their own experience.

These men have spread similar snares for others; they know all the toils, every mesh of the net, yet they are caught. The fact is, they cannot believe that there are men equally bad as themselves, who are capable of calling on the most High, on his prophet, on the bones of their parents—for what? to mask crime.

Amongst such a people, it is difficult at all times to divest oneself of an involuntary emotion, similar to that which is experienced, when viewing for the first time the ponderous movements of a steam engine, which appear immutable, subject to no ordinary control. So we cannot help feeling, that if it be the interest of our host, our seeming friend, to slay us, no moral tie, no human affection would restrain him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On Mussulman Women—Greek Women Armenian Women—Hebrew Women.

Of the more interesting portion of the inhabitants of the Turkish capital, the Mussulman women occupy the first place. What, however, can be said of women who have no balls, routs, plays, masquerades, concerts, panoramas, pic nics, fancy fairs, not even tea parties? If no other, than that they are happier than half the women in the world, — Lady M. W. Montagu for a witness — that is something. Love, or desire, as you will, is the idol to which they are devoted from childhood, at whose altar their ideas are formed, to whose service their education tends; the principal care of a mother is to instruct her daughter in the art of pleasing the first man who sees her—her husband—and as his tastes are not refined, the nature of her lessons may be supposed. The Turkish bride

is a self contradiction. Their beauty! who can be so presumptuous as to decide on the appearance of those whose walking garb, "equalizing tomb of elegance and deformity," is purposely made to screen them from the gaze of the *monster* man? All is not hid. Eyes belying the Prophet's anti-female soul doctrine, large, softly lustrous,—voice, toned like a silver lute, making music of every word that leaves the lips,—hands, small, taper-fingered, indicate favourably of the remainder of Nature's handy work. Different from the Italian and Spanish black, their eyes, in particular, are unrivalled, with an *expressive* expression, impossible to look without admiration; a peculiar charm which they owe to the necessity of concealing their faces, since, deprived of the aid of smiles and blushes, their feelings when excited concentrate in the organs of mute eloquence.

Of the higher classes of women in Turkey—for the lower orders lead nearly the same life in all countries, nursing children, cooking food, and matrimonial bickering being the changes they ring—rank first the inmates of the seraglio, who are divided into two classes; the sultan's ladies, and the maidens of the validé sultana: the former are purchased slaves, since no Turkish woman, being free born, can be a

mistress, even of the sovereign; the latter are also in part slaves, and part daughters of pashas who have been placed there for honour, or on the death of their fathers. They are all instructed in the Arabic and Persian tongues, in dancing and singing. The resources of each other's company, the luxury of their existence, and the absence of cares, it being certain that no man but the sultan ever sees these secluded birds, render them happy: there are few ladies brought up in the seraglio, who do not look back on it with a kind of regret, comparing its society with that of the uneducated females of the provincial towns where there residence may be.

After a sister or a daughter, the sultan cannot evince greater favour for a pasha than by giving him in marriage one of his unknown women; an equal honour, perhaps dearer, is a wife from the house of the validé sultana. The lady, in either case is placed at the head of her husband's harem, with absolute authority, since on her interest at court depends his advancement. More pashalicks are gained by petticoat interest than is supposed. In virtue of her influence she prevents her lord's affections from being disputed by another wife. Should he be old or disagreeable, she must exercise patience,

and wait till his death, by the bowstring or otherwise, when she may please her taste by marrying one of his officers who has won her regard. The state of a lady in her harem is the same as that of a pasha in his selamlik. She has a train of female slaves, more or less numerous, more or less beautiful, more or less ornamented, according to her fancy, distinguished, as are the officers of her lord, by the titles of kiaja, selictar, cavedji, &c.: they watch her eyes, listen for the clap of her hands, leave her alone, dance to her, sing, act the buffoon, anything to please her whims. None sit in her presence. She smokes, chews mastick, sips coffee, and drinks sherbet; voila her life,—tiresome enough the Frank belle thinks; but habit reconciles us to every thing, and "ignorance is bliss." The Turkish lady knows no other mode of existence, nor has she any books to enable her to define the vague wishes which rise in her bosom in moments of languor. The condition of her slaves is unpleasant: exposed to all the caprices of their mistress, with scarcely a prospect of obtaining liberty, their only hope lying in attracting the notice of their master, they may be said to live in a convent. Viewing their situation, people are apt to judge all Mohammedan women equally deserving of

commiseration; than which nothing can be more erroneous, since Turkish women, as I have before remarked, being free-born, respected by the laws to such a degree that the shadow of slavery may not dim them, restrained even from living with the other sex unless under the bond of marriage—an honourable consideration unparalleled in other countries—are as far above them as European ladies in the West Indies are removed from their negro slaves.

Turkish ladies have a singular amusement for consolation. Two, for example, declare themselves lovers, one of the other; plans of intrigue are formed, confidants are established, secresy ensured, billets doux, i. e. flowers, are mutually exchanged, all the petites ruses de guerre are employed to elude discovery, and in this way a harmless courtship is continued for years.

The Koran, while it gives great power to a husband, does not leave a wife defenceless: it gives her a title to an equal share in her lord's affections, his attentions once a week; in default redress may be had of the cadi. But these important privileges may be regarded as null, since there are few women who would make a similar complaint. Facility of divorce is their great ally. Writers on Mohammedan customs have not sufficiently dwelt on this subject;

indeed it is generally considered an evil rather than a blessing for the weaker sex, and its difficulty is placed among the advantages of Christian women. Divorce among Mussulmans supposes no guilt, simple volition on the part of the husband being a sufficient cause. If in a moment of anger he say the words "I will live with thee no longer," that suffices. The parties go before the cadi and the act of separation is drawn out, paying a trifling fee. The lady receives her dowry and the divorce is no impediment to her remarrying. What an advantage! suppose her husband was a disagreeable fellow she is at once rid of him, and if without children she has nothing to regret. But in consequence of this tie parties who have been divorced for trifling causes only—for passing ill-humour—come together again. No formality is requisite; as mutual will separated them so mutual will reunites them. The cadi takes his fee and the affair is ended.

Mohammed, however, aware of the numerous inconveniencies which might arise from the abuse of this license, wisely ordained that after a third divorce a man could not have back his lady, unless she were previously married to another for the space of twenty-four hours. It is natural to suppose that few orientals would

put their affections to so painful an ordeal. However, whether from love or habit or other cause, the *hooleh* sometimes takes place. It also occurs that parties thus joined (in intention temporarily to accomplish the law) become so pleased with each other before the expiration of the term that they refuse to be reseparated. The prior husband has no relief, he must devour his chagrin. But to avoid this unexpected result, the uxorious man has generally recourse to a respectable member of the law; he presents him with a sum of money (the labourer deserves his hire), and engages him to perform the condition strictly. He thus makes sure of not being imposed on by his agent; but he cannot impose on himself—the marriage must be consummated. Friendship cannot qualify this *unpleasant* office, and the mollah would esteem himself an unworthy Mussulman did he fail in this particular.

Turkish women have another remarkable privilege in the rapin (conventional marriage). We will suppose an inhabitant of Bagdad or Aleppo come to Stamboul on commercial or other business with the intention of remaining several months. He has left a wife behind him, and being used to domestic happiness feels uneasy. He addresses himself to the imam of

some mosque whom he may know: "Effendi, being a stranger in this city and likely to remain some time, it would be wrong to remain single. Our holy Prophet enforced matrimony by precept and example; I would not wish to be remiss. In your parish there may be some well-disposed young woman;—you will not find me ungrateful." "Good," replies the imam, "there are many women in my neighbourhood who would not turn their eyes from a comely man like yourself: what condition would you choose?"—The applicant answers, "As I am not very rich, besides having a family elsewhere, I should prefer a widow who has a respectable house." The imam bids him return another day, and in the mean time finds a lady according to order. He describes her suitor as possessed of a thousand good qualities, and as smitten with her charms. "Ol" exclaims the fair, "I know nothing of him; he may be a bad man, may beat me, may not let me smoke or go to the bath." The imam guarantees his client. The parties then go to the Mekhemeh and the rapin is drawn out, that is, a certificate of marriage for a certain length of time, at the expiration of which it is null and the parties are free. Merchants find this arrangement very convenient, as thereby

they often get a comfortable home during their residence in a strange place. In no large towns of Turkey are there wanting accommodating imams.

Turkish women are entitled to the credit of being the best of mothers. To be childless is considered the greatest misfortune; and yet, by a strange contradiction, after having got two or three children,—as many as suits their fancy to have,—they are addicted to the evil practice of procuring miscarriages, at which they or their accoucheuses (Jewesses) are exceedingly expert, not producing constitutional injury. Wet-nurses are unknown among them; and the custom of the Franks, established in the Levant, sending their children to Europe for education, is also regarded by them as unnatural. They never lose their influence with their sons, which repays them in some measure for their want of importance in the eyes of their husbands. The chief care of a Turk, on arriving at wealth and power, is to place his mother comfortably; to which amiable trait in his character, which counterbalances a multitude of faults, we are inclined on first acquaintance to add that of strong parental tenderness. It is interesting to see the Osmanleys along the quays of the Bosphorus dancing their children in their arms,

and dropping their gravity to play with them: the poorest will deny himself to deck his child: but the feeling is purely selfish, derived from a plaything, an exhibition of animal instinct; as they increase in size it diminishes, and when they are grown up they are never thought much of, unless fortune raise them high in the world. Valueless therefore to the Osmanleys must be that promise in the Koran, that "their sons (daughters are not to be produced, since they would interfere with the rights of the houries), if they wish any in paradise, shall be born and grow up in the space of an hour;" a promise which, ridiculous as it may appear, is at the same time a striking proof of Mohammed's admirable tact in adapting his religion to the peculiar tastes of his people. Among the Arabs it must have been the first and most natural wish of a father to have his sons capable of bearing arms, and of sharing the fatigues of a wandering and predatory life:—until that age they were a complete burthen to him, instead of being a solace.

As prodigal of displaying their charms, leaving little for the fancy to do, as the Mussulman women are reserved, the Grecian sex rank next on the list, inferior also in brilliancy, and less handsome comparatively than their men. Still

they are good-looking, with a dreamy voluptuous style of countenance, common in the East, and fine eyes—though fine eyes are so universal among them that the absence is a defect rather than the presence a beauty; and were they set off by stays and milliners, they would not yield the palm to the Genoese—fairest of the Italian sex—whom they resemble in a remarkable manner, considering that four centuries have elapsed since the union of Genoa and Galata. But their dress vulgarizes them: it consists of an unsightly assemblage of jackets and petticoats, hung about rather than put on their persons, with open bosoms and loose sleeves; and their coiffure, a turban of prodigious width, the wider the more fashionable, composed of their own luxuriant hair interwoven with flowers and gauze, elegant as it certainly is, gives them a courtesan-like air. It might not have this effect elsewhere, but compared with the modest apparel of their neighbours it appears indecorous, and Mussulman women consider it a scandal thus to appear in public. To this exceeding love of display, most inconsiderate in countries where licentiousness is not always restrained by the law, the Greeks may attribute many disagreeable consequences. In quiet times their women are as sacred as Moham-

medan women, as free from insult from every quarter; but in revolts, which give scope to their masters' passions, it has happened that a family, which would otherwise have escaped notice, has been plunged in misery because one of its female members in her walks, gaily dressed and unveiled, attracted, perhaps used to coquet for, the notice of a pasha or other great man, who takes advantage of the crisis. Similar examples are not rare, yet the Greeks never profited by them. They should have applied to themselves a story told of one of the early caliphs, who meeting a beautiful woman one day in Bagdad, caused her to be conveyed to the seraglio. The injured husband immediately repaired to the caliph and expostulated with him on his injustice. After a struggle between his reason and his passion, the monarch restored the man his wife, accompanied by the caution not to let her go abroad again unveiled: "Men," he observed, "are not insensible to beauty; they should not therefore be tempted:—take warning by this; you will not find all men so moderate." This reasoning is doubtless inapplicable in countries where the laws are sufficient to restrain unprincipled men. To the want of such laws only must be referred the custom in the East of veiling the

women,—a custom established ages before the coming of Mohammed,—a custom which did not originate in the jealousy of the men, though degenerated to such, but as the surest way of preserving their women from insults.

The chief feature in the character of Grecian women is, I should say, covetousness of money. It would be difficult, except perhaps among mountain tribes, to find a model for one of the thousand heroines of song and tale about Grecian love and devotedness. In no country is *mariage de convenance* so much a law of society as among the higher classes of Greeks; and among the lower classes mothers do not hesitate to bargain away their daughters' honour, which practice is so much the more reprehensible as they are never reduced to it by want; want, in our acceptation of the word, being almost unknown in unpopulous countries. No lover need think of advancing in the affections of his mistress unless provided with Cashmere shawls: necklaces and bracelets are also in request; but Cashmere shawls—the more the better—are *the things*—the height of female ambition, the tests of gentility. She must be low indeed who would think of going to church or to the promenade without one. A counterfeit Cashmere! the reproach would be ineffaceable.

Divorce is nearly, if not quite, as easy in the Greek religion as in the Mussulman, but less to the advantage of the fair sex, because a fault is supposed. The license is much abused, and the bishops, each of whom has the power, grant it on the slightest pretext. There are, however, three legitimate causes of divorce: viz. infidelity, inebriety, and a bad breath: in justice, there should be a gasometer to decide on the state of the latter, which should not be left to the olfactory powers of the bishop and his clerk. A claim of divorce may also be preferred on account of hymeneal mysteries, for which reason the bride's relatives visit the nuptial chamber to possess themselves of the evidence of her honour. The antiquity of this custom is shewn in Deuteronomy.

The Armenian women come next. They may be considered as Christian sisters of their Turkish neighbours, for they very nearly resemble them in dress and manner; rendering themselves, however, less handsome by an immoderate use of cosmetics. They bring their eye-brows nearly into the form of semicircles, marking the interval between them, with the idea of shewing the straight outline of the nose, with a perpendicular stroke of black paint; and they spoil their plump satin cheeks by an

ill-judged display of rouge. They also coral-tip their fingers, and tinge their eyelids in the manner of Turkish women. Their national characteristic is insipidity; "ghiuzel Ermeneh" (pretty Armenian) is proverbial in Turkey for a tame beauty.

Owing to divorce not being permitted among them, whether of the Catholic or schismatic persuasion, their situation is more *triste* than that of any other class in the empire, for they live nearly as secluded as Mussulman women, and are completely domestic slaves; a bride, for example, may not speak except in answer, or sit in the presence of her husband, until she has borne him a child—a species of indignity from which Turkish women are exempt. This corroborates what I before observed of the Mohammedan religion respecting women,—that it is not peculiarly oppressive. We are in the habit of comparing it with the Christian religion in the West, and drawing our inference therefrom; but this is not fair: we should compare it with the Christian religion in the East—its cradle—where seclusion of women has ever been in vogue among the natives, whether Jews, Pagans, Christians, or Mussulmans. The Hindoo who told bishop Heber that they owed the custom to their Mohammedan conquerors,

deceived him. The conquest of a few may alter the government, the laws of a country, but it never changes the manners of a numerous people: the Tartars among the Chinese is an example; the Normans among the English, and the Osmanleys among the Greeks still more striking ones. In comparing also, in other respects, the precepts of the Koran with the customs of the early Arabians we find a great similarity, for Mohammed was infinitely too wise to touch prejudices which had the sanction of antiquity, excepting such as revolted nature. He put a stop to the inhuman practice of the Arabs, which exists to this day in parts of India, of destroying female children; but circumcision he passed over in silence, not choosing, fortified therein, may be, by his hatred of the Jews, to recommend an absurdity, harmless but cherished, but not daring to forbid a practice which had been handed down to the Arabs from Abraham.

The Hebrew women close the fair list at Constantinople, and require no comment, for their manners, customs, and duties, are the same in the nineteenth century as they are described in the Bible, sufficiently minutely I am sure to satisfy the most curious investigator. A local practice, however, prevails, in order to restrain

the facility of divorce which the law of Moses permits, and whoever considers the character of the nation is not surprised to find that it is very effectual; a bride's dowry is named at three times its real amount, which the husband is obliged to give to her in case he divorce her.

A word now on the relative beauty of women of the east and the west. The former have been extolled by the divinest poets, copied by the finest sculptors and painters; yet, when in the east, we are disappointed. Why?—because our expectations have been too much raised; and, principally, because our ideas on beauty have been formed in a different school, so that habit has silenced reason. We know it is unnatural, the female form stayed with cord and whalebone,—that the variety of shape so much admired in Europe, is as much owing to art as nature; still how we are wedded to the effect,—how graceless in our eyes are the vague lines of nature! Dress up the Venus de Medicis,—what a dowdy she would be—a "dumpy woman."—We cannot help occasionally, while in the east, drawing a comparison between the native fair and our own, led by the presumed superiority of the former, but we always decide in a general sense in favour of the latter. It is true, that in the east we are now and then arrested by

a face that might be dreamed, the likeness of which is never seen in other climes, but we say this is only one, surpassingly divine certainly; at home we have myriads, if not quite so fair, nearly so; never reflecting that many pass us every day without notice who, were they set off, as in Europe, by dress, would claim ardent regards. However, whether northern, southern, eastern, or western climes, every man who has travelled far, must allow that for one pretty woman seen out of England, there are one hundred pretty women in England.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Capitan Pasha—Greek Patriarch—Nourrey Bey—Passage Boat—Echos—Rodosto—Adrianople—Kar'agatch—Silk Worms—Mad Dog—Inhumanity — Greeks—Muhmout Aga—Mosque—Grand Vizir—Bairam Pasha.

April 29th, 1830.—I saw for the last time my old friend, Achmet Papudgi, Capitan Pasha: reclined on a sofa in his divan hane (council chamber), his glassy eyes and clear hollow cheeks told me that he was at length dying of his old complaint, ossification of the heart. His officers eyed me wistfully, as much as to say' Can he live?—I shook my head. Little, however, did the object of their solicitude—less out of love than interest—think that he was soon to be confronted with Monkir and Nekir; for, after saying that he was going in two months to the white sea (Archipelago), in the new first-rate, he invited me to accompany him. It was painful to hear him thus talk. He was smoking a

narghiler at the time—his bane, yet like opium, so fascinating, that he never could leave it off —but on its producing severe coughing, old Hassan, his purveyor of tobacco, handed him a chibouque instead. This also, after holding it a minute between his pale, thin lips, he laid down, and looked out of the window with an air of pleasure, as the English frigate swung in the line of his vision. Her top-gallant masts catching his attention, he put a question to me about them, and then directed an order to be taken to the arsenal, to fit his ships in the same way, "Because," he said, "we may meet the English Capitan Pasha in the white sea." Poor man! a dark sea was opening before him. Presently, a dish of boiled herbs, his only diet, was brought in and laid on a stool before him. Dipping his attenuated fingers into it, he contrived to swallow a couple of mouthfuls, but then, as if exhausted by the effort, he called for a glass of water, and sunk back on the cushions. My chibouque being now finished, I rose and wished him well, when, as if a different feeling suddenly crossed his mind, he drew a ring from his finger, and gave it to me as a memorial. The next day I went to Brussa, and on my return, May 5th, found him dead. He had died on the 4th in the same comfortless state, sur-

rounded by mercenaries only, notwithstanding that his wives were in his palace, and his son was sultan's page. But though his ladies were not grieved they felt the loss, for, being of ignoble birth, they required reflection; and therefore, attributing his death to the surgeon of a French vessel of war, who had attended him, they shewed their spite by emptying the contents of a vase on his head as he passed under their windows on the following morning. The remains of the shoemaker admiral were interred at Eyoub, his effects sold by auction to pay his debts, and Halil Pasha (then ambassador at St. Petersburgh, since the sultan's son-in-law), who knew nothing more of the sea than that it was salt and full of fish, succeeded him; thus disappointing the expectations of many, that Sultan Mahmoud would have discontinued the absurd practice of appointing landsmen to that high post—especially disappointing the capitan bey, who, by way of paying court, had adopted Frank usages in a barefaced manner, even going the length of smoking cigars. Were the duties solely ministerial, the defect, though great, of having any other than a seaman at the head of the naval department, would not very materially signify; but the capitan pasha always sails with the fleet: true,

he has officers under him who know something of the profession, but their judgment can have little weight against his obstinacy, nor is their firmness to be depended on in the presence of a chief, who has power to dispose of their heads.

The weather at this season was most delightful, propitious for travelling; so, having made another agreeable excursion on board the Blonde, to Nicomedia,* I took leave of my esteemed friends, her captain and officers—the frigate proceeding to Artaki, and then prepared to quit Constantinople; with a lively sense, though, of the civilities which I had received

* This place, calle Ismid by the Turks, and containing about 13,000 inhabitants, between Mussulmans and Armenians, possesses one of the most interesting ruins in Turkey, viz. of the palace of Dioclesian, which, from what remains of it, must have been a stupendous edifice. It is situated on a platform one-third of the distance up the hill, and commands a fine prospect every way;—on one side of the gulf, which yields only to the Bosphorus in beauty; on the other side, over the plain where Dioclesian performed the ceremony of abdicating the empire. In a fissure of the wall we disturbed some storks for their eggs; and on the green at its base, some Turkish boys were playing at leap-frog. The only ancient remains besides it are,—a round tower on the summit of the town, and portions of the arches of the terraces on which the streets of the city were raised in amphitheatre.

from many of its inhabitants, Franks and natives, during a residence among them of several months. Indeed the English traveller, without any other acquaintance, would have found ample resources, at the period of which I speak, in the hospitality of our ambassador, Sir R. Gordon, in whose house he ever found a cordial welcome. I doubly felt his attentions, since previous to his arrival in the country I had not the honour of being known to his Excellency. Of the hospitality of our worthy and talented consul-general, Mr. Cartwright, and of those liberal-minded merchants, Mr. Black and Mr. Hardy, I need not say any thing; they must be fresh in the recollection of every gentleman who has visited Pera during the last fifteen years.

My friends, the Turkish naval officers, overwhelmed me with polite demonstrations. I had to smoke twenty chibouques, atleast, with them on taking leave, and drink as many cups of coffee; and my hand was nearly wrung off by their unsophisticated way of shaking it. Little Mehemet, capitan of the Selimier, embraced me, and all expressed a hope of seeing me again.

As Mount Athos lay in my projected tour, I visited the Greek patriarch in order to obtain a letter of recommendation to the monasteries.

His residence, which is in the Fanar, close to the metropolitan church, and screened from the danger of fire by a high wall, appeared to us to be very little different from a Turkish palace, excepting that instead of the crowd of chavasses which encumber the halls of the latter, we saw an equally lazy crowd of priests. In the saloons of the first and second floors were antique chairs of state, with high backs, curiously inwrought with pearl: time, also, we should have had to examine a picture gallery, had there been one, for the siesta of his Holiness kept us waiting an hour; when, without any ceremony, we were introduced, and found the Eastern Pope—at whose almost apostolic simplicity his brother of Rome would have sneered—seated, á la Turque, on a silken divan, with a writing case and a quantity of papers beside him. His apartment, which overlooked the golden horn, though plainly decorated, yet evinced the presence of taste in some frescos of birds on the walls, exceedingly well executed, the work of an Italian. Having heard the purport of my visit, the patriarch expressed himself glad of the opportunity of serving an Englishman, and further complimented us by saying, that he should have been offended had we not asked him: then, directing his secretary in the mean time to write a circular, in warm

terms, to the superiors of the monasteries, he invited us to refresh ourselves with chibouques; which, on our bowing thanks, for the honour was not to be expected, were served in due form by deacons, with coffee and sherbet. While enjoying them, I could not avoid remarking the dejection of the patriarch's countenance, which gave him the air of an Osmanley: he must, I thought, have known severe trials to extinguish Greek gaiety, which generally survives every thing, even honour; and his eye and voice became yet more melancholy as we discoursed on Greece: it would have done some Philhellenists good to have been there. Unsparing in his censures of their conduct—of the mercenary interestedness of their leaders, whether Fanariotes or Capitani, he lamented more the moral than the physical degradation of his countrymen, and predicted great difficulties for prince Leopold (who was then expected to be sovereign of Greece), saying that he would encounter infinite risk in governing the Moreotes, "the most treacherous of the Greeks," to use his own words. The letter being now ready he signed it, previously reading it to me, and added,—"you will not find such good fare in the monasteries as travellers used to meet with, for they have all been pillaged during the civil

war." He spoke knowingly, as well as feelingly, for Agathangoulos (the patriarch's name) had been a caloyer. His age was fifty-three: his beard said older; but a beard is a deceitful index: if prematurely white, and worn so, it ages a fresh countenance; if dyed, it smooths wrinkles. Thanking him for the document, which was acceptable as a curiosity, leaving aside its prospective merits, which, however, proved great, we took our leave, hoping that he might long keep in the pontifical chair; but our hopes were of no avail, for within two months he was superseded—owing, as usually the reason, to the intrigues of the archbishops all striving for the same place.

My next care was to visit the Waivode of Galata, who happened to be my old friend Nourrey Bey; he having obtained the situation a short time since, on his predecessor being deprived of his head, in order that he might secure me a good berth on the morrow in the Rodosto passage boat. We afterwards had a long conversation together, over a parting chibouque, principally about my braces, which, the fashion of them pleasing his fancy, and an Oriental being like a child in the way of asking, I was obliged to give to him. By way of retort, I put him some anti-Mussulman ques-

tions concerning his young wife to whom he had been married only a short time; but as Nourrey was anxious to be thought civilized, he answered pertinently instead of running sulky as most Osmanleys would have done.

Thus my arrangements being completed, I embarked on the following afternoon, May 25, 1830, at the custom-house, Galata, one year since my arrival at the same spot; and a gentle breeze at north-east, aided by the stream, soon carried us past the seraglio wall into the Propontis. My *compagnons de voyage* consisted of three Osmanleys; five Turkish, and three Armenian, females; the latter of which parties had already been the cause of a disturbance, by one of the three, a very pretty girl be it said, having presumed to seat herself in the best place of the lumbered deck, which had been reserved for me through the offices of Nourrey Bey. The intrusion would not have been noticed by me but for the Turkish ladies, who, being outrageous that a raya should dare to sit above them, set about endeavouring to dislodge her by a battery of abusive epithets: on which, actuated by the feeling which makes co-religionists in the East, where the line of demarcation is so strongly marked, regard each other as of the same party, I asserted my claim to the disputed

spot, supported therein by the reis, and bid the fair Armenian keep it. In proportion as her conscious looks spoke gratitude, the black eyes of her aggressors shot fire at me. Nevertheless I was inclined to think that two of them were pretty, though I could not be certain on account of the jealous yakmashes. What however persuasion could not have done, a short pitch of a sea soon effected, producing that indescribable sensation—consummation of temporary misery—which usually causes propriety to be disregarded. The yakmashes fell, and disclosed two youthful sets of handsome features. Poor things! they were in great distress, and their countrymen being occupied or careless, I tendered them the little assistance which a sailor knows how to give. The dark portentous eyes now changed their expression, and looked almost as bewitching as I thought eyes ever could look. Peace was accordingly re-established, and we continued in great harmony during our little voyage.

The sun was setting as we coasted by Kutchuk-tcheckdmege. Constantinople was still distinctly in view; long and lingeringly I gazed on its declining minarets, and when they sunk in the waters, I could not help feeling, as Adam felt on quitting Eden, that there was no other

place so beautiful. It is not surprising that the natives adore it, and regard banishment from it with nearly as much horror as death. An exile, on leaving Constantinople, dismounts several times while in sight, and looks at it, and embraces the ground.

Night closed in and we thought of rest. It was a confined space for so many, the majority of whom were women. I coiled myself literally as a dog for want of room, my position being rendered still more distressing by the proximity of the fair Armenian. At one the following morning we were off Selybria, in a calm, which obliged us to have recourse to our oars: all that day we rowed under a scorching sun, accompanied by other inconveniences, for trusting to a northerly wind, we had a scarcity of provisions. The women too, with children, were of necessity troublesome, at the same time their maternal solicitude was admirable. For my part, I was in a dilemma. Towards evening we passed Heraclea point, in which are some Roman remains. Some caverns in the cliff gave a stupendous echo to our voices, to the great amusement of the girls who had never heard the like. Peals of laughter followed each effort of the invisible vocalist, whether in Turkish, Greek, or English, in all three languages he was invoked.

That night, after a very frugal supper on black olives, we resumed our recumbent canine position, and at three A. M. cast anchor at Rodosto. At five we landed, and while horses were being brought from grass I discussed a pint of café au lait, with some good bread and caimac, almost the first sustenance that I had taken for sixty hours.

The country for the first six miles appeared in tolerable cultivation, but after that we rode over the usual Turkish waste. The sun was oppressively hot, with a stifling south wind, equally trying to man and horse, and made me therefore greatly enjoy the luxury of iced sherbet on changing horses at Haide-bol, thirty miles from Rodosto. "Where do you obtain your snow from?" I asked. "Allah left it here last winter," was the prompt reply. We again changed at Ouzoun-kiupri, thirty miles further, and stopped for the night at a small village on the Marizza. I supped on omelet and pilaff, then tryed to sleep, but could not close an eye for the unqualified torment of moskitoes. Though firmly believing that God made nothing in vain, I cannot understand that he made every thing for man's use, as is usually preached; apparently he made man for the use of insects. We may tame tigers and boa con-

strictors, but no human ingenuity and patience could render moskitoes subservient to our will; they were not among Job's trials, or he would have given in earlier.

In the morning I again trotted along the Marizza. The scène was changed from what it had been when I rode along it a few months before;—a frozen sheet, eagles, bare trees, flights of wild fowl,—for a rapid stream, boats scudding down it, embowering banks, and stately storks. The carcasses of the Russian horses had shared the general mutation, and were become skeletons. At the entrance of Adrianople I had a specimen of the discipline of the Nizam-dgeditt. Some individuals of the guard insolently accosted me for money, and one seized my horse's bridle. A blow on his knuckles, however, from my whip-handle made him let go, and I spurred on regardless of their shouts. In ten years, or less, these soldiers will be as lawless as were the Janizzaries: they are now boys; what will they be when their passions unrestrained develope themselves?

The consul being at his country house at Kar'agatch, a Greek village three miles distant, I did not alight, but, taking a Jew boy for a guide, rode on through the city; we crossed the Toondja on a fine stone bridge, on one side of

which the guard, sentries and all, were asleep, and soon reached the Marizza, where however indefinite delay seemed inevitable, for about twenty waggons, besides men, camels, and horses were waiting at the ferry; as many were on the opposite bank, while only four punts were in the transport service. It being the season for silk worms, was the cause of this great assemblage of waggons; they were laden with mulberry leaves. We forced our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, as it was evident that our turn otherwise would not come for hours, and a few paras in addition to the toll atoned for the irregularity. Presently a punt struck the landing place with a jerk that threw men and cattle on their knees, and then a strange scene of confusion ensued, those in striving to get out, those out endeavouring to get in. The impediment was complete to both parties. The toll guards now exerted themselves in earnest, stunning the men with thick sticks, kicking the women, driving back the camels, and forcing the arabagis to back up the steep to make room for the boat to be cleared. A few more paras adroitly bestowed saved me and mine from this rude salutation. At length the punt's cargo was discharged; and now began to flow the tide of war from our side. We

had been standing attentive for some time, each holding his bridle ready for a spring, and when the scramble for places began down we rushed, surrounded by all kinds of animals, down the steep bank dragging our horses after us, kicking on those before us, those behind paying us the same compliment; the spongy foot of a camel nearly pressed mine into a similar substance, and my servant's horse almost kicked himself overboard, thereby so disturbing the equanimity of a full-blown Osmanley, who had boldly ridden in and was stoically smoking, that the offending Greek was glad to place me between them. Nothing serious ensued, and we landed safely at a bank on the opposite side, a few degrees only removed from the perpendicular.

I established myself with my much esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. Duveluz to my perfect content, and, I may say, to theirs. Their house was delightful, surrounded by gardens literally filled with bulbuls whose melody at times was almost overpowering.

The little village was in a state of excitement from a dog having bitten an old woman: it afterwards bit two cows, a donkey, and Mr. Snell a Hanoverian trader. The old woman was dying,—from old age, but the country people insisted that she was mad, and proved it by

continually applying water to her lips, which she refused—because she preferred wine. The owner of the cows killed them, and sold the flesh. The donkey was doomed to labour on, but to prevent madness was previously made to walk three times over the ashes of the dog. The last subject was in mortal apprehension: he often applied to the test—water, but without effect; he could not loathe it. His fears augmented by the alarming accounts circulated about the old woman, and settled into despair when a young Englishman gravely told him (as a joke) that she was mad. Poor Snell was now not far off himself, and hastily sending for Dr. Pharso, caused himself to be bled under the tongue, the Greek remedy for insanity. In short, as there was never any danger, he as well as the donkey recovered; but the old woman died, not of the bite, but of age, accelerated by shameful neglect. She had existed for several years in an outhouse of Mr. Marciani, a Greek, Austrian vice consul, originally a slave, then a beggar, then an usurer: requiring the narrow spot which was occupied by her for his silkworms, he actually turned the poor creature into the field without covering, saying that she would soon be dead whether or no! As a climax of cruelty he prevented her daughter,

who was in his service, from attending on her. When we beheld her, a crowd of her countrymen and women were round her laughing and joking at her grimaces. Will it be believed? not one offered her assistance; they left her where she lay. Mrs. Duveluz's charity smoothed her exit. Mr. Marciani will never see this; it is therefore of little use mentioning his name, a disgrace to humanity.*

It is not fair to judge of a nation by the conduct of one village, yet I have seen other examples, nearly as bad, and feel justified in saying that a more mercenary cold-hearted race than the Greeks does not exist. Notorious instances of ingratitude and baseness within the last few years, since they have been freer agents, I could cite—*cui bono?*

One other instance I will mention, relating to Adrianople. At the commencement of the revolution, when the Greeks were considered fair game and keenly hunted according to their wealth, one Vernazzo, a Greek, Dutch vice-con-

* As if in judgment, a few days after a tremendous storm of rain penetrated the roofs of his sheds, and destroyed nearly all his worms, by which he was a loser of several hundred pounds' weight of silk. The Greeks, superstitious as they are cruel, attributed the storm to the spirit of the old woman riding on a broom-stick. .

sul, denounced the richest among his country men to the Turks, for which he was rewarded.—When a Greek gets a shadow of authority his arrogance knows no bounds: if he obtains a titular office under an European government, which screens him from Turkish laws, he assumes the airs of an Osmanley with his countrymen, and reproaches them with their abject condition.

They are cunning advocates. I remember once in Greek society the conversation turned on a young Greek who had slain his brother and uncle. To my surprise, one of the company took the part of the murderer, and said that he saw no reason why the blood of relations, if bad or avaricious, should be held sacred more than any other person's;—that after all it was a case of simple homicide;—the youth had been much exasperated. I expressed unqualified horror at the sentiment, not at all participated in by my hearers, one of whom sharply said in reply, "You Englishmen at least should have nothing to say on the subject of the excesses of other people: *we* do not kill people in cold blood to sell them to the surgeons." I never was more taken a-back, as sailors say, and the justice of the attack added poignancy to it. That the horrid tale should have reached so far!—I put a salve on my con-

science, and stoutly declared that it was not true,—that it was a calumny invented by our rivals. If ever falsehood were commendable it was then: I could not for the life of me have supported by my silence so dark a stigma on my country, among a superstitious people, too, who regard the crime of burking ten thousand times blacker than we do,—who consider violating the dead a far more barbarous act than torturing the living—who give decent interment to their bitterest foes.

Enough of Greeks.—Silk-worms were the sole topic of conversation in and about Adrianople, and I soon became as much interested in their prosperity as the natives. It is interesting to watch the progress of these little artisans when one has not the care of them, to observe, as the Orientals say, the change of mulberry-leaves into silk. Towards the termination of their eating phaze, which lasts about forty days, the anxiety of an owner of a large number becomes intense, since food may fail from various causes,—by sudden blight fastening on his trees, in which case nobody will help him; he must destroy his worms, destroying at the same time his yearly revenue.

Silk is the staple commodity of Adrianople: it goes chiefly to England in the raw state. A

failure is a catastrophe to the inhabitants. It pays five per cent. to the pasha.

It is rather inferior to the Brussa and Damascus silk, yet superior to the Italian silk. The superiority of the Turkish over the Italian silk must be attributed to the manner of feeding. In Turkey (as well as in India and China) they give the worms the leaves on the branches; in Italy they pluck the leaves off. In the Grecian isles they also pluck the leaves, and their silk is inferior to the silk of Roumelia and of Asia Minor.

When the worm has done spinning, which is known by its shaking in the cocon like a nut in a shell, the next object is to destroy it. This is done in Turkey by exposure to the sun; two days in general suffice, but it may happen, does sometimes, that owing to cold winds, or clouds, there is not sufficient heat, in which case the worm, become a moth, eats out of its silken cavern, thereby rendering it nearly useless. In Italy they manage better. They place the cocons, wrapped in cloths, in a graduated oven, which in a few hours destroys the worms, but this requires some experience, since an improper heat will tarnish the silk.

Kar'agatch being scarce three miles from the city, we rode in nearly every day. One day we

made a visit to Mahmoud Aga, physician in ordinary to the grand vizir; we found him busily engaged over a jug of wine, with four brethren of the lancet, adventuring Germans, who had come with the Russian army to Adrianople, and then quitted it in disgust. Presently afterwards a captain of Nizam-dgeditt came in, a fine-looking young man, and drank off a tumbler of wine without flinching; he then chewed some orange peel to remove the smell, lest a good Mussulman should accost him. Mahmoud Aga, whom we had thus discovered in unholy practices, was of a good family in Cobough, and had been known, till within a few years, by the name of Augustus Fromain. He received his education at Yena; and then, disliking a quiet life, he entered the Austrian service as regimental surgeon. In course of time he obtained a brevet as médecin d'un corps d'armée, in which capacity his merits made him known to some members of the Imperial family;—better for him had they not! for in 1815, yielding, I suppose, to bribery, he undertook to convey a letter from Napoleon, who was then about to quit Elba, to Maria Louisa. He accomplished his mission, but not without being observed by a spying waiting-lady, on whose information our hero was seized and incarcerated

in Ingelspach, whence, however, after eight years' confinement, he contrived to escape, and fled to Marseilles; but there, not deeming the white flag a sufficient security, he embarked and came to Turkey. In Turkey, however, he ran still greater risk, for as the Porte never protects the subjects of foreign powers, he would have been given up to the Austrian ambassador, on being claimed; so, therefore, Fromain, after some months of doubt, relieved himself from all apprehension of Ingelspach, or of any other Christian fortress, by embracing the Mussulman faith. His subsequent life has been that of most renegades—vagabond and unpleasant.

The reason why renegades are usually despised in Turkey is not because they have abjured their religion, but because the most of them are idle dissolute characters, and have embraced the Mussulman faith for some apparent vile motive. Without talents or industry (seldom acquiring the language well) they remain miserable. But if a respectable character changes, he finds merit in the eyes of zealous Mussulmans, since he gives proof, in the clear exercise of his judgment, of considering Mohamedanism superior to Christianity: the child born in a faith has no merit: with tact and recklessness he will rise; since birth not being

regarded by the Ottoman government, the European renegade has an equal chance with the enfranchised Georgian, or Circassian. Mons. Bonneval became a pasha (brevet), he never had a pashalic; and Mr. Campbell* rose to the rank of topchi bashi.

It is quite natural that the more bigotted a people, the more readily should renegades, if men of character, be credited. They are even well received in the most enlightened countries. Let a Hebrew embrace the Christian faith in England, he will be caressed by the rich and wise; he will get profitable employment; and he may aspire to contract an alliance with one of the first families.

The neglect of outward and visible signs by renegades in the East—more necessary the more fanatic the people, in no country to be despised—is another reason why they do not in general prosper. I saw a Jew, in England, give a respectable company a high opinion of his

* Mr. Campbell was past forty when he came to Constantinople, and renegaded. Disgust at the conduct of some relations was the cause. He was well known in Pera. During our great expedition to Egypt he was of service. Coming on board one of our transports, at Marmorice, he burst into tears of joy on seeing part of a Highland regiment. He died at Pera.

merits and his faith by dining off pork (nicely roasted with apple sauce) the day of his conversion: by which little masticatory exercise he gave more certain proof, in the opinion of some, of being fairly inoculated with the Holy Spirit, than he would have done by years of preaching, amid privation and penury. Let the embracer of Mohamedanism profit by the hint. If he spit on the unclean animal, throw away his brushes made of its bristles, have "Allah" constantly on his lips, knock his head in mock humility against the ground, his new brethren will assure him of the Houris, and the tuba-tree, although he commit murder and rape once a year while he is able.

A renegade should never attempt to pass for a native Mussulman, unless perfect in his part; because he may be suspected of being a Christian in disguise, which would lead to unpleasant consequences. There is nothing so difficult as to personate a Mussulman. They are all as one family. They walk alike—they eat alike—they smoke alike—they do the most trivial absurd things alike; consequently the slightest deviation by one person is observable. One Mussulman's house is a specimen of the whole nation. The Spaniard, who travelled under the name of Ali Bey, came to his end by

neglect of a trifling custom. Ali Bey not only passed for a true-born and accomplished Mussulman, but as a descendant, indirectly, of the Abbassides. He visited Mecca and Medina, and never caused the least suspicion of his real faith; for he had perfectly acquired the habits of the people, among whom he had resided from youth upwards. It chanced, however, one day, at Morocco, that an idle person observed him, while at the office, make use of his right hand instead of his left, which is an abomination, according to the Koran, since a man eats his food with his right hand. This at once shewed that he was not a Mussulman. He was shortly afterwards assassinated. The strict unvarying decorum of Mussulmans caused Ali Bey to be off his guard on this point—not having had the advantage of example before his eyes. The language is the least bar to simulation; for the Turkish, like the Italian, has so many very distinct dialects, that it requires no great proficiency to pass for a native of an opposite part of the country to that where you happen to be, and if the memory be tolerably well stored with proverbs, a mollah may be duped.

We went to the mosque of Sultan Selim—one of the finest of the empire. Its minarets are too high; a fault from a distance. The inside

is vast and grand, tastefully adorned with Arabic inscriptions, but wanting the antique marble columns, the chief beauty of the Stamboul mosques. The imam was very civil; indeed, I may observe that excepting in Constantinople and Jerusalem, there is no difficulty in seeing any mosque in Turkey. He was a humorous fellow, and told us as a wonder, that, a fortnight previous, the Marquis Gropallo, Sardinian ambassador, a Lambert-like man, had actually climbed up one of the minarets, to the alarm of the whole establishment who dreaded the effect of an earthquake. The same imam returned answer to Diebitch, who sent a polite message to know if he might be permitted to visit the mosque, that "the General had certainly no occasion to ask permission, when his officers came in all day, and every day, in their dirty boots."

The grand vizir, Redschid, still held his court at Adrianople. He was mustering troops and gold for a campaign against the Albanians who were in arms, on two accounts: first, they claimed arrears of pay due to them for services during the civil war; secondly, they refused to submit to the sultan's new regulations; and to carry their point they held the vizir's eldest son, Emin Pasha, blockaded in Janina as hostage for his father's conduct. I had met Emin, who

was about twenty-two years old, some months before, and thought him a superior young man for his nation. Since then, his father had contracted an advantageous marriage for him with a rich Albanian heiress,* and as Roumely Valyci had given him the pashalick of Janina, the crafty Albanians suffered the new pasha to enter the city, and then informed him that he should not leave it till he received money for them. But this was not his only contrariety; for poor Michelaki, the grand vizir's talented secretary, whom he had sent with his son to guide his inexperience, threw himself into the lake in despair, on hearing that the Albanians had carried away his wife and daughters, whom he had left at Janina his native place, as security for his good behaviour. Thus Emin remained alone, and though married some months had not yet seen his bride.

The vizir was distributing justice and injustice; withal was a popular man. Wanting horses to mount a regiment of cavalry, he sent to the meadows where the Turkish gentry of the neighbourhood had their steeds at grass, it being the season, and selected the requisite number,—a plan worthy of imitation by European

* In some parts of Albania, daughters, if elder, inherit to the prejudice of sons.

sovereigns, since it is just as reasonable to make a conscription of horses as of men. He detected Bairam Pasha, or at least suspected him, the same thing, of embezzling public money, and therefore ordered him five hundred blows on the feet. The cruel punishment was about to be inflicted when the tefterdar, khasnadar, and other great officers interceded and obtained its remission. But his tails were taken from him, and he was reduced to beggary by the seizure of his property. To keep him from starvation, the vizir gave him a menial situation in his household, whence by another change he may again rise to power. What a stroke in one day! the master of thousands penniless, the lord of slaves a domestic; his horses, his pipes sold: yet, attributing all to *Hismet*, he gave no signs of mortification.

We went to the seraglio to see his highness. As he was busily engaged with his chiaja bey we were ushered in attendance into the apartment of the khasnadar (treasurer), who was one of the best-looking men that I ever saw in a fez. Several clerks were busy in counting money and making up accounts; they were all smoking in absolute silence. Bags of money were piled on the floor, like shot in a battery, packed for travelling in strong rope netting.

Presently there was a stir in the ante-room, and the vizir's second son, a lad about ten years old, walked in. All made a low salaam; and the khasnadar, jumping nimbly off the sofa, handed him into the place of honour, which he took with the solemnity of a judge. It was ludicrous to see a pale sickly boy assume such airs, and so well had he conned the Turkish art (nonchalance) that we, strange animals as we were, did not excite in him any curiosity; he barely glanced at us with a slight inclination. An attendant took off his violet-coloured cloak and shewed that he was dressed *a la nouvelle mode* in a scarlet hussar jacket and trowsers. A fine diamond glittered on his finger. A chibouque twice his length was then presented to him, which he took, as well as a cup of coffee, without making the slightest acknowledgment to the two handsome armed Arnaouts who served them. He played with the amber mouth-piece for a few minutes, then threw it down and walked out without ceremony. This was a trait of the education of the young Turkish nobility; and the all-sufficient pride, the calm superiority, joined I must say to perfect good breeding, which sit so easy on them, are natural consequences. He had lost his mother, and, a rare exception, his father had no harem. After

some time an officer informed us that his Highness was too busy to see us. He appointed the following morning:—when, the consul being taken unwell, I proceeded alone to the vizirial residence; the halls of which however being crowded to excess by expectants for the vizir's sortie made me hesitate, doubting whether I should be able to thread my way through them: luckily, however, one of the Albanians on duty, Sadig, who had formerly belonged to Achmet capitan pasha's ward, recognized me; and he speedily made a great man of me by clearing a passage through the crowd to the curtain, where stood the capidgis waiting for the clap of their lord's hands. I was announced and instantly admitted into a most luxurious room, paved with variegated marbles, cooled by a *jet d'eau* which rose from the centre of it falling again into a large marble basin, and open to the fragrance of a flower-garden whose branches intruded through the sashes. Here on a crimson divan sat the sultan's deputy. He instantly remembered me. "Hoch guieldin, sefa guieldin—café, chibouque guietir!"—Welcome, welcome, bring coffee and pipes.

He was occupied. The couch was strewed with papers, and secretaries came and went during the hour I remained with him. Appa-

rently full of anxiety, he took quantities of snuff. Once he stood up on the sofa as if unconscious of my presence, stretched out his arms towards the kybla, then closed them on his breast, and sunk down again in deep dejection. If he was then revolving in his mind the black treachery which he afterwards adopted towards the Albanian Beys, I am not surprised if his spirit for a moment quailed.* He told

* It was in imitation of Mehemet Ali's affair with the Beys of Cairo. The vizir, the commencement of July, 1830, established his head quarters at Betolia, near Monastir in Macedonia, where he endeavoured to corrupt the league of the Albanian Beys, before marching against them. Finding them, however, deaf to his ambassadors, he proposed to them, under sacred promises of hospitality, that they should come to Betolia and lay open their grievances to him. Five of the principal Beys consented; but not trusting to his word, came each attended by several hundred of retainers. The vizir, as I have before observed, has a soft winning frank manner, with a peculiar air of mildness. In a few days he overcame their distrust. His affability, so unusual to his rank, the same as when they had known him as simple Redschid Pasha, won their confidence; he induced them to dine with him, by way of cementing their friendship. Unfortunate men! They dined sumptuously; but while sipping their coffee, the signal, they were shot dead by Arnaouts stationed behind the curtains. Among the victims was Pacho Bey, the man who betrayed Ali Pasha: he was rightly served.

me that he was going to Betolia; that I could join him there if I pleased, after having made my excursion to Ayonoros, and go with him into Albania, or he would give me a bouyourdu if I preferred going alone. This pleasant offer I accepted; but severe illness prevented me from profiting by it. He then informed me as a piece of news that the French army had landed at Algiers, and had been defeated. Probably some miserable Frank gave him the false intelligence to get a present. Contradicting it, I told him that the French had not left Toulon by the last accounts. He then asked me my opinion as to their success; I replied that they could not fail. "Bakalum, what can 35,000 men do against Algiers? They will be beat." Many Osmanleys at Constantinople had held the same opinion to me, so infatuated were they notwithstanding sad experience. I was tempted to reply that as 35,000 Russians had dictated peace to Turkey, 35,000 of the best troops of Europe could find no difficulty in Barbary; but I contented myself by observing that the Algerines were not Osmanleys. Just before I left him, he gave an order to a secretary, and in two minutes afterwards I saw a tartar at full gallop over the stones.

CHAPTER XXV.

Marizza—Demotica—Bishop—Dungeon—Cossacks—Fera—Bektashes—Enos—Vice Consul—Petition,—Mahmoud Bey—Greek Beauty—Banquet.

After ten days agreeably past, I took leave of my amiable host and hostess to proceed to Enos, in a Greek boat which came from Smyrna with lemons. I embarked at the customhouse on the Toondja, and at the distance of half a mile, entered the Marizza. At the point of confluence, under some noble trees, a party of Osmanleys were pic-nicking on carpets spread on the grass;—men of consideration by the richly dressed attendants who stood round in respectful solicitude, and by the beauty of the horses picketed apart.

I rejoiced that I had not delayed my departure, for the river was already so low that we grounded often the first ten miles, obliging my boatmen to get out. The navigation at all times is so intricate with sandbanks, that the smallest boats take pilots; it is farther ob-

structed by hedges planted in it transversely, to throw the stream against the mills on the banks. Boats in consequence cannot run at night time. The banks for the first six miles were embowered with willows, but after passing Tartar Keuy, a small village, were flat and uninteresting. At sunset we stuck our boat-hook into the bank, and made fast for the night. I then indulged in a cup of tea, and the boatmen, who preferred my cognac to the Chinese herb, amused me by singing.

Early the next morning we reached the mouth of the rivulet Kusildere, on the right bank of the Marizza. It being too shallow to row up far, we landed and walked through mulberry groves to Demotica, which stands on the side of a hill on the left bank of the rivulet, one mile from the river. In many maps Demotica is placed on the left bank of the Marizza. Within and without the walls it contains 9000 inhabitants, between Mussulmans and Christians. The apex of the hill is crowned by the ruins of an extensive fortress commanding all sides, so that Demotica might be made impregnable. The appearance of the walls and castle led me to suppose that they were erected by the French nobleman to whom the lordship of Demotica was assigned on the division of the empire by

the Latins, 1203. There were inscriptions on the gates, but the Russians in 1829 hewed them out, and carried them off, or destroyed them. They also removed all the cannon of the place, consisting of two pieces: a broken one, however, with great generosity, they left.

I ascended to the bishop's house. His reverence, whose name was Calinico, a native of Candia, was surprised at seeing me, at the same time much gratified, for I was the only Frank traveller who had been there since ten years. We smoked the friendly pipe together, whilst my servant got breakfast ready. As one of a long string of grievances, which took an hour to go through, the bishop told me that the kharatch weighed heavy that year, being forty-eight, twenty-four, and twelve piastres for men, young men and youths respectively. His diocese contained sixty villages; his revenues though did not exceed 9000 piastres (about 130*l.*) two-thirds of which he said went to the patriarch; but then his table cost nothing. Among various questions he asked me why the Greeks were to have a foreigner to govern them (prince Leopold)? "At least," he said, "he should be baptized and marry a Greek." "Paris vaut bien une messe," dit Henri IV., but I doubt if the Morea does.

Near his house was a loathsome dungeon wherein many of the French who had been captured in Egypt had been confined. In order to get to it we descended to the bottom of a dry deep well, where on one side was a low door through which we crept, and thence along, always descending, a narrow passage, and so found ourselves all at once in a large circular vault. Its chill-damp struck to my spirit, as well as my bones, thinking of the fate of its various occupants. On the walls were remains of writing, of which I distinguished the following sentences separated by effacements—ici deux officiers, et vingt sous officiers de la sixieme . . . sont enfermés . . . malheureux . . . sont morts ici.

There were four etchings done with charcoal representing—Napoleon on horseback, not a bad likeness—a piece of artillery in movement —a hussar sabring a Mamaluke—a party of grenadiers. What became of these *malheureux* I could not learn; perhaps they died there. It may be wrong taste, but I own that these touching memorials of men of our own century interested me more than would have done an autograph of Jugurtha round the ring that confined his chain to the wall. We were about to leave it, when some human voices under my

feet startled and detained me; they came up an aperture made to admit the air, and a lamp being lowered down it, we distinguished two Turks and one Greek in a dungeon fifteen feet below the one we were standing in. I wished to go down, but the key of the iron trap could not be found; so instead, I sent them some money in the basket which conveyed them their scanty food. They screamed out thanks for the unexpected and unprecedented gift, and called to the jailer to fetch them some bread.

The deacon, my ciceroni, next conducted me to a small chapel of great sanctity hewed in the rock near the castle. He dated its existence above a thousand years, and attached some miracles tó two mouldering pictures on wood of Christ and of the Virgin, which he devoutly kissed. There were he said other valuable antiquities, such as mosaics, till the Russians came:—they carried them away. "What time and Turk and Goth have spared!"

From the eminence the view was pleasant, and the country seemed better cultivated than most other parts where I had been. The inhabitants gain a comfortable livelihood by their silk.

The deacon next led me to view the metropolitan church; a poor building, over the entrance

of which was a remarkable specimen of Greek superstition, in a picture done in a sort of Chinese style. It was divided into two compartments. In the upper one was represented the Almighty with a long black beard; near him were grouped Christ, Moses, and a crowd of saints; below him stood an angel with expanded wings, holding the scales of good and evil. On one side of the lower compartment were the gates of Paradise, made of iron flanked by twisted columns, towards which were advancing a troop of white-headed men, the foremost of whom had already got his hand on the knocker: angels guarded them, and with long lances spitted the devils who from the opposite side endeavoured to seize their charge. The opposite side was hell, represented in a novel form. A huge monster with the head of a whale and the scales of a dragon rested on a sea-shore, its mouth wide open, glowing like a furnace of flames, and on the forked tongue sat the proto-thiavolos (words of the priest) grinning and receiving sinners, strings of whom, chained neck to neck, were being dragged on by a huge devil, while little devils most ludicrously drawn accelerated their progress by kicking them, at the same time holding them back by the ears with their long monkey arms.

Behind this monster were similar monsters sporting on the waves with live cargoes which they had embarked from the stern of the other: this transmigration could not be seen because the tail of the first monster was under water, but I had the priest's word for its taking effect, and so on, from fish to fish to all eternity—a very ingenious mode of torment. There were other conceits, such as Elijah's ascent:—the prophet had reached God's footstool, and was holding on by his mantle.

A man was waiting for me at the bishop's with medals. Though no connoisseur I bought the best:—Birmingham ware could hardly have found their way to Demotica, I thought, nor was I apprehensive of the tricks of Pæstum where I once saw a man literally sowing antiques.

Having, as well as my servant, received the kiss of peace from Bishop Calinico, I re-embarked in the afternoon and continued my voyage. The naked monotony of the banks soon changed on the right for low, wooded, wavy hills, and the stream flowed in a narrower bed, consequently faster; but the heat was so oppressive that I could not enjoy myself till evening. I then prepared to eat, squatted *a la Turque*, at the bottom of the boat. I had cold lamb and tongue, with some excellent Adri-

anople wine, which the kind Mrs. Duveluz had taken care, unknown to me, to have placed in my boat; a dish of cherries, present from the bishop, was cooling in a tub of water; from the prow came the fragrance of coffee roasting, and behind me the feis perfumed the air smoking my exquisite seraglio tobacco. The sun had just declined behind the groves by which we were gliding, myriads of bulbuls saluted us, and the splashing of the oars made pleasing accompaniment to their notes. I scarcely remember to have had a more quick epicurean selfish hour. We passed Sofli* on the right bank, and at eight tied ourselves for the night to a stake on the left bank. While the boatmen were cooking fish for their supper (it being Lent) and my man preparing some tea, I strolled inwards to where I supposed was a village by the clattering of storks,—birds for which I have a great respect, for the noise they make with their bills resembles that of the well-known instrument carried by the white-coated big-sticked worthies who used to perambulate London-streets. I was not mistaken, it was Daykeuy, a Mussulman village of 100 houses. The inha-

* A Greek village of four hundred houses situated on the slope of a well-cultivated hill two miles from the river. It is celebrated for wine.

bitants gathered round me with civil eagerness; not even the dogs barked at my Frank costume. They brought me some milk and honey, and invited me to sit down and smoke. They were a comely race. Their lands were in perfect order, divided by hedgerows, and in few countries have I seen more comfort,—a sign that in addition to a good aga, they were never troubled by the passage of troops. I returned to my boat, and fell aleep to the cadence of a water-mill. Let me however caution my reader, if he ever find himself in a similar situation, to prefer passing the night in a pigstye to the luxury of sleeping in the open air: to the three nights that I slept on the Marizza I attribute the seeds of the fever which afterwards nearly cost me my life.

Early the next morning we reached the first of the Cossack villages—three in number, at intervals, on the left bank. The appearance of the inhabitants at once denotes their origin, and their flaxen hair is a proof how carefully they have preserved their blood uninfluenced by climate, or by the charms of the Grecian and Bulgarian women. As like the Cossacks of the Don of the present day as though of the same family, they are descended from the tribes that emigrated rather than submit to Catherine;—

had they prescience of conscription? Their fidelity to the Porte met with an exemplary reward; though Christians they were put on the footing of Mussulmans, and allowed to carry arms. At first, all of them settled on the right hand of the Danube; but in a few years a portion came farther south, and obtained lands on the Marizza, where their descendants remain, with all the privileges, undisputed, of Osmanleys, distinguished by their national costume and by their northern skins. Their principal occupation, as every where else, is fishing; they cure the fish and supply the whole country, by which traffic they have become opulent. I have frequently met them trading beyond Adrianople, and was surprised, till I knew the reason, at beholding Christian subjects of the Porte armed. They have never betrayed its confidence, and, in fact, the best resistance made during the late war to the Russians was by some Cossack tribes on the Danube. The Porte would do well to extend the privilege to its Bulgarian subjects, who, having no ideas of independence, no recollection of a separate existence, would prove equally faithful, and would, with the Cossacks, form a good defence for its northern frontier.

At noon we passed Ipsala, a flourishing Mus-

sulman village of 800 houses, two miles from the left bank, and two hours farther on pulled up to the right bank at the nearest spot to Fera, a Turkish town, two miles from the river. I procured horses and rode to it, to ascertain if there were any remains of antiquity, it being conjectured to be on the site of Trajanopolis. I found none, but saw a good mosque and the ruins of a spacious khan, shewing that the town had been of more importance. Thence we rode to the summit of an adjoining hill to see some ruins, which, according to my informant at Adrianople, were of an old castle. Ruins there were, certainly, though not such as I expected to find—time-hallowed, recalling crusading scenes,—but recent, betraying wanton destruction. Yet among them was an edifice, entire, low, and solid, resembling a powder magazine or a dungeon, and singular, attracting curiosity, as having escaped the surrounding wreck: stooping under a low arch, I entered it, and started on finding myself in a chamber containing the coffins of five dervishes, as the peculiar caps, decaying at the head of each, and the tattered garments, hung round, indicated. An elderly Osmanley was on the hill: him I questioned, and learned that it was the tomb of Ibrahim Baba, a holy dervish of the order of

Bektash, and that the adjoining ruins had been houses for the accommodation of pilgrims. In reference to the size of two of the coffins, which were upwards of nine feet long, he said that they held evel zeman adam, (men of the olden time). He recommended me to go five miles further, where was the tomb of Nefez Baba, one of the most celebrated saints of the same order, who had come from Gallipoli with the Osmanleys when they conquered the country; and in commemoration, he, Nefez, being rich, Fez Padischah Oglou (son of a Barbary prince), had founded a monastery. A similar spectacle awaited me,—a ruined village and a tomb. Two of the coffins were also of enormous size, made so to impose on the vulgar. There, also, a direction was given me to the tomb of another saint, Rustam Baba, some miles farther, but I did not profit by it, thinking two sufficient for a moderate curiosity; at the same time I was greatly pleased at finding myself among the tombs of the Bektashes—as celebrated in the east as the Jesuits were in the west. But our friend Hadgi Bektash's was not one: he, as every one knows, was the founder not of the order, but of its fame, by sanctifying the corps of Janizzaries at Adrianople, 1389, at Amurath's request. Holding his sleeve over the foremost

file, he said,—" Let them be called Yenicheri: may their countenances be for ever bright; their hands victorious; may their spears hang over the heads of their enemies; and wheresoever they go may they return with a white face!" How well they answered his invocation, the battle fields from St. Sophia's domes to Vienna bear evidence. Thus the cowl became the scarf of the sabre, the dervish's sleeve the plume of the soldier. Thenceforward the names of the Janizzaries and the Bektashes were nearly synonimous; their interests were indissolubly linked; and they supported each other, respectively, by deeds and prayers. The order was immensely rich, spread over the empire, commanding the veneration of high and low; and not to visit the tombs of the principal saints was considered a serious omission. The blow struck at the Janizzaries rebounded on the Bektashes. Sultan Mahmoud instantly proclaimed their dissolution, and sent officers to this part of the country to level the houses of accommodation and the tombs. The former part of the sentence was carried into effect, but the discontent of the people averted the latter. Hadgi Bektash lies near Cesarieh, whither, I should imagine, the Sultan's anathema did not penetrate: the Asiatics have not hitherto shewn

much docility to his will, and still less would they respect it regarding the violation of their favourite saint. To judge by the pilgrimage to the inferior luminaries, that to the Hadgi's tomb should be numerously attended. Probably it still exists, and it is worth a traveller's while, whose route lies that way, to make inquiries concerning this interesting character — interesting, for certainly no man since the prophet has more permanently influenced the affairs of the East. Poor Hadgi Bektash! he little dreamed in the days of his sanctity, when he breathed soul into that body, so long the terror of Europe, that his name would ever become a curse with the sovereign of Turkey. Wherever I went existed a strong feeling against the sultan for his wanton enmity to the dead.

That night I passed like the others in my boat, slowly progressing as there were no dams to obstruct us, and early in the morning reached Enos,* where I was hospitably received in the

* The Marizza is navigable all the year for flat boats; from October to the middle of June for frigates' launches. Both banks are well cultivated to within fifteen miles of Adrianople, with substantial villages at intervals of ten miles or less.

In a future war between Russia and Turkey it will probably be England's policy to give the latter effectual aid,

house of Mr. Limonjoglou, an Armenian merchant, whom I had known at Adrianople as dragoman to the consulate,—a clever worthy man, with a very pretty amiable Greek lady for a wife; her father was beheaded at the commencement of the civil war. I had scarcely breakfasted when officers came on the part of the aga and the kadi to compliment me on my arrival. The British agent also called, a native of Syra, a man notorious for a disreputable appearance and life, and for unworthy practices: I was ashamed to see such offal bearing so respectable a title. People out of Turkey cannot conceive the injury caused by such representatives: wherever they reside Franks are not respected. Born rayas, they seldom surmount their timidity of the Osmanleys; and when they do, their tone towards the agas with whom they have to deal, becomes insolence; the more insupportable, because connected, generally, with incapacity and ignorance of the laws and pe-

and if so, to send a few thousand men to Adrianople to form a nucleus for the Turkish forces. Troops landed at Enos might march with comfort to Adrianople in three days, their *materiel* being conveyed on the river. There are a sufficient number of good positions to ensure the communications; and the inhabitants (Mussulmans and Cossacks) would render essential service.

culiar privileges of Europeans in the Levant. Besides, they always engage in trade, often contraband, to increase which they scruple not to compromise the nation they represent.

The out-ports of Turkey swarm with Ionians who claim British protection. For these, respectable agents are infinitely more required than for the English, who conduct themselves properly, and command respect everywhere; they rarely need the interference of consuls; whereas the Ionians are perpetually embroiled with the native authorities, either through ignorance, or malice (the pleasure of annoying Mussulmans). The agent, if a Greek islander, or an emancipated raya, cannot restrain their irregularities, and will not question the exactions of the aga, with whom he often connives. Thus commences an affair. It gets abroad that English interests are neglected; it gets to Constantinople; is referred to the ambassador, and a tedious correspondence ensues with the Porte in consequence of a trifle, originating in the inability or dishonesty of an adventuring, penyless Greek or Italian—agent for Great Britain!

The Ionians are spread all over Turkey, as traders, as doctors, as pedlars, as tradesmen; and, when in trouble, invariably style them-

selves Englishmen (not otherwise), to the great injury of our name; they commit more disorders in Turkey than any other class. I have met some with passports wherein they were styled Englishmen, a license which should not be permitted to them, because they only discredit it. Nor are the Osmanleys always aware of the distinction. One day at Buyukderé, the Capitan Pasha sent to inform me that an English sailor on board one of the ships was mutinous, and committing great disorders. It was a trait of delicacy on his part, letting me know of it, instead of ordering the man a few hundred blows on the soles of his feet. I had never heard of an Englishman being in the fleet, but I felt gratified for the information, and immediately went to him. He was a Cephaloniote. I was so vexed that I threatened to let the worst come to him for having assumed our name to screen his misconduct. I took care, however, to explain to his excellency the distinction between an Englishman and an Ionian.

A few years since an Englishman was vice-consul at Enos; he there married the bishop's niece. This alliance cost him his situation; for Mr. Stratford Canning would not, in consequence, permit him to retain it, it being contrary to Turkish laws, intermarriages between

Franks and rayas. The publicity thus given, in virtue of the ambassador's proceeding, aroused the authorities, who separated the parties and placed the lady under confinement. The husband, not being able to gain any redress at Constantinople, retired to the Morea in distress, where he soon died. His widow was then restored to her friends. Now this act of the ambassador was cruel, because totally unnecessary; for although the Turks sometimes interfere to prevent these matches, they never oppose them after the ceremony. At Constantinople and at Smyrna, in proof of this assertion, are Englishmen and other Franks married to rayas. At Adrianople a Corfuyote physician of my acquaintance paid his addresses to a Greek lady during three years, but could not obtain permission to marry her; moreover, Alish Pasha, a vulgar tyrant of low origin, fearing that his commands might be ineffectual with the lovers, sent for her parents and threatened their heads if the marriage took place. A similar menace is too easily carried into effect to be despised; therefore the consummation of their wishes seemed hopeless. The arrival of the Russians, however, by superseding the Turkish laws, smoothed all difficulties. They were united, and continued to live undisturbed, notwith-

standing that the same pasha resumed the command of the city after the departure of Diebitch.

There was one other agent at Enos when I was there, besides the British agent, his brother in law; but more fortunate, he was agent for seven nations. Seven coats of arms were in his hall, and consequently he was seven times a rogue. His reign however was drawing to a close. The morning that I arrived, the aga, kadi, and the principal inhabitants—Mussulman, Greek, and Frank—signed a petition against him to be presented at the Porte. I saw the petition, and a curious document it was, on account of the signatures which were various: some were done with reed or pen, others with a signer, others by the bulb of the fore-finger of the signer dipped in ink and pressed on the parchment. One of the marks I observed made with the back of the fore-finger, contained between the second and third joints. This custom is of high antiquity. The Koran informs us that the prophet signed papers of importance by laying his whole hand, smeared with ink, on them.

Enos is situated on a rocky isthmus, so nearly surrounded by water that a cut of 200 yards would make it an island. In the hands of

Franks it might be rendered a second Gibraltar; nothing commands it. It has an old castle of Italian structure; there were thirty-six pieces of cannon in it which the Russians carried off or sunk, together with all the ammunition. It surrendered at first summons to General Severs, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, with a few field pieces. In the foundations of the town are quantities of oyster shells, and on the plain outside are some remarkable rocks, encrusted a foot deep with similar marine productions. It is natural to suppose that they were formerly under water, in which case Enos was an island, although, at first sight, the extreme flatness of the plain towards Adrianople seems to contradict this supposition, on the ground that the sea in flowing over them would have encroached farther in land than facts justify. But a rise of one inch in fifty feet, which is imperceptible, gives in five miles and a half as many feet elevation; and the inhabitants assured me, from tradition, that several villages now four and five miles inland, were formerly on the sea coast. It is manifest that the alluvial deposit of the Marizza is forming a delta.

Another of Enos' curiosities is the infinite number of storks, called by the Turks lekleks, from the noise they make with their bills. They

cover every house and chimney, and for a stranger to attempt sleeping of a morning after they commence lekleking is useless. They are fond of their young: when they have occasion to bring food to them from a long distance they swallow it for the convenience of carriage, and restore it on reaching the nest. They are an emigrating species. At the commencement of winter they assemble and fly off in long caravans to the south, returning in the spring,—the same birds to the old quarters as I was credibly informed. They are lovers of tranquillity though such noisy creatures themselves, on the same principle that great talkers like silent people; and from this disposition arises the vulgar opinion that they shun the vicinity of Christian dwellings,—a prejudice somewhat warranted by the observation that they are rarely seen in the Christian quarters of Turkish towns: Constantinople for example swarms with them, excluding the less quiet suburbs of Pera and Galata. Their position at Enos however, an entire Greek town, exonerates them from entering into the religious antipathies of Mussulmans.

I returned the inquiries of the aga, Mahmoud Bey,* in person. I found him a handsome polished young man, and as I had known some

* Sons of pashas have the title of bey.

of his brother pages at Constantinople, we soon became good friends and exchanged trifling presents. He had more curiosity than Osmanleys usually have, and wished to know my opinion of several pashas whom he named. I had a good word for all excepting Alish Pasha, at which he caressed his moustaches, informing me that Alish had been his father's selictar and that he hated him for a *parvenu*. This shews that though the sultan disregards birth in the selection of his officers, the Turks like all other people value it. Happy the man among them who can boast a grandfather. He invited me and my party to dine with him next day at a kiosk in the country. We then visited the cadi and the archbishop, and in the evening, it being Sunday, mingled with the fashion of the town on the promenade by the sea-shore. The whole female population was out, partly on land, partly on the water in small boats, and made a gay spectacle in their rich costume, consisting of loose robes *a la Turque* of finest bright coloured silks, and all seemed superlatively happy, though under the Turkish rule. We sat down by a windmill to listen to their songs and observe their landing. It was pleasantly cool. The sun was setting behind a fine mountain-range, terminating with Cape Macri;

Samothraki expanded in the clear atmosphere, and the jagged cone of the holy mountain, appearing single on the water as an island, was distinctly visible. Presently a fair freighted bark, object of our attention on account of a sweet voice in it, came to the beach near where we sat. A dozen ladies disembarked; among them was one of real beauty, that beauty which we are taught to expect in Greece but which we rarely find—a model for the sculptor. There was the virgin front, the pencilled arches, the large saintly eyes, the strait profile, the satin cheeks, the just-parted delicate lips, the chin nor oval nor round, the blue-veined neck, the falling shoulders:—there were all these—all in perfection; but where were the charms of figure?—the bust, the slender waist, the swelling hips, the well-turned ancle,—charms unpossessed out of modish Europe. The fair Enosiotes, in my opinion the best looking of the Grecian women, surpassing the vaunted Smyrniotes, conceal the forms nature has given them under a mass of clothing, and their toilette makes girls appear enceintes.

The next morning we made a light breakfast, in anticipation of the surfeit we were doomed to undergo *chez le bey*. It is one effect of civilization that a man is not forced to eat more than

he wishes, but the Osmanleys have not yet reached that point. At two o'clock the bey sent horses for us. We were four in number:—my host; his partner, a freed raya; a Neapolitan trader, his guest, waiting for a passage to Syra, and myself. The place of rendezvous was a kiosk near the salt-pans, one mile and a half from the town. We had occasion, to get to it, to cross an inlet of the sea up to our horses' bellies, in doing which poor Aleccho (Limonjoglou), who preferred riding on a donkey, got a wetting. However it was a fine day, and he dried before the bey, who followed soon afterwards accompanied by the cadi and the yombrokgi (douanier), arrived: in the mean time we galloped about the plain, and played awkwardly at the jerreed with some Osmanleys.

These three personages, in small towns, are seldom apart, from the necessity of playing into each others' hands, and for society; they may be compared, under the latter article, to the parson, the apothecary, and the schoolmaster of an English village fifty years back. The bey was in every respect the superior of the triade, with, too, a perfect freedom from eastern nonchalance, so trying to a stranger, and only to be met by counterfeiting a similar deportment.

The cadi was a usual specimen of the favoured law class, distinguished over Turkey by superior knowledge and superior sensuality; his smooth and polished manner, soft as his lady-like hand, a beauty much esteemed in the East, was opposed by the lurking treachery of his eyes glancing from the corners of their half-closed lids. The extraordinary self-command of these adepts in duplicity, equally serene whether signing a death-warrant or accepting a bribe, makes one experience in their intimacy the sensation of the Hindoo while caressing a cobra capella. The yombrokgi was a vulgar, low Asiatic, tolerated by his superiors on account of his gross buffooneries; for however superior an Osmanley is, he cannot get over the innate love of beholding others expose themselves to ridicule. I already knew these worthies, therefore without ceremony we took possession of the divan, and began, as usual, to smoke. The bey kicked off his Wellington boots, which annoyed him in his tailor-like position, and asked my opinion about fortifying the town, of which we had a full view. Not knowing more of fortification than men of my profession in general do, I might have been embarrassed without the comfortable reflection that, know ever so little, I could not well know less than an Osmanley.

I completed my task off hand, and assured him that if he followed my plan, Enos would be the strongest place in the empire; much was not requisite to gain for it that pre-eminence. He expressed himself delighted, though, I knew, inly determined to do nothing that would require money, and the freed raya burst out into rapture at my demonstration, with,—"Voila l'avantage des mathematiques." As this was his constant expression, his retreat, I may say, when any thing was said or done of which he was ignorant, I could not take it as a substantial compliment: however, it had the effect of giving a change. The bey and cadi began a whispering conversation; the yombrokgi, displeased at being neglected, applied himself assiduously to a narghiler; and my Frank companions, who never saw newspapers, drew me into their favourite subject, politics, of which I remember no other than that the Neapolitan was extremely anxious to know the views of the *hautes potences* (as by a natural translation of his own word, *potenza*, he expressed *puissances*). The repetition of the expression was amusing, and the idea of how sharply an Italian policeman would have caught it up, still more so. But the equivoque was harmless; there was nothing in his broad good-humoured coun-

tenance that indicated a savour of carbonarism. By the frequent changing of our chibouques it became evident that we should not eat before late, and we therefore ceased looking impatiently towards the hill over which the viands were to be brought from the town. To amuse us, in the mean while, English beer and cucumbers were brought in, of which we partook moderately, and the Osmanleys voraciously. The natives of Turkey, of every sect, are greedily fond of cucumbers, and in the season are seldom seen without a whole one in their hands devouring it. We then walked out to view the pans. The bey, in a facetious humour, called for some of the salt, and tasted it; all his countrymen present were of course obliged to follow the example, and praise it; nor dared they spit it out, not even the yombrokgi who made wry faces. It appeared good and white. It forms a principal source of the aga's revenue,—Adrianople, with the surrounding country, being supplied with it.

At our return to the kiosk, I hoped to find dinner,—but no such luck. As a necessary prelude, for it was now evident that we were destined the honour of a regular Bachanalian repast, an enormous bowl of punch was ready, and musicians were in waiting. The Osman-

leys made a few *façons*, but drank deep, excepting the bey, who constrained himself for appearance sake, and in order to make the yombrokgi intoxicated. The yombrokgi acted his part well. He began by protesting that he was a true Mussulman—that he would not violate his religion by drinking before Franks; then begged submissively (as if the victim of his politeness) not to be made the jest of the company,—entreated that we would at least turn our heads, and finished by swallowing an ok (quart). The music then struck up with songs that will not admit translation. The company warmed to the subject and joined in the chorus —the cadi, in an under tone, with a subdued expression of satisfaction, the yombrokgi furiously striking the floor with hands and feet. The bey was infinitely delighted, and urged him to play the fool still more. Presently dancing boys came in, and began in a moderate manner to keep time with their attitudes. This would not suffice the yombrokgi; he rose, fast inflaming, reeling joined the dance, and excited them to shew all their skill; but, it not being the intention of the epicurean company to exhaust at once their means of entertainment, he was compelled to sit down and console himself with punch, while the boys conti-

nued in their own fashion to exhibit lascivious sleepy gestures. We were all good friends—hats and turbans—the cadi, next to me, testified great solicitude for my entertainment, and kept me in a state of suffocation by making his own chiboukgi assiduously serve me. It was now six o'clock, and what with beer, cucumbers, punch, and an infinity of tobacco, I began to fear that I should not be able, much longer, to preserve my equilibrium; when, with the joy that a famished army knows, hailing its long-expected convoy, we perceived a train of domestics bearing dishes over the water. Our flagging spirits revived; the dancers retired, the music ceased, the yombrokgi went out to make restitution, and Albanians came in to arrange the cushions for eating commodiously. But one of the guests, Ali Effendi, was not yet arrived. While I was wishing him at Mecca, behold he rides into the water, and crosses it in an orthodox style, smoking a long pipe. The musicians came up again to welcome him, and punch was brought in, in order to assimilate him to the rest of the party. His white beard seemed older than his florid countenance, and a bright mellow eye inferred how little he heeded the Koran. "We Osmanleys," he whispered to me, "seldom drink, but when we do we can empty

a cask." At length all being arranged, the guests merry, we disposed ourselves round the tray,—the bey in the angle of the sofa, the cadi on his right hand (place of honour), myself on his left, and the rest of the company alternately —nine in all. There was also an inferior tray, which received our leavings, for the attendants and some low Franks who came to the feast like Myconians. The first dish was as usual lamb roasted whole, stuffed with rice and raisins. An Albanian first took it up and twisted off a shoulder for the second table, an etiquette which is observed in order to lessen the sense of inferiority. It was excellent, as well as the multitude of dishes which rapidly followed. I complimented the bey on his cook, but he reminded me that he was son of a pasha, therefore it was not surprising. Between every dish wine was handed round in large goblets. I was compelled to drink deep, for Ali Effendi wishing to recover lost time pledged me repeatedly until the bey checked him, saying, "I desire that my guest follow his will." But his politeness in other ways was as disconcerting as this was acceptable, for he carried it to the length, shewing me the greatest honour that can be shewn in the East, of helping me with his fingers to the choicest morsels of every dish,

sopping them in the gravy. The repast I thought would never terminate:—an ordinary repast is over in ten minutes, but one of this description is indefiinte and requires energy. The Turks on such occasions loose their sashes and to it; nor was our company, Christian or Mussulman, wanting in due exertions. The Neapolitan forgot his dear maccaroni in the luxuries before him; the cadi eat like an accomplished gourmand, savouring all, allowing only a slight remark occasionally to escape his lips; the yombrokgi was voracious, tearing the meats with both hands (he was not on my side), and applying a rum bottle to his at each mouthful; Ali Effendi was very loquacious, at the same time not neglecting the more serious business of the day.

Finally, to our great relief the saffron pilaff* made its appearance with creams and kourskoub. These were replaced by a large bowl of punch, in the composition of which water had a very small share. In virtue of it our orgies were pushed to excess, and the scene,—what with the music, the songs and the dancing boys, became rather bedlamite. Some of the

* It is a sign that your entertainer is well-bred when the last pilaff is slightly tinged with saffron. To the eye it is pleasing, and not disagreeable to the taste.

guests tore off their upper garments—fire in their eyes, froth on their beards—joined the dancers, their turbans half-unrolled flying out as they reeled round the apartment, and but for the presence of the bey scandalous displays would have ensued. One grey-beard actually seized a handsome lad belonging to the cadi with felonious intent. The struggle was sharp between them, and the company stifled with laughter at beholding the grimaces of the drunken old satyr. The lad's eye at length caught mine:—blushing till his very ears tingled, he broke away, letting the other fall on his face. Tranquillity followed this burst:—coffee composed the actors and the bey hoped that I would make no remark on what I saw, adding that such took place only once in a way. I assured him that I had been sufficiently long acquainted with Osmanleys to be aware of their general propriety, and that he might depend on my discretion.

At ten o'clock we remounted, forming a cavalcade of fifteen persons. Footmen accompanied us with torches, the long streams of light flowing from which on the placid tide joined to the phosphoric splashing of our horses was exceedingly pretty, and made by their dazzling vibrating effect some of the party reel in their

saddles. No derangement however occurred to any one excepting the Neapolitan, who hastily sprung off exclaiming, "Faccia che vuole alla giumenta almeno mi lascia tranquillo."*

Beyond this nothing discomposed us. Ali Effendi reined in his neighing charger, laughing at the joke, and in ten minutes we gained the town, the streets of which we paraded till past midnight, accompanied by barking dogs and discordant music, to the entertainment of the

* It was a singular circumstance that a very few days before this banquet a copy of a hatti scheriff came from the Porte enforcing the prohibition of wine or spirits. When it arrived the aga and the cadi were half intoxicated, and consequently the public reading of it was deferred till the next day. The aga and cadi in their cups thus commented on it.—"Here is an order against drinking, and we are drunk when it arrives. They who sent it must have been drunk too for not knowing that we would disregard it.—Mashallah!" Simple remonstrances have never restrained the Osmanleys from drinking. Sultan Mahomet IV., in whose reign the vice rose to a great height, enforced his hatti scheriff by commanding hot lead to be poured down the throats of those who were caught drinking wine.

The Mussulmans have always been dexterous in twisting the Koran, by taking it in a figurative or literal sense. They defend the use of spirits because they say the Prophet only forbade wine—for a good reason, spirits were not then known in Arabia; and the irreligious, the drinkers of wine, excuse

inhabitants male and female, who stood at their windows with candles to admire us or to be admired. We gradually dispersed, nor did I again join the *bons vivans* of Enos.

themselves by saying that the prohibition is figurative, supporting their argument by the verse of the Koran, that the Faithful shall have wine in Paradise—a wine delicious to the taste but which does not intoxicate. It is clear therefore, they say, that the Prophet only intended that wine should not be drank to excess; for it is sinful to suppose that what is lawful in heaven is unlawful on earth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Schooner—Deserters—Samothraki—Ancient castle—Greek pirates—Thasco—Mehemet Ali—Mount Athos—Albanian gardeners—Simenu—Vatopede—Monkish Customs—History of Monte Santo—Cariez—Waivode—Protaton—Kuthenisi—Priors—Iphiron—Libraries—Lavra.

I ROSE with a headache, which, however, an unusual incident soon dispelled. A Genoese schooner had just dropped anchor in the port, from Salonica, freighted with a hundred Albanians—deserters and vagabonds—to be sent to the grand vizir at Adrianople. Every shop was closed, and the inhabitants, in alarm, kept their houses. The bey was on the beach, in doubt what to do. "God is great!" he said, "and those fellows are villains: the pasha of Salonica has sent them here to be rid of them. Please God, I will send them away too; but I have no troops, and they may choose to quarter on Enos." He sent a messenger on board, to order them to land any where but in the town.

They beat the messenger, and did the contrary; came on shore like wild beasts, in a mood to break open the first shop, or fire the first house, crying out for food. A large magazine was speedily cleared; bread, caimac, and cheese placed in it; and they rushed in, like a crowd into a theatre on the doors being opened. Guards were placed over them. This manœuvre gave time for consideration on what was to be done with them next—not provide them with supper also, certainly. Our counsel being asked, we advised that they should be called out singly, under any pretence, and handcuffed. It succeeded admirably, and in a few hours they were on the march to Fera, with a bouryourdou to the aga to feed and forward them. I simply mention this as a specimen of how they manage things in Turkey.

At midnight I embarked in a large boat, which I had hired, and the next forenoon beached in a little cove in the rocky shore of Samothraki. A distressing walk over rocks and briars, up-hill for two hours, brought me to a deep ravine, on the sides of which was suspended the village, resembling piles of rocks, from the houses being built of large loose stones. Magnificent ruins of an ancient castle, rendered yet more picturesque by the contrast of three

Turks smoking their chibouques in the shade of them, towered on a precipice above. On the walls were several inscriptions,* the most perfect of which I copied, after having visited the aga, a rough Albanian. He demanded my firman; but not finding it at the moment, I presented him my post-horse order instead, making sure that it would answer the same purpose, as, in fact, it did. He affected to read it attentively, then returned it, saying that it was good, and directed the Greek tchorbagi to take care of me. The tchorbagi's house commanded a view of Mount Athos, which is a stupendous object viewed from afar, though not four thousand feet high, on account of its isolation, and the absence of comparative heights. One knows not whether to admire the Titanean idea, or laugh at the extravagance, of Dinocrates, when he proposed to shape it into a statue of Alexander, holding a city in one hand, a lake in the other. The monarch's answer, that the adjacent country could not furnish provisions for the inhabitants of the city, was keenly ironical; for the length of a hand to a figure four thousand feet high, could not, if in proportion, exceed three hundred and forty feet.

In a more elevated part of the island, near a small lake, are the remains of a fine amphi-

theatre. Theatres, in ancient days, were not such direct evidences of wealth and population as now, that men are more devoted to business; therefore vestiges of them, even though superb, are not always conclusive of a former state of high prosperity, although, in this case, they may be so considered; for we know that Samothrace was celebrated, while governed by its own laws; and the extent of the castle renders it apparent that it continued of importance after Vespasian reduced it, with all the Egean isles, to the condition of a province.

Samothraki is chiefly composed of granite rock. On the south side, however, there is a large portion of plain, with good pasturage, though utterly neglected, on which a town might be built and the inhabitants enjoy plenty. But the Greek pirates are obstacles to such a scheme: during the last eight years, they have brought desolation on the island by frequently landing, and carrying off cattle and other moveables. When it is considered, that of the population, six hundred families, six only are Mussulmans, the patriotic Hellenists can hardly claim the credit of taking to the trade of piracy solely to distress their natural enemy.

June 23d. We made sail for Ayonoros, (Mount Athos,) and in the course of the day,

the wind constraining us, passed near Thasco, an island now interesting as the birth-place of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. In the small town of Cavalla near it, on the main, is still seen the cafeneh where he once served in a humble capacity. The master of the cafeneh afterwards came to Egypt, in the hope that the pasha would favour him: effectively he was inclined to do so; but the cavedgi marred his prospects by reminding him of their former intimacy. "Never let me see or hear of that man again," said the pasha to his secretary, Boghoz.

Men who surmount the obstacles of low birth and poverty generally excite our curiosity, because we suppose them gifted with extraordinary minds. In civilized countries, the sight is rare, and justifies our expectations; but in Turkey, on the contrary, it is very common, and usually disappoints us. The possessor of greatness, in the East, in nineteen cases out of twenty, rises from nothing. Why? because crime or vice is there the high, the only road to power; consequently, men who are in easy circumstances will not, unless goaded by unusual ambition, enter it; they shudder at its first steps, and having the comforts of life, with peace of mind, care not for the baubles as the price of it. But the poor man, who has nothing to lose,

and is urged on by the desire of being avenged on fortune, will, for less than the distant chance of a pashalick, soil his conscience. Repetition of crime cleanses it—strange peculiarity of this said conscience.

Late in the evening we made for a small bay in the promontory of the mountain, at the bottom of which appeared, as I thought, a dismantled fortress. My boatmen knew it for the monastery of Simenu. We landed, and endeavoured to obtain admittance by knocking at the gates; but no answer was returned. We then walked round the walls till we came to a spacious garden, where several Albanians were employed as gardeners and as guardians, to judge by the opposite description of their implements. Laying down their spades, and bringing their tophenks up to their shoulders, they interrogated us in a manner which showed that unity of religion would not have been a sufficient passport; for the times were troublesome, and a formidable band of klephtes was near. Being satisfied, however, at length, of our pacific intentions, they showed us a posterngate which admitted us within the walls. The caloyers were at prayers; but nevertheless the superior came out to meet us. He took the patriarch's letter with great respect, put it to

his forehead, kissed it, read it, then invited us to enter the church. It was small, but rich and clean. Fifteen caloyers were present, and the service was performing with a monotonous carelessness that did not astonish me. When finished, I was conducted to the best apartment, and the superior supped with me off bread and boiled herbs—the monkish fare—seasoned with excellent wine—"dove si trovano frati là si trova buon vino"—a proof that art has more to do with the quality than climate. Throughout Mount Athos the wine is excellent.

The monastery, where chance threw me, was one of the smallest, and bore marks of the Turkish occupation during the last eight years.

At the commencement of the revolution, the Greek patriots had the intention to occupy the mountain, and garrison the fortified convents, whence they could have made incursions into Macedonia, and raised the province; but with a foresight that rarely belongs to them, the Turks threw troops into all the convents in time, with the farther view of preventing the caloyers from sending their riches away. The infliction lasted till March 1830, when a firman from the Porte relieved them. During the occupation, the convents were obliged to support

the troops, and to pay a contribution, besides being exposed to individual exactions. The monthly sum levied on the whole mountain was ten thousand piastres (one hundred and sixty pounds.) The larger establishments, being rich, were enabled to pay their unwelcome guests for good behaviour; but the smaller ones suffered grievously in the furniture and decorations of the apartments.

The chief instrument of the Porte in bleeding the caloyers was Aboulloubout Pasha, who, at the commencement of the revolution, was summoned from Jerusalem, where he had made himself odious, to practise his art at Salonica. After various atrocities, among others, decimating the inhabitants of Neyousta, he came to the mountain to endeavour to get gold in exchange for bastinadoes and threats. He was forbidden to take the life of a single caloyer. He then went to Demotica, and thence —but it is needless to enumerate the halting-places of this barbarian: his crimes are probably exaggerated by the caloyers, who use his name as a curse. "Where is he now?" I asked, "In hell," was the emphatic reply. Had a devout Catholic Greek been by he would have mentally added, "in the hands of the caloyers."

But they erred: Aboulloubout was still alive, though unemployed.

The next afternoon, re-embarking, we beat up a few miles to the eastward, and landed at Vatopede, the largest and richest of the convents. Several young caloyers were already on the beach, waiting to greet us, the arrival of a stranger on the mountain having been reported from Simenu. With much ceremony, they conducted me up the slope to the building, which, to all appearance, was a fortress, having high battlements, a moat, with drawbridge and iron gates; cannon, too, there had been, but the Turks had removed them. There the rest of the brotherhood welcomed me; and, having first conducted me to a chapel to return thanks for my prosperous arrival, installed me in the best "guest's apartment." Pipes and coffee were immediately brought. To this Eastern refreshment the caloyers add raki. Afterwards a supper of fish, vegetables, and dried fruits, was served, at which the principal caloyers, in the absence of the ugoumenos (prior) at Cariez, did me the honour to assist. That evening my room was crowded with caloyers, all eager to obtain news on various subjects—the destinies of Greece, the late war, &c. One

among them, a Bulgarian, asked me if it were true the misery that the Russians were reported to have brought on his countrymen? Of course I did not disguise the truth. Throughout the mountain, as in every other part of Grecian Turkey, I found the same marked discontent with the Russians.

That night I lay on a comfortable sofa, and in the morning appreciated the beauty of the situation from my windows, which commanded a view, over the sea, of the hills of Macedonia, of Thasco, and of Samothraki.

Mount Athos is, properly speaking, an elevated cone of rock, at the extremity of a long mountainous promontory, forty miles by nine, the highest point of which it doubly exceeds, connected by a low narrow isthmus to Macedonia. This is the geographical distinction; but Ayonoros, Holy Mountain, is applied to both cone and promontory, along either shores of which, in small bays, the monasteries are situated; and, considering their isolation, the climate, the prospect, the pleasant country, the gardens, more delightful spots do not elsewhere exist for religious or philosophical retirement; with too many comforts, elegant lodgings, books, and society—such as it is.

The monasteries are twenty-two in number, as follows:—

Zilantari—built by Simeon, a prince of Servia, who became a Caloyer.

Zographo—built by two brothers of Justinian. —In these two monasteries the service is performed in the Bulgarian tongue, the caloyers being Bulgarians.

Simenu—built by the Empress Pulcheria.

Vatopede—built by Constantine originally, and rebuilt by Theodosius.

Pantocratorous—by Manuel Comnenus.

Kuthenisi—by Alexius Comnenus, of Trebizonde.

Protaton—built originally by Constantine, rebuilt by Theodosius.

Iphiron—built by Theophania, wife of Romanos, son of Leon Sophos; restored by a prince of Iberia (Georgia,) about A.D. 600; added to by his son, a caloyer.

Stavronikita—by the patriarch Jeremiah.

Philotheu—built by a wealthy Roman, (name unremembered,) since restored by a Georgian prince.

Karacalu—by Caracallos, governor of Bessarabia.

Lavra—built by Niceforas.

St. Anna—a monastery without a wall, called a skidt.

St. Paul—built by an emperor's son, who became a caloyer.

Dionisius—by Alexius Comnenus, of Trebizonde.

St. Gregory—by a Servian prince.

Simopetra—by John, a Servian prince.

Ziropotamo—built by Andronicus II. (the old;) shook down by an earthquake the beginning of the 16th century, and restored by Selim I.

Rusikon—founded by Catherine for Russian caloyers.

Xenophu—built by the Logothete of an Emperor.

Dochejariju—

Kastamonitu—built by Constantine; rebuilt by Constantius; rebuilt by a Servian prince.—There are also visible some ruins of *Amalfenu*, a Latin monastery, built in the short interval of peace that existed between the eastern and western churches, and destroyed by the Greeks nine hundred years since.

Before the Greek revolution there were nearly two thousand caloyers on the mountain. When I was on it there were about nine hundred, many having fled to the convents of Mega Spilion and others. They were expected, however, to return since the Osmanleys had taken leave.

The description of one convent may serve for

all. Vatopede is in form a heptagon, of which the façade is equal in length to three of the other sides. At the acute angle is a high tower, built by Arcadius, commanding a view of the whole establishment. Round the interior of the walls are corridores, supported on arches, containing the cells, about two hundred and fifty in number, which are neatly furnished with divans, tables, and chairs. On the walls and turrets, overhanging them, have been erected various kiosks, that give the monastery, from a distance, the appearance of a village built on white rocks: these aerial dwellings are musaphir odasi, ("guests' apartments.") The area of the figure is occupied by the church, the refectory, the magazines, the distillery, the stables, and some chapels. At the gates are apartments for the wardens.

The church is singularly rich and elegant, partly in imitation of St. Sophia. The dome is sustained by four porphyry columns, brought from Rome by Theodosius the Great. The pavement is variegated with roux and verd antique. The walls are adorned with frescos of saints, and martyrdoms, and of the chief benefactors. Imperial eagles are in every corner. The praying desks, the chairs, the stools, the batons, are inlaid with pearl. The candlesticks,

chalices, urns, &c., are of massy silver. The bibles are clasped with gold.

In the sanctum sanctorum I was shown various relics:—a picture of the Virgin and Child; the countenance was of the real Jewish cast, but black with age, the gift of Theodora, who married Orchan:—a piece of the real cross, presented by Stephen, a Servian prince:—a piece of the Virgin's shawl, by John Cantacuzene; with it is kept a pearl necklace of high price, a votive offering:—a jasper vase set in gold, a beautiful specimen given by Constantine Manuel Paleologos:—the tapestry on which Andronicus knelt; in the centre of it a two-headed eagle worked in gold; in each corner a crowned griffin, with the emperor's cipher:—a picture of Peter and of Paul, given by the same, at the bottom of it this inscription:—Ακθροκις σθ εν σαξης δεσποτθ ΠΑΛΑΙΟΛΙΓθ:—a manuscript volume, written by the Emperor Leon, being a history of Jesus and of Mary, and a disquisition on the writings of the apostles. All these relics are carefully preserved in silver boxes; the wood of the cross is set with jewels.

They showed me, as a curiosity, a marble tablet of bas reliefs, very ancient, depicting in twelve compartments the history of our Saviour, commencing with the scene of the angel's

first conversation with Mary. The execution is far from good, but singular; in the stable two donkeys are represented regarding the infant with awe.

In another part of the church was a marble coffin, with a lamp burning over it, containing the bones of Andronicus Paleologos, Manuel Paleologos, and John Cantacuzene. These three emperors died in the monastery, the first as a caloyer. For greater security, their bones were taken from their respective tombs, and enclosed together.

Every Latin and Greek establishment has its miracle; nor was this an exception. After several crossings before a tattered curtain, my conductors drew it aside, and disclosed a picture of the Virgin, black with time. One of her cheeks was marked with a scar and a blood-stain—the prodigy, occasioned by a caloyer, who, for some unknown reason, struck her with a knife; blood followed the blow; the arm of the impious wretch instantly dropped off, and he died in agony the following day. He was buried in the spot where the sacrilege was committed; whence, on the anniversary for several succeeding years cries issued, while the blood flowed anew on Mary's cheek: in confirmation whereof, they showed me the bones of the offending arm kept in a case.

The curtain that divides the body of the church from the great altar, was formerly of sculptured marble, but the frivolous taste of the caloyers, sixty years ago, changed it for carved gilded wooden work, a change that the present inhabitants, with better taste, lament.

The great doors are of richly carved brass, the gift of Theodosius. Near them is preserved, with care, an ancient marble slab, although nothing concerning its history is known.

It is worthy of remark, that the Osmanleys never took any thing from the churches, not even in the convents which became too poor latterly to satisfy their demands. "What restrained him," I asked, "from laying hands on these objects of cupidity?" pointing to the above-mentioned picture of the Virgin, the caloyers answered, that they dreaded her vengeance. A poor restraint, I thought, judging from the treatment the French gave the Italian churches. They further assured me, that the Osmanleys never disturbed them at their devotions, at which they often attended as spectators. I well understood that, because the church-service at Ayonoros resembles the mosque service, consisting chiefly of a series of prostrations and other visible signs, with the constant cry of Kyrie Eleison. This point of

resemblance pleased them. Moreover, the Mussulmans respect the Christian religion; they revere Christ next to Mohammed, and rank the Virgin among the four perfect women, (Asia, the princess who saved the infant Moses; the Virgin Mary; Khadijah, the prophet's first wife; Fatima, his daughter.) They regard no part of our faith with horror excepting that, that Christ is Son of God—I will not mention their reasoning on this subject—they regard it as a complete blasphemy: had Mohammed asserted that his wife was the daughter of God, it could not be a greater blasphemy to our ears. They doubly hate the Jews because the latter do not believe in Jesus. The conversion of a Jew would not be considered sincere, because the Mussulmans say, that unless a man believe in Christ he cannot believe in Mohammed. One is a consequence of the other.

The outside, however, of the churches of the different convents rather suffered from the prejudices of the Osmanleys. They are covered with frescos representing the most atrocious martyrdoms, and hell and purgatory in every variety that human fancy has devised; more than I—poor ignorant Protestant—had any previous idea of. Paradise is not pourtrayed, excepting here and there its gates, whereat companies

of old men are obtaining admittance. The dismal abodes, on the contrary, are entirely filled with young men; women are nowhere seen—a greater illiberality than is displayed by Mohammedanism, which does admit some of them to a future state. I remarked to an old caloyer, who took pleasure in explaining the pictures to me, on the discrepance in the judgment allotted to the old and the young. His politeness prevented him from saying any thing; but he made a very significant reply by stroking his own long white beard, and complacently smiling. Likewise were embodied the reveries of the Apocalypse, exaggerated into manifold absurdities. The seven-headed beast was there, seven hundred times repeated at least, generally in the form of a giraffe with seven necks, like boa constrictors, with as many heads, unlike those of any animal in Buffon. The Osmanleys very willingly respected the pictures of Christ, and of Mary, and of saints; but saw no reason why they should respect such monstrosities, and therefore amused themselves by picking out all its eyes, wherever they found it, with the points of their ataghans, making it tenfold more ridiculous. I could not sympathize with the caloyers in their complaints on such vandalism, though I thought that the perpe-

trators of the said *barbarous* acts were wrongly actuated; they certainly could not complain that that part of the koran was infringed, which forbids the representation of any of God's creatures.

Having completed our survey of the church, the day after my arrival, the prior's secretary, my immediate entertainer, with some others, conducted me to the garden, where we seated ourselves in an open kiosk. The gardener, an old caloyer, brought us some fresh cucumbers and a bottle of raki. Each of my companions ate two of the former, and drank five or six glasses of the latter. On the beach, not far from us, a tall and spare caloyer was walking up and down with an irregular pace, occasionally stopping, and regarding the sea earnestly. His deportment reminded me of the "Giaour," and I was ready to imagine him also a victim of passion, when suddenly he threw aside his cowl, rushed into the water, and casting out a small net, enclosed some fish: he was appointed to catch fish for my supper that night. It would not have required much fancy to have traced a melancholy tale in the pale countenance of some of the caloyers: but there was no truth in them; they had never known the world, therefore could have no causes, beyond

vague ones, of regret. Brought to the mountain as children, they grow up with perfect freedom from work or study: to read is all they learn. On reaching the age when they must quit the mountain, or embrace the order, they usually choose the latter, their choice confirmed by habits of indolence, and by a feeling of security. No temptations afterwards cross their minds. Women are not admitted in any part of the mountain, in a circuit of one hundred miles, and few strangers (of late) visit their abodes: during the last twelve years, a chance fishing-boat for water, or a pirate seeking a blessing, has been their only varieties. This absence of excitement, joined to rigid fasting and watching, soon tames the natural heat of their blood, so that at thirty, their pulses beat like men's at seventy. I felt several for curiosity, and was astonished. My visit afforded them great pleasure, and, I fear, did no good to the younger members, who nightly crowded my supper table, and remained with me till the midnight church bell tolled, seeking information about the world, of which, it appeared, the rogue, my servant, told them I had seen much. One Papas Gregorios, evinced a strong natural taste for earthly vanities: daily he put on my uniform more

than once, and strutted about with great satisfaction, regardless of the sneers of the aged. He was very inquisitive about every thing outside the mountain, particularly regarding women, whom he had heard of, but never seen, that is since he was four years old. For charity's sake I discouraged his inquiries, and bade him thank Heaven that he was safe from their dangerous allurements. He would willingly have dropped his cowl, and accompanied me; but what could I have done with a caloyer?

The life of the caloyers is monotonous, their dress coarse, and their food simple. Their time is occupied between praying, eating, and sleeping. At midnight they rise and go to church, remaining there four hours, after which they retire to a chapel, and pass two hours more in silent meditation on the scriptures: they may then sleep. At nine they rise, and breakfast on what they please (of monastic fare.) At noon, church until four o'clock; at five they dine, singly or in company, only eating altogether in the refectory on festival days. This routine is enough to blanch their cheeks. Besides, they have domestic and out-door employments. On occasions of fasts and festivals the churchings are considerably increased;

during the Easter week, they are in the church fifteen hours of each twenty-four. On set days they visit holy spots in the neighbourhood to pray. At the panagia they walk processionally a circuit of several miles in their robes of ceremony, preceded by the banner of Constantine, which is a large flag representing on one side the emperor and his mother Helena, supporting a huge cross; on the reverse the Virgin kneeling, an angel hovering over her. They have other ceremonies innumerable, the due observance of all which preserves the members of the communities from corpulency.

Meat is entirely excluded from their diet. Fish, vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, they may eat, excepting during their Lents, to the rigour of which the laity as well as the clergy are subjected.* Wine and spirits may be drunk at all times; indeed, they are necessary after their indigestible food. They felt the priva-

* The Greek fasts are four, viz.: Fifty days before Easter, when they eat bread and vegetables only; on Saturday or Sunday may add oil. Twenty-five days after Easter, when they eat bread, fish, and vegetables; no oil. Fifteen days before the Madonna, when they eat bread and vegetables only. Forty days before Christmas, when they eat bread, fish, and vegetables. Thus in the year the Greeks have one hundred and thirty days' rigorous abstinence, to which the Catholic lent is feasting: and the Greeks keep them.

tion of milk, they told me, in Lent more than of any other thing.

With all, they enjoy excellent health, although there is not a doctor on the mountain, or a particle of medicine, as I found afterwards to my cost, and they attain longevity. In Vatopede, I conversed with three caloyers above one hundred years old, the eldest of whom was one hundred and seven; they were fresh and vigorous, and able to attend the night church, only suffering a little from chalk stones in the hands. By their appearance they might live twenty years longer.

The government of the monasteries is paternal, independent of each other, and of external influence. They pay no tribute, or owe any direct obedience to the patriarch, although, as head of the religion, his wishes have weight, and his approval, (never withheld,) is necessary to confirm the election of a new prior, which is performed by the caloyers in their respective monasteries. The prior has the power of solitary confining, and of flagellation.

The priors are nominally subjected to the Bishop of Ayonoros, who resides at Cariez, receiving a moderate stipend from the monasteries once a year: he visits them in succession, when he is treated, respectively, as the

prior, in order to confer priests' orders on such of the caloyers as choose. Few, however, in comparison of their numbers, aspire to that dignity, deterred, perhaps, by the arduous task of performing church service: priests are at the same time exempt from menial offices.

The cultivation of the monastery lands is performed by caloyers, assisted by Albanian labourers. During prosperous times the produce was sufficient to supply all the monasteries with bread, wine, and vegetables; but the incursions of the klephtes since 1821, and the presence of the Osmanleys caused such a stagnation of agriculture, that the greater part of their corn, when I was there, was imported, and only enough wine made for the sick and the aged. Of raki, however, they distilled sufficient quantities for a liberal consumption by the brethren, who drink it at least twice a day, and are no ways restrained: even with this indulgence, I should say that a more mortified body of men than the caloyers of Mount Athos does not exist.

Numerous cottages are scattered in the valleys of the mountain, for the accommodation of the farmer caloyers, who principally like their mode of life, because it relieves them from their religious duties; although, it is true, they are

enjoined to be equally exact when alone, as when in the monasteries—a fervour not to be expected; for a man, after a hard day's toil, will hardly awake at midnight to pray for four hours, even were he innately devout, which the caloyers certainly are not; thereby showing, that religion, though delightful when prompted by godliness, is irksome, like most obligations of this life, when enforced as a duty. I was surprised one night, attending the church, to find very few present; but the secretary confidentially told me, that it was in consequence of the prior's absence at Cariez. He, too, gladly availed himself of his temporary office, doing the honours to a guest, to excuse himself from the night service.

The religious history of Monte Santo commenced with Constantine and Helena, who founded several monasteries. Julian the Apostate levelled them, and dispersed the monks. After his death, however, they returned to their old haunts; but did not again prosper till the reign of Theodosius the Great, who, moved by a miracle, which I will relate, rebuilt Vatopede, the principal monastery. The emperor, in a voyage from Italy to Constantinople, was surprised by a violent gale off the mountain, during which his fleet received great

damage, and, in the course of the night, a wave washed his infant son, Arcadius, overboard. Instead of drowning, as any other child would have done, he was saved by the Virgin, who, seeing the accident, descended on a cloud, and bore him to a wood, near a ruined monastery, on the sea shore. The disconsolate emperor vowed not to continue his voyage without the body of his son; therefore, stationing his ships round the promontory, he landed to search the inlets, and, heaven directed, proceeded straight to the very tree—(the caloyers still show it)—under which the young Arcadius was sleeping. Confessing the prodigy, he showed his gratitude by rebuilding the monastery, and, in commemoration of the event, named it Vatopede, from vatos, wood; pethe, son. In a short time, from this impulse, the mountain surpassed its pristine magnificence. Succeeding emperors, with other Christian princes, built various monasteries, adorning its shores and romantic glens; and the continuance of such high favour preserved its sanctity from becoming dim—its treasures from diminishing. Several royal heads retired to it to enjoy repose; and three emperors, as I have mentioned, were buried in it. There is a tradition, that the Latins, in one of their crusades, landed on the mountain, and pillaged

the convents. Direct proof of this outrage is wanting; but the crusaders were just the gentry to commit it, came they in the way. On the other hand, in their favour, it may be said, that a Greek would not lose an opportunity of vituperating a Catholic.

The mountain escaped the catastrophe attendant on the Mohammedan conquest by the shrewdness of the caloyers, who, inspired by divine grace, as their successors modestly allow, foresaw that, with Constantinople, every land where Greek was spoken would fall into the hands of the Osmanleys; and therefore, without waiting their turn to yield to force, sent deputies to congratulate the conqueror, and to declare themselves his obedient subjects. Mahomet, pleased with their unclaimed submission, granted their prayer, and gave them a firman, exempting them from the desolation he designed the Greek church; empowering them to retain possession of their monasteries, and all the lands appertaining to them, with the right to use bells and other symbols of their faith; to repair their monasteries, and to build others. He only claimed the kharatch. These privileges have never been contested. The caloyers retain them, with the important firman —their charter—to this day; nor have they

ever received so severe a visitation from their masters, as the one they were just freed from on my arrival.

The revenues of the monasteries were derived in part from pilgrims, who resorted to them in great numbers, from Greece, and Turkey, and from Russia. Since the Greek war the pilgrimage has ceased, but is expected to be resumed now that the Levant is more tranquil. It was considered a party of pleasure a voyage to the mountain. The pilgrims received great hospitality. Some visited all the monasteries; others were contented with seeing three or four. They generally gave money; and the names of donors were inscribed in a large book, at each convent, however small the amount. In the great book at Iphiron, I saw the names of Peter the Great and of Catherine the Second.

The monasteries also derive revenues from their estates in Vallachia, Moldavia, and in Russia, where they have dependent establishments, as in Constantinople, and the principal towns of Roumelia. Members of the mountain reside in them to receive the rents, and the offerings of the pious. By this medium, which closely connects the Russians, the Bulgarians, and the Greeks, Russia can exercise a great in-

fluence with the Christian subjects of the Porte: in fact it is a secret police for her all over Turkey.

After three days, I quitted Vatopede. My conveyance was mules, remarkably fine animals. The bells of the monastery were set ringing, not excluding the great gong that summons to church; and the whole fraternity accompanied me to some distance outside the gates, where we took an affectionate parting. My path struck into the nut woods that cover the mountain, and from which vessels every year embark cargoes gratis. The way was rough, but highly picturesque: at times fine rocks girt us close to the edge of steep precipices; at times we passed under natural arches, formed by large oaks growing from the banks above us, and crossing with others springing up from beneath our feet: when a glade occurred, we looked down on the sea, and occasionally, from a summit devoid of trees, we saw the grey head of the cone. All the promontory is of the same description, cool and varied. The sun cannot penetrate its thick foliage, and the caloyers have furnished it with a ready supply of excellent water, collected in numerous fountains, and carried for many miles, from hill to hill, diverging in all directions, in split trunks of

trees, hollowed out: the murmur of these little streams, dropping from branch to branch, joined to the continued fragrance of myrtle, is extremely agreeable to the traveller. The promenades at Castel á Mare are a miniature of the sequestered shades of Ayonoros. Art has only to prune nature to make them yet more delightful. I met several caloyers, who bestowed blessings on me, so gratifying—so auguring of peace, was the novel sight of a Frank traveller to them.

In three hours I reached Cariez, a village embosomed in woods and hills, with an old fort, built by Justinian. Six priors received me, and conducted me to a house already prepared for me, they having previous notice of my arrival. It is not surprising the extraordinary honour I received at Ayonoros, when it is considered that I was the bearer of a patriarchal letter, and the first milordos * who had been there for fourteen years. The rarity of the animal was a sufficient reason for curiosity (of which he was an unbounded object) and hospitality, even were the caloyers not inclined that way. My apartment was not so commo-

* Milordos is adopted universally by people of the East to express a traveller on pleasure. They apply it to individuals of all nations.

dious as the one at Vatopede; but it commanded a finer prospect, from its elevated situation. Several priors kept me company till late, and undeceived me in regard of their supposed acquirements. The brethren at Vatopede had told me that I should gain any information I wanted about the monasteries from them—they referred me back to the monasteries. The ignorance of the monks makes them regard with wonder any body who displays the learning of a school-boy. "If you conversed with our priests," I said, "then you might indeed exclaim, 'Sophos!'" They had heard of the devastation and misery caused by the Russians in Bulgaria: "Is it possible," they asked, "that a Christian army conducts itself like a Turkish army?" "Too true," I replied. They asked me for how many years peace was concluded—a usual question with all classes in the East, who can never believe that a peace between Russia and Turkey is other than a truce: to judge by what has hitherto taken place, they have reason on their side. They wished very much to know whether Prince Leopold would change his religion on assuming the sovereignty of Greece. I answered in the negative; on which one of them said that it was not of very great consequence, considering

that he was a Protestant. The Greeks generally believe, that in deviating from the Latin church we approached the Greek church.

Cariez is situated about the centre of the monastic district. The Turkish waivode resides in it—a personage with little real authority, who may be considered in the light of a referendee, or of a gate that a man puts up in his own road to establish his claim thereto. The caloyers have in general sufficient influence to obtain the removal of an obnoxious waivode.

Cariez has a bazaar for supplying the monasteries with articles of importation—as cheese, salt fish, caviar, coffee, spices, tobacco, clothes, &c. Four times a year the priors assemble there to wait on the waivode, and to deliberate on their prosperity or adversity. Each monastery has a lodging in the village for its prior. While together, the priors live sociably, meeting twice or thrice a day to drink coffee, smoke, and eat sweetmeats. Church service is performed only once a day. After a week, or ten days, they return home, excepting two who remain at Cariez the whole year to transact business with the waivode, and with the bishop, and with the tradespeople. A caloyer also, with the rank of prior, resides at Constantinople as their agent with the Porte: he in-

forms them of its commands respecting them, receives their kharatch, and other contributions that may be levied, and pays them into the treasury. He is also their great protection against an ill-tempered waivode, who is further restrained by the pasha of Salonica, in whose jurisdiction he is. But, independent of these checks, as the community support him and his attendants, and gives him a salary, it is his interest to be civil.

In the morning I waited on him, accompanied by nine priors, and seldom met a merrier Turk. When I gave him my firman, he put the signature to his head and lips—the first and only time I saw that respect paid. I amused him greatly by an account of the change which had taken place at Stamboul—that the padischah wore boots and pantaloons, and rode a Frank saddle—that the grandees cut their beards—that one or two even talked French, and used knives and forks. "Mashallah!" he exclaimed, "the world is coming to an end. What then brings you here?" he laughingly asked. "You will find nothing but monks and vegetables: I have been here six years, and have not seen a woman." The priors looked at each other with becoming confusion, and a beautiful Albanian youth, in the room, smiled

significantly. "You have a fine climate," I observed, "to make amends." "Yes, we have good air, good water, and," winking to the priors, "excellent wine;" to which I added my testimony.

We next visited the monastery of Protaton, in the village, the most ancient on the mountain; only twelve caloyers remained in it. It possessed nothing remarkable, save a bible with a curiously embossed binding. From thence, still attended by my priorly train, who did not bless me for taking them out in the noon-day sun, I walked about a mile to Kuthenisi, a small convent, with an elegant church, containing inestimable relics; viz. the leg of St. Anna, the Virgin's mother, preserved in a rich silver case of the same form, the gift of the founder Alexius Comnenus of Trebizonde;—the chin of St Girolamus;—a piece of the real cross;—the skull of a martyrized caloyer. My companions kissed devoutly these precious fragments of mortality. I did the same, to please them, and pleased myself by thinking that they were authentic. Why not? we are bound to believe so many things. It is not at all improbable that pieces of the real cross are possessed by the caloyers. The cross must have been preserved somewhere; and as it is generally

supposed to have been brought to Constantinople, portions of it might easily have come to Ayonoros, as rare offerings: and Ayonoros has escaped the terrible sackings which befel Rome and Constantinople at different periods.

In the evening I left Cariez; but previous to mounting, could not avoid walking processionally through the town, accompanied by all the clergy. The waivode, who was enjoying a chibouque on a couch in the street, lifted up the finger of astonishment, as he had never before witnessed so grotesque a ceremonial; perhaps, too, somewhat mortified at such honour, to a tithe of which he could not aspire, being shown to an infidel. "Oughrola," *(bon voyage,)* he said. The priors then blessed me, and I proceeded with two Albanians, for honour, down hill towards Iphiron, along a rugged romantic path, skirting some beautiful glens, adorned here and there with large wooden crosses, which gave evidence of the moderation of the Osmanleys towards a hostile faith during their nine years' occupation of the mountain. Flourishing their tophenks over their heads, and singing wild airs, my martial guides bounded merrily before me with the agility of chamois, till a turn of the path disclosed the battlements of Iphiron, when they stopped, and discharged

their pieces—a preconcerted signal, which set every bell a ringing. Another turn of the rock, and we came abruptly in front of the great gates, before which, to my surprise, the whole brotherhood were drawn up to welcome me. Having severally saluted, and been saluted, they ushered me into the building under a deafening peal, through a formidable apparatus of iron gates, which might have led a stranger to suppose that he was entering a feudal castle rather than a peaceful monastery; and in the the first place, as a primary duty, conducting me to a small chapel of peculiar sanctity, introduced me with great form to a picture of the Virgin, to which, although unable to distinguish her features, owing to their native darkness, and the obscurity of the place, I was not wanting in due adoration, crossing myself so devoutly, as greatly edified the caloyers, who returned me the compliment by showing themselves equally fervid, at my supper-table, in devotions to the rosy god, pouring out copious libations according to custom. On Mount Athos wine is doubly attractive, since at its shrine are offered up the vows which, in other places, would be more willingly paid to its fair rival. After supper I went down to the beach to enjoy the baneful luxury of nocturnal

bathing; then returned to roll on my couch, a prey to that cruel, pitiless foe of mankind, mosquitoes. Their stings, pungent as they are, might be endurable were it not for the constant buzz which heralds their approach, and appears to triumph at their success. What a satire on man, that an insect, scarcely larger than a fly's young, should be capable of chasing repose from the couch of prince or peasant! More than wonderful—exquisite specimen of divine mechanism—is the force residing in the wings of these diminutive creatures; the buzz of one alone pervades a spacious room, and the undulation of the air, caused by its flight, affects the flame of a candle at the distance of feet. The midnight bell led me to the church in the hopes of getting an appetite for sleep. Had example been contagious they would soon have been realized, for in less than half an hour nearly all the caloyers were oblivious; and the officiating priests, scarcely visible in the flickering glare of a few lamps, resembled so many sleep-walkers.

The name Iphiron is derived from Iberia, (Georgia,) the convent having been much benefited by the princes of that country. It is one of the four large monastic establishments; (Lavra, Vatopede, Iphiron, Ziropotamo;) but besides this distinction has not much to boast of, not

even a relic in the church, which, however, is elegant, and paved with beautiful variegated marbles. Nor did its library, though extensive, in the least repay my trouble in rummaging among its cobweb shelves, which apparently had long been undisturbed by the hand of man, for manuscripts. There were no Greek or Latin, but a great many Georgian ones, very ancient, and bound in wood, though on what subjects they treat I cannot say, for the caloyers, no more than I, had no idea of the language. The library at Vatopede was much larger, but owing to the key of it having been mislaid, I could only look at it through the bars. Most of the convents have large libraries, and therefore it is not improbable that Greek manuscripts exist in them. I had intended making a search among them, but severe illness prevented me.

I slept one night at Iphiron. The next evening, embarking in a small boat belonging to the establishment, a fresh northerly breeze carried us swiftly past a romantic shore, its prominent points adorned with chapels, to a tiny harbour, capable of affording shelter to a dozen large boats, formed by a shelf of rocks and a rude breakwater at the foot of the cone, just beneath the monastery of Lavra, to which I was wel-

comed with the same ringing, and the same good-will as at the other convents; though—and ill-luck it proved to be—its accommodations, in consequence of having had ruder occupants, were far inferior. Not an entire pane of glass remained, and the furniture was in a woful condition from the Osmanleys having been in the habit of firing at marks in-doors. Add to this, a biting scarcity of provisions, and it may be readily supposed that the inhabitants, ninety in number, the remnant of two hundred and forty, looked, as they expressed themselves, in a deplorable state. They hoped, however, for better times; and two elderly caloyers were about to go to the monasteries of Mounts Olympus and Pelion, and to Mega Spilion, to invite back the refugees, who in the first months of the revolution had fled, carrying with them, it is said, good part of the riches of the convent. At Vatopede and Iphiron envoys were preparing for a similar expedition; so that, in a few years, Ayonoros may again be flourishing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fever—Church Scene—Bigotry—Voyage—Gulf of Cassandra—Salonica—Banditti—Earthquake—Chaban—Execution—Pirates—Mr. Wolff—Hebrews—Missionaries—Maronite.

At Lavra, my monasterial tour terminated, much to my regret. At a small chapel situated near the summit of the cone, to which I climbed the morning after my arrival, the fever, which had been lurking in my veins since leaving Adrianople, fostered by a foolish want of precaution, and by excessive fatigue, suddenly pulled me to the ground. I was carried back to the convent, where, during five days, I inhaled the grave. My pulse ran 160. Nothing was in the convent which could avail me, and all my resources were comprised in a determination to get through it, despite the prophecy, which now struck me as singular, of an old wizard at Constantinople,

that I should die on a mountain, and in a pair of lancets. One of the caloyers professing to be able to use the latter, I made him, much against his will, bleed me copiously seven times. But it was of slight relief; every basin of blood he took from me seemed only to make room for a hotter tide to flow in my veins. Hot baths I tried also, till I was like a boiled lobster, and with as little effect; not as much moisture could be attracted to my skin as would have damped a grain of sand. I required calomel. Those who have felt the stifling heat of a violent fever—stifling even with "all appliances to boot"—may have an idea how I suffered, rolling about in a room which had glassless windows on two sides, without a curtain to exclude the sun, which glared in on me half the day, with an intensity to have made the most devoted fire-worshipper, in my place, curse him, or a shutter to keep out the malaria, which rose every evening like a wave from the valley, undulating on a level with my windows. But these inconveniences were trifles compared with what followed after night-fall, when the reign of mosquitoes set in. Then, every faculty sharpened by pain and anxiety, every sense was resolved into that of hearing, and my apartment in consequence seemed pervaded by the blasts of a thousand trumpets. Such an effect had this visitation

upon me, that for months after, even when surrounded by that blest contrivance, a mosquito curtain, the humming of one of these insects would make me start from sleep in dismay. Insensible as forest ponies to such an infliction, the caloyers ridiculed my complaints on the subject, and thought me, I believe, madder when I grieved seriously about it than when delirium, from time to time, overcame me. Thirst too tormented me; for though I had no disposition to canine madness, I positively loathed the only beverage I could get, water. What would I not then have given for a shaddock—a lemon—the cast-away peal of one! The middle of the fourth night I rose and cast a sheet round me. My appearance, I suppose, was strange, for the caloyer appointed to guard me ran away. I followed him along the corridore—he ran still faster, till on reaching the gallery, which overlooked the body of the church, I turned into it, disturbing at the same time two centenarians, who were mumbling their prayers. They started at the apparition, crossed themselves, and drew close into their respective corners to make room for me between them. It being the eve of a saint's festival, the whole fraternity was present in mournful guise, acting holy parts with becoming fervour. I recollect gazing earnestly down on the solemn scène till it

became unreal to my disordered imagination—till a change came over its fair proportions—till the monks in their black robes, and crape cowls, prostrating themselves on the pavement, flitting about spectrally, blending in the dim light with the martyrized figures on the frescoed walls, crying, and the roof echoing the cry, "kyrie eleison," seemed to me the souls of the wicked, whose torments, in idea, my fever was supplying. An eternity flashed across my mind. Scarcely for the realization of my fondest wishes would I consent to re-experience the same intensity of feeling. How long I remained in the gallery I do not know, or how I left it; but as the dawn was breaking, I found myself again lying on my rug. The disorder seemed to be coming to a close; my skin felt as though drawn over a frame of red hot iron; my head as though an anvil under a dozen hammers; and for the first time it struck me seriously that I was about to die. What a place to die in! without even hearing my native tongue, sweetest of all sweet music at such a moment. I motioned for pen and paper, that I might write to a friend, but, in vain I tried, I could not form a letter. In this extremity a number of caloyers, drest as I had seen them in the church, and preceded by the cross, entered my chamber in processional array.

I absolutely recoiled, thinking them—I may be excused, considering my state—dark watchers for my soul, struggling to escape from its burning tenement. Heedless of my repulsive gestures, they gathered round me, and began talking of the inestimable advantage of leaving the world in the true faith. How I answered I scarcely know, but not very courteously, I believe. Moreover, earthly wants still pressed on me, and made me beg for some lemonade. They had none to give me; but instead, reiterated their proposition in full chorus, until, at length, weary with their importunity, I bade them leave me to die in my own way. They obeyed, and went away shaking their garments, saying, "that I should go to hell." They were mistaken—at least for the present, for, after a few hours of unconsciousness, into which I had fallen on their departure, I came to my senses in a violent fit of vomiting, &c. The fever had changed its malignant for an intermittent form; and then I knew that I was out of immediate danger, though so extremely weak, that my only idea was to get away to any place where I might procure assistance. With this view, I sent to Cariez for mules or horses, that I might proceed to Salonica in a litter: ride I could not. But the waivode would not hear of it, because the road was infested with klephtes;

and my having a firman, made him, in some measure, feel himself responsible for my safety. A boat in the meantime arrived at Lavra, manned by three suspicious looking Greeks, who offered to convey me and my servant to Salonica. The caloyers, who now, forgetting whither they had consigned my soul, and attributing my recovery to their prayers, were very assidious about my welfare, warned me against them; but what could I do? remaining on Mount Athos in my state, was, I thought, suicidal; leaving it, even in a pirate boat, my only chance of recovery: besides, at the worst, they were but three, and we were two.

Embarking, therefore, one evening, as the sun set, we left the holy mountain, to my great joy, one effect of a violent illness being to make a man loath for the time the place where he had it; but before midnight, other considerations assailed me, for I could not help feeling that, however strictly I might keep on my guard, I was completely at the mercy of the helmsman, he being seated behind me on a level with my shoulders. To have continued in that way would have been preposterous; but to my request that he would tranquillize me by placing his arms beside me, the fellow strongly objected, calling on God to witness that he was the honestest man living, and

appealing to his comrades for the truth of his modest assertion. His eagerness appeared to condemn him. To have believed him would have been folly on my part; to have desisted from my attempt would have been worse: so I fairly told him my mind; on which, affecting a sort of proud consideration for my nervous state, he yielded the point, perhaps thinking it would be all the same when I should be asleep. Sleep! I *could* have slept, for my eyelids were like pieces of lead; but the idea of having escaped the fangs of the fever only to fall into the hands of such fellows, was unbearable. Perhaps I was ong, and they were well inclined at *first*.

We progressed slowly, on account of a light, scant wind, till early the second morning, when we altered our course, and steered for the gulf of Cassandra. It was well that I remembered the coast. The helmsman swore that it was the gulf of Salonica—that we had passed the gulf of Cassandra in the night without my knowledge; nor, could I, without a very warm altercation, and pointing out indisputable land-marks, convince him of his *error*. He affected to treat me lightly; said, "that he would not be dictated to—that he knew the coast better than I did, (I was certain of that)—that he was a palicari—that I had treated him unjustly, as a villain—that I might do as I

pleased; in short, that he would have his own way. Of course, my only answer to all this rhodomontade was by insisting on our hauling to the wind again. My friend's purpose was evident. The gulf of Cassandra, from time immemorial, has been noted for consistent pirates: every boat that leaves the inlets of its coasts is a *free-trader* if occasion offer; if not, a fishing-boat. Had we met one of these convenient navigators my travels were finished: I should not even have adorned a tale. In the gulf of Salonica, the pirates are obliged to act with more caution, because there are often ships of war there; and from the vicinity of consuls of various nations, notice of a piracy is more prompt, as well as pursuit more vigorous.

The third day, being fairly in the gulf of Salonica, therefore, comparatively sure, I sent my servant on shore to find me some fruit; and the next morning early we landed at Salonica, where I was hospitably received by James Charnaud, Esq., the British consul. I had need of repose, for the intermittent fever on me, recurring every twenty-four hours, had quite exhausted me; and, added to that, my long exposure in an open boat, with the necessity of keeping so much awake, brought on a violent ophthalmia, which the surgeon of the place

treated ignorantly. His name was Lafont, a frenchman. To hear *him*, no one ever performed so many cures; to hear *others*, no one ever killed so many people. He kept me in perfect agony during a fortnight, when it ceased. He pronounced me cured, not knowing that the disease was only assuming a more dangerous form; and in consequence, I gave myself liberties, which in the end nearly proved fatal to my sight.

The neighbourhood of Salonica, at my arrival, was infested with brigands, who carried their audacity so far, as to pillage within a mile of the city, and even threatened to enter it and levy a contribution. Under ground was also in commotion: one day, while lying in bed very ill, I was surprised at seeing the doors and windows of my room banging to and fro, without the aid of hands, and feeling the house roll like a ship. Wooden houses are difficult to overthrow.

Chaban, (one of a Christian-tribe of Albanians called Gueges,) the leader of the above daring gang, was no novice in his profession. He had already obtained a pardon for a former career; remaining tranquil some years; but on the breaking out of the Russian war, he resumed his old work, and made himself, as before, the terror of a wide tract of country. The peace, however, rendering his profession hazardous, he made

overtures for purchasing a second pardon; but the Porte, instead of listening to them, sent circular orders to have him taken up at any cost. A brigand, howsoever powerful he be, rarely escapes such a crisis; he becomes like a wild beast, and the villagers gladly assist the authorities in tracking him. From the district of Seres, whither he had been chased with considerable loss, Chaban made a dash in the vicinity of Salonica, whence he also retreated, after having alarmed us peaceable folks, speedily followed by the pasha's chiaja, who overtook him at a village about fifteen miles distant. Several were killed and wounded on both sides in the skirmish which ensued; among the latter was Chaban, who narrowly escaped being taken; but mounting on a baggage horse, and supported by a palicari on either side, he contrived to cut his way through with fifty followers. Thence he attempted to gain the gorges of Olympus, and so into Greece; but in that direction also his retreat was cut off by the peasantry; on which, as a last resource, he disbanded his followers, and crossed the mountains alone into Albania. There his career ended. The pasha of Scutari, willing to oblige the Porte in every thing that did not affect his own independence, had given orders to have him taken up whenever he should appear in Albania. He was

punctually obeyed, and Chaban was conducted as an agreeable offering to the grand vizir, whose head quarters were then at Betolia.

When brought before his highness, he was no ways down-cast. I was then at Salonica, and heard him described by those who saw him, as a very fine looking man, about thirty-five. He endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, "that he had the intention of delivering himself up to the pasha of Salonica, when attacked by his forces, and only fought in self-defence." The vizir replied, "A man does not go for that purpose with five hundred followers, and ravage villages *en route*."—"I was obliged to have followers to protect me: I endeavoured to restrain their excesses—that should be considered." The vizir was unmoved. Chaban was taken out, and as a preparatory exercise suspended by his arms for twelve hours. He was again brought into the vizir's presence. "You will do wrong to slay me," he said; "my death can do you no good. Example in this country has no effect. I am able to serve you—I know the haunts of the brigands as a hare knows her form; you wish to snare the beys of Albania—they trust me. Let me escape, you will not repent it—kill me, you lose one who can bring a thousand palicari to your standard to-morrow." Chaban's reasoning

was vain. 'His judge was inflexible, considering him too great a villain to live. He was taken back to prison: the following day a hook was thrust into his side, by which he was suspended to a tree, and there hung, enduring the agony of thirst, till the third evening, when death closed the scene; but before that, about an hour, the birds, already considering him their own, had alighted on his brow to peck his eyes. During this frightful period, he uttered no unmanly complaints; only repeated several times, " Had I known that I was to suffer this infernal death, I would never have done what I have. From the moment I led the klephte's life, I had death before my eyes, and was prepared to meet it, but I expected to die as my predecessors—by decapitation." Simple death is a trifling punishment for great crimes, which requires bold hearts to execute; if accompanied by torture, it makes courage shrink, not unless.

His exit restored tranquillity to Salonica. The city of Salonica is large and well built, containing about sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are Jews. It is considered the head quarters of the Turkish Jews. One, a purveyor of flour, was hung during my stay, for cheating the public. His fate caused a sensation, for Jews are rarely put to death in Turkey—they

are too cunning. He was hung on a Friday; and that the body might not continue hanging on the Saturday, according to custom, a sum of money was presented to the pasha; a bad precedent, since every Jew in future condemned to death, will be hanged on a Friday.

Salonica, twenty years since, vied with Smyrna in trade; and was the residence of nearly as many Frank merchants, of whom three remain. Its chief exports were corn, produced in the fertile, well-watered plains of Macedonia; but the ruinous policy of sultan Mahmoud, in monopolizing the produce, has caused such a stagnation of agriculture, that barely enough is now produced to supply the city. The proprietors have no interest in cultivating their estates, when they must take the produce to the government market. Whenever the Turks have had the advantage of free trade, they have shown no want of spirit to meet the demands of the merchants; the quantity of corn exported from Salonica, and Tarsus, during the war, is a proof. The rule of farming in Turkey is, the landlord finds seed, the tenant incurs all the other expenses, and the profits are equally shared. All lands pay ten per cent. of the produce to government.

Salonica has above twenty mosques, several Greek churches, many synagogues, with two Ca-

tholic churches which have the privilege of using bells as at Pera and Smyrna. The great protection enjoyed by the Catholic church in the East is entirely the merit of the French ambassadors, who have always been, and are still considered, its protectors. It is singular in the present time, when religion is a bye-word in France, to know the French ambassador cavilling with the Porte to obtain privileges for it. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that their unwearied zeal in its behalf for centuries has more benefited the cause of humanity in the countries governed by the Osmanleys, than could have done the labours of thousands of missionaries. It has preserved the religious institutions in Syria, and Palestine, and Arabia; it has ever offered a secure asylum for wavering minds of the Greek and Armenian sects; and it has, at the same time, conciliated the Porte by never interfering with its interests. After all, what is the rational object of religion? Is it not to make men live in peace among each other, and under their government, whatever that government be? The Catholic religion in the East has effected this.

The remarkables of Salonica are—its ancient walls, which stand the test of time as well as Constantinople walls;—a triumphal arch with bassi rilievi, erected by Constantine to commemo-

rate his victory at Cassandra;—and the pulpit whence St. Paul preached to the Thessalonians. It then stood in the street near the church of the S. S. Apostles, and I make no doubt, from its form, was oftener used to get on a horse, or a cart, than for a display of eloquence. The Mussulmans have a respect for it, in the light of a trophy, and keep it in the mosque of Aya Sophie. It is worthy of remark, that the Turks, when they converted churches into mosques, never renamed those that bore the title of St. Sophia. It is formed of one block of marble, of a species of verd antique, and consists of three steps, with a platform the parapet of which reaches to the knee. Its height is about five feet, its length eight feet—as near as I could guess; for the imam showed impatience at my wishing to measure it. As many Turks almost regard Franks in the light of necromancers, the good priest might have thought that if he allowed me to measure it, I should make a corresponding aperture in the roof, and so convey it away at night. It would be seen to much more advantage in London; and I dare say that the sultan would give it to an ambassador, if asked. He certainly does not know of it. A trifling gift afterwards to the pasha, and the Greek bishop of Salonica, would cause it to be embarked without opposition from the people.

I had been at Salonica about ten days when we were all much surprised at the consulate by a letter from Mr. Joseph Wolff, missionary to Persia and to Palestine. The reverend gentleman stated that he was at a village, two days distance, in consequence of having been maltreated by pirates off Cassandra point; that he was shoeless, and coatless, and moneyless;—in fine, wanted aid. It was, of course, immediately sent. A few hours after a large boat arrived, containing seven cases of bibles, and Mr. Wolff's domestic, a Cypriote Greek. The Cypriote informed us that his master had embarked in this same boat about a fortnight before at Mytilene, having resided there six weeks, preaching the gospel—to no purpose. He had come to the island from Alexandria, where Lady Georgiana was then staying. From Mytilene they went to Tenedos on the same errand; and thence, after remaining a few days, steered southwards. They passed one night at St. Anna, a small convent at the extremity of Mount Athos, and were continuing their voyage with high spirits to Salonica, when it was interrupted by a pirate giving chase to them off Cassandra point. Not trusting to his eloquence to convert his pursuers to a better life, or thinking that the gospel would be thrown away on them—pearls to swine—Mr. Wolff directed his boat to be run on shore, and

left her, half-dressed as he was on account of the heat, accompanied by his Arabic professor, a Maronite. Landing, also, the pirates pursued them some way up the hills, firing several shots; but on finding that faith gave speed to the fugitives, they abandoned the chase, and returned to pillage the boat, from which they removed everything valuable excepting the bibles; then beat the Cypriote, and bid him tell his master that he owed his life to his legs. We were not so much surprised that Mr. Wolff had been attacked by pirates, as that he had been able, as his letter showed, to escape the brigands who infest the promontory of Cassandra. It was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. We expected him with impatience. In three days he arrived with his feet in a woful plight from the thorns, though otherwise in good health, and undaunted by his disaster. Confirming his servant's report, Mr. Wolff added that after a sharp run of an hour up the hills, perceiving that the chase was given up, they halted to consider of their position. Alone on wild mountains, which had scarcely ever been trodden by Franks, covered with underwood, and infested by worse than savage beasts—men in a lawless state—without shoes, without food, without a compass to guide their steps, their position was indeed distressing. Fearing to return to the

beach, they wandered about in great anxiety during twenty hours, searching in vain for traces of paths or of water. Their thirst at length became insupportable. Sinking on their knees, as they thought for the last time, they prayed fervently, and the Maronite, in particular, supplicated God not to abandon his apostle. Their prayers were heard; in less than ten minutes they met a stream, and shortly after some shepherds, who conducted them to Sicaya, the residence of an aga.

Fortunately Mr. Wolff had about his person his firman, with other papers, which entitled him to the utmost attentions of the aga, who provided him with a courier to carry his letter to Salonica, and a guard to escort him.

Notwithstanding his fatigues, he commenced his labours the same day. His name was already well known to the Hebrews, and they were not remiss in flocking to hear him. The house and streets adjoining were filled. He preached assiduously twice or three times a day, and disputed hotly with the rabbis; taking care, however, not to eat or drink with them, for he remembered his experience of their artifices at Jerusalem.*

* At Jerusalem Mr. Wolff was in the habit of arguing once or twice a week in a cafené much frequented by Jews. One day the cavedji, being bribed by some of his enemies, presented him with a cup of poisoned coffee. Fortunately the dose was too

He distributed bibles with profusion; and after some days, put up in the streets a call to the Jews, showing them from the Testament that Christ was Messiah, and would come again on earth in 1847. I have often heard this prophecy from Mr. Wolff's lips, and he has done me the favour to explain to me his calculations, from which he deduces that year in particular for the advent. They are ingenious, and the connexion of them good; but no calculation from the data in the old Testament can be relied on, because no two people can agree on the expression of those data. I have listened with delight to Mr. Wolff. He is eloquent and persuasive, with four languages—Hebrew, Italian, German, and English—in which to clothe his thoughts gracefully; besides having a tolerable knowledge of Arabic and Persian. But on one subject his enthusiasm rather taxes his auditor's patience, if not precisely of his opinion. He has published, and he believes, that in the year 1847 Christ will come in the clouds, surrounded by angels, and commence his reign in Jerusalem

strong; he brought it up immediately, and thereby saved his life. Lady Georgiana was there with him, and to her care Mr. Wolff attributed his recovery from a dangerous illness which ensued in consequence. Since then, however, he has been entirely free from tertian fever, to attacks of which, on exposure to *malaria*, he was previously very liable.

for one thousand years. It is difficult to listen to such expressions without regarding the speaker of them twofold, to discover if there be not something hidden under the garb of enthusiasm; but I really believe that Mr. Wolff is sincere—deceives himself as well as others. The great foil of his character is vanity. How far this passion, if deeply probed, may be found to have acted on his judgment till he believed himself pre-eminently the chosen of God, I will not pretend to hint at: we forget his foibles in considering his talents and his principles: yet, without being thought uncharitable, we may be allowed to suppose that Mr. Wolff, on being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, would have done well in sitting down unostentatiously in Bavaria, endeavouring to convert his relations, before wandering to distant lands. I asked him one day, whether he would be at Jerusalem in 1847 to receive the Messiah? "Certainly," he replied; "Lady Georgiana and myself will go there for that purpose."

The call he put up excited great sensation. He was obliged to give a soldier money to prevent it from being torn down. Thousands of Jews came to read it. Some said in reply, that as the advent was only seventeen years off, they would wait till then before determining their opinions. Few men are so old as not to hope for as many as seventeen

years more life. The whole city was upside down. Hitherto the pasha had been silent; but on this he sent to the consul, and desired him to tell Mr. Wolff not to affix any more calls on the houses, inviting people to change their religion, which he considered highly improper.

To make a long story short, after a fortnight's preaching and arguing, Mr. Wolff desisted. He told me that endeavouring to convert the Jews was reaping in a barren field. No one acquainted with them will be much surprised at this confession. I was less so, because I knew the opposition that he had encountered from the Jews in every part of Turkey. From the Ottoman authorities he never received any serious obstacle. The intrigues of the Jews obliged him to leave Cyprus and Rhodes: they poisoned him at Jerusalem; they burnt the New Testaments he distributed at Adrianople; at Arnaoutkeuy, a populous village on the European bank of the Bosphorus, they paraded a crucified dog in derision of him: how they may have evinced their abhorrence of his apostacy in other places I do not know. He might well say that he reaped in a barren field; at the same time he told me that at Constantinople he had baptized thirteen Jews, who were afterwards banished through the influence of the rabbi; and will probably, if not already, by means

of discipline, be induced to rescind. At Rome two Jews are converted every year,—but how? In all cases it seems to me a negative humanity to convert people whom we cannot protect from after persecution. They generally recant.

The Thessalonicans not only would not listen to Mr. Wolff; they libelled him by swearing to the consul, that he had offered four thousand piastres to any one who would consent to be baptized. I believe this to be false; Mr. Wolff assured me that it was.

Though unsuccessful in his pursuit, no one can deny Mr. Wolff great praise for the single-minded zeal that he displays in his avocation, or can depreciate his motives, which, he has shown the world, are pure. It may be considered the bounden duty of every person who believes in the Christian doctrine, (which I hope is wrongly interpreted,) that none can be saved but who believe in Christ, to take the Bible in one hand, the cross in the other, and go through the world with the hope of enlightening at least one soul. This is Mr. Wolff's idea. There is little merit in sitting by a warm fire, and sending deputies for that purpose. With such an object in view as the salvation of a soul, no persuaded believer should regard fatigue and privation; he should rather rejoice in them.

Alas! this is not the object of the missionaries who frequent the shores of the Turkish empire. To what purpose do they frequent them? to convert those who are already Christians: it would be as wise to teach the poor of one parish Greek and the mathematics, while the poor in the rest of the kingdom could not read. To what do they convert them? to their own peculiar opinions; as whether it be better to stand or kneel in church, to pray together or alone, to fast or feast on certain days. The utter unprofitableness of these gentlemen cannot be sufficiently pointed out; and Mr. Wolff has not done a greater service to the public, than by exposing some of them in his work. Would that his hints were attended to! One comes to Malta, and settles there with his lady:—another comes to Tino, and while learning Greek, to be enabled to labour on the continent, falls in love, and marries an amiable Tiniote—his spiritual ardour takes another course:—another fixes himself at Smyrna, finding that demi-Frank city pleasanter than the interior of Turkey, whither he was destined:—another takes a *disorder*, and dies of it on the shores of the Persian Gulf:—another quietly pursues his own studies at Alexandria, regardless of others' souls, to qualify himself for a situation in one of the London colleges. All are living on the stipends

granted by the Missionary Societies, and occupied in forwarding their particular views. Far be it from me to say that human weakness does not merit indulgence; but they who embark in a holy cause, should quit it when they find that the flesh overpowers the spirit. Religion is the last asylum where hypocrisy should shelter in.

Independent of moral qualifications, which apparently are not seriously attended to by the nominators of missionaries, it is reasonable to suppose that other qualifications are considered indispensable; particularly a knowledge of languages: yet, it will scarcely be credited, missionaries arrive in the Levant, to preach, to convert, knowing absolutely no other than their mother tongue. Every body knows the length of time it requires to learn a foreign language, so as to be able to argue in it: the older the tyro, the more difficult the task.

There is no field without a flower, no desert without an oasis, no sea without a coral. I say this in reference to Mr. Hartley, missionary of the church of England. His unwearied zeal, and his amiable character, gained him the esteem of all who met him during his stay in the Levant. He does not remember the writer of this, for there was nothing there to fix his attention; but he saw in the preacher a mild persuasiveness, which he

thought could not fail in its object, could men be weaned from the creed of their fathers—be taught to believe in any miracles besides those imbibed with their mother's milk, fostered by continued precepts, sanctioned by the credence of all whom they esteem, which, if left to the exercise of their mature judgment, might have been rejected as fabulous. This, in my opinion—the extreme improbability of men, arrived at years of discretion, embracing another, hitherto ridiculed, series of prodigies—is a chief obstacle to making converts; a valid reason for doubting their sincerity when converted; a plausible argument for not esteeming their talents. Of course there are exceptions; favoured individuals, on whom rays of divine grace alight, and paint on their minds' retinas the mysterious truth; but, in a general sense, the difficulty is insuperable. Abdul Wahab, the Luther of Mohammedanism, founder of the sect called Wahabites, since scotched by the sabre of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, while acknowledging the unity of God, the purity of the doctrines contained in the Koran, the existence of future worlds as therein described, rejected the orthodox belief of Mohammed's intercourse with the angel Gabriel, and held him up as a mortal only, worthy of veneration truly; a being superiorly gifted with wisdom, but not supernaturally endowed. There

can be no doubt that a grown person, brought up in no religion, if desired to make choice between Islamism and Wahabitism, would choose the latter, as being least offensive to human reason.

But to return whence we started. Where did Mr. Hartley's labours lie?—among the Greeks, and without effect. Let the Greeks alone; they are already entitled to salvation, as far as belief can entitle them. Under the actual or nominal rule of the sultan, are fifteen millions of Mussulmans, who, according to the religion which the missionaries preach, must be d——d. Does ever a missionary attempt, in the most indirect way, to save one of them? Never; the age of martyrdom is past.

The lavish distribution of Bibles is equally distressing to behold. Did the members and supporters of the Bible Society know how they go, how they are received, they would infinitely prefer giving their money to their poor countrymen. God knows it would be a more praiseworthy action. But then the patronage of appointing missionaries, Bible distributors, &c. would cease. Let us examine what become of these books. Bibles are given to the Turks, printed very rationally in the Turkish character—(one hundred and ninety-nine of two hundred cannot read.) A Turk takes one of them as he would a Treatise on

Fluxions, or a Life of Lord Bacon, and with about as much interest; as neither the pasha or the muphti interferes with his possession of it, it does not gain additional value as a prohibited article: he either keeps it as a curiosity, or tears it as waste paper. If imams came to England and France, and distributed Korans in the English and French tongues, I make no doubt that the people would willingly accept them, or buy them cheap; but I am sure that the propagation of the Mohammedan faith would not be the least advanced by this liberality, especially not being enforced by word of mouth. The Hebrews take the Bible with great pleasure, because saving them expense: they carefully destroy the New Testaments, and place the Old Testaments in their synagogues, sneering at the donors. The Albanian klephtes make wadding for their guns of the leaves of the Society's bibles, if they have no other. Vast numbers of bibles are annually distributed, or sold cheap, to the Greeks: these tell their priests, and their priests, as in duty bound, relieve them of the charge of keeping such forbidden books. In 1829, a Sardinian frigate, at Alexandria, received bibles from the agent of the English Society: when the frigate arrived at Genoa, her officers and men, without distinction, were required to give them up, and

did. If such absurdity exists in enlightened Italy—I vouch for its truth—what can be expected in Greece? In Mesopotamia, Mr. Wolff told me, to justify the distribution of bibles, is a tribe of 200,000 souls, who were formerly Christians, (at least so it is said,) but who, their books becoming destroyed by age and carelessness, lost all remembrance of their faith, and degenerated into, what they are, worshippers of the evil spirit. Here, it may be exclaimed, is a fitting channel for the liberality of the Bible Society to flow in! to restore a lost flock to its pastor. Much cannot be hoped: their Christianity must have been very, very lukewarm, if they could not copy their writings, or at least preserve them traditionally. The oriental Hebrews, and the Mohammedans, have been equally without the aid of printing; yet bibles and korans are not wanting—at least one to every family.

This discussion does not properly come under the head of a lay traveller's note book; but the subject, at which I have barely hinted, forcibly impresses every disinterested Frank in the East.

I must, however, add that the missionaries do not entirely labour in vain. Converts are obtained, not many certainly, but enough to impose on the world, chiefly from among the Syrian Christians. I will not say that any of them are

465

gained by actual bribery, but they certainly are by promises of employment in the missionary line—promises often not fulfilled, in consequence of which the converts are reduced to distress. More than one Armenian bishop has embraced a Protestant faith in order to marry: "every man has his price." Mr. Wolff's Arabic professor, of whom I have spoken, was one of these Syrian Christians. He had been converted five years since by an American missionary at Beyruth — converted to the American's own doctrines: what *they* were I know not; I only know that the said American, with another of his countrymen in the same line, have brought the English name in great discredit with the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, and thereabouts. Having been strongly recommended as one admirably qualified to preach the gospel among the Arabs, Mr. Wolff took him into his service, with a liberal salary of eighty pounds per annum. When obliged to make the precipitate retreat from his boat off Cassandra, Joseph (the convert) accompanied him. In his fear he did not forget his Syrian craft, but opening a trunk, took out his master's ready money, four thousand piastres, and put them into his sash for his own private use. At Sicaya, Mr. Wolff wanted money very bad to repay the civility of

the aga's attendants: Joseph offered him none; indeed, his master thought he had none, and did not ask him. On arriving at a convent, in their journey from Sicaya to Salonica, Joseph, tormented with ideas of brigands, lodged his money in the hands of the prior; and when he reached Salonica, requested the consul to withdraw it from him. The consul, knowing that Mr. Wolff had been in distress for money, was scandalized at this mercenary trait in the Maronite, and thought that the man who could be guilty of such meanness towards a liberal patron could not be honest. Sanctified Joseph, still feigning poverty, induced his master not only to reimburse him for the loss of apparel which he had sustained in the boat, but also to fit him out entirely anew, and pay up his arrears of salary. He insisted on these terms without delay, which put Mr. Wolff to great inconvenience on account of the exchange at the moment being unfavourable. At this unprincipled extortion I could not restrain my indignation, or from expressing it to Mr. Wolff, who was much surprised at hearing that his strongly recommended, good, honest Joseph was possessed of a considerable number of piastres, especially as he had reason to know that he had had none previous to the visit of the pirates—gentlemen who take rather than give. Still, judging from his own

good feelings, he was inclined to think that he might have been mistaken, and that at worst Joseph was only guilty of bad faith with him, not of a crime which in England might have brought him to the gallows. I thought differently. Here, however, the affair ceased for the present: Mr. Wolff resolved on parting with him on arriving at Smyrna, not on account of this, but on account of his ignorance of any other language than Arabic, which rendered him of little service, also from his lukewarmness in the cause of religion. He settled in his own mind that Joseph should be sent to Alexandria, with strong certificates to the missionaries there, in order to be profitably employed. I am happy to say that the rogue was unmasked in time. On our arrival at Smyrna, the Cypriote, (Mr. Wolff's domestic,) between whom and Joseph had been a growing coolness on the passage, quarrelled with him seriously on account of the said wrongly appropriated piastres, and to be revenged told his master the story of the theft, of which he was an eye-witness, and which he was to have shared. The case being laid before the consul, honest Joseph was induced to disgorge great part of his dearly-beloved piastres, and was sent back to Syria in disgrace. He will probably resume his old creed, laugh at the credulity of missionaries,

and lament his own sufficient want of cunning. The name of this man has figured more than once in the reports of the Bible Society, and been cited as an instance of the success attending the missionaries' labours. As a further spur to their labours, I may add, that there is no difficulty in converting a Maronite to any thing except honesty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tertian Fever — Philanthropy — Hydriote Schooner—Mr. Wolff—Smyrna—Hotel—"Glorious three days"—Recluse —Swede — Merchants — L'Eurydice — Ourlaq — Gazelle— English Frigate—Spezzia—Quarantine—Genoa.

SALONICA is notorious—I know it to my cost—as the head quarters of the tertian fever, which ravages, more or less, every part of Turkey in the summer and autumn,—the natural consequence of uncultivated lands. During my stay, it cruelly afflicted the town; of eight males in the consulate, not one escaped. There were nearly as many females, including Mrs. and Miss Charnaud; not one took it. Exposure to the wind that blows over the marshes, without having on a cloth jacket or flannel, is certain to produce it. One day of this wind, the doctor seeing my servant, a stout athletic islander, standing at the window in

his shirt-sleeves, cautioned him to come away, or to put on his jacket. "Maccari!" exclaimed the fellow; "do you think we are like you effeminate Franks? We are Palikari." "You may be a Palikari," replied the doctor; "but the fever is more of a Palikari than you." That evening he sunk under it, and twice afterwards before leaving the place. In consequence, the inhabitants are divided into two parties; the partizans of quina, (bark,) and the partizans of quinina, (extract of bark;) each has its doctors, and the respective merits of the drugs form the engrossing topic of conversation. I give the preference to quina; it is slower in performing a cure, but its effects are more certain: quinina, too, though it generally cuts a fever in twenty-four hours, has the disadvantage of giving intolerable head-ache.

The depopulation of Turkey is mainly attributable to this fever. Wars, executions, and plague are active agents, I allow; but they are incidental, whereas tertian acts like rust on metal, silently and destructively. It falls heaviest on children, and more than counterbalances the great fecundity of the women; the mother of ten children may esteem herself happy on being able to bring up two. Bark, its sovereign remedy, is not procurable, except in the great trading cities of the coasts; in default whereof, the natives

drink off large doses of raw spirits seasoned with pepper, or of lemon juice which has stood in the sun a whole day. The cure is often worse than the disease; both are uncertain, and in no case can be safely administered to young children. Winter checks it, but it returns the ensuing summer: a child is weaker each season, and, unless shaken off in time, intestinal complaints ensue, from which only the most robust recover. Mind has so much influence on this fever, that I have heard of natives being cured by going to mosque or church covered with amulets. I can believe it, from knowing how effectually the mind, in an inverse way, acts on Franks, who being free from the wholesome superstition, prolong the disorder by a nervous apprehension of its certain repetition. It is laughable the exactitude with which it returns, to half an hour. A Frank takes out his watch, orders warm drinks, and waits for it: he never waits in vain; at the precise minute his extremities begin to chill, and the shivers soon follow. Of all the inhabitants of Turkey, the Osmanleys suffer the least from tertian fever, because they clothe the warmest.

On the subject of the depopulation of Turkey, it may not be amiss to observe, that another great cause of it, more active than is readily supposed, is the absence of surgical aid. Bad wounds,

fractures, neglected ulcers, gangrenes, &c. almost always prove fatal. One of the rarest objects in Turkey is a person minus a limb: minus an eye is fearfully common, for simple ophthalmia, trifling in civilized Europe, is in these countries generally followed by the partial loss of sight; by a merciful provision of nature, when one eye is extinguished, the other is less liable to disorders.

Aware of the distressing consequences of neglected wounds and hurts, the Philanthropic Society of Paris, with an enlightened humanity that cannot be sufficiently admired, sent two surgeons into Greece in 1827, with liberal stipends, and all necessaries appertaining to their art, to relieve the natives gratis. If the healer of sores and the preacher of the gospel were united, might not greater success be expected? European skill in medicine is regarded by the easterns as almost miraculous; they do not attribute it to witchcraft. Was not a power of healing one of the direct proofs given by our Saviour of his divine mission? A person with skill and medicines, and a knowledge of the language, would be treated as a little divinity all over the country; he would be carried on men's shoulders from village to village; pashas would court him, and brigands would respect him.

At length,—Mr. Wolff, despairing of mollifying the obdurate hearts of the Hebrews, and I of getting cured by Mr. Lafont, who, too late, convinced me that he knew little more of the nature of an eye than of the moon, we embarked in a Hydriot schooner, to proceed to Smyrna.

The live cargo of our little bark might, for singularity, be placed in comparison with the old pirate's of the Cyclades—Haïdée's father. There were five Albanians *cap-à-pié;* a Greek trader with bales of tobacco for the Smyrna bazaar; a party of Turkish women on their way to Damascus, to join the next Mecca caravan; an Egyptian slave dealer with nine young negresses, whom he was conveying to Smyrna on speculation, having failed to dispose of them at Salonica; and last, though not least in consideration, or least out of place, a missionary, a Maronite, and an English naval officer. These groups so crowded the narrow deck, that the ten merry Hydriotes, who composed the crew, had barely room to plant their broad feet. We had some difficulty in getting out of the gulf, on account of baffling airs: while in it, the Maronite was deeply engrossed by fears of pirates, and referred to me as the only unbiassed authority on board, in his opinion, each time that a boat, or any thing that his fancy magnified into one, appeared. I amused

myself by playing with his childish apprehensions; we were too well armed for a *bonne bouche;* and the joke spreading, he found himself all at once the butt of the company: he could not eat for fear; and he could not sleep for fear; and he worked himself ill before three days.

Having cleared the gulf, we met the north wind, which rarely ceases in the Archipelago during the fine season, and the well-sustained merriment of the passengers changed into something like alarm at the heeling of the vessel; she sadly wanted ballast. This enabled me to appreciate more fully the zeal of Mr. Wolff. He is constitutionally nervous, and therefore, his exposing himself in the manner he does to uncertain perilous journeys—being able to subdue the infirmity of nature in the cause of religion, shows a singularly fine, elevated spirit; and his exertions in consequence merit one hundred-fold more praise than they would were he possessed of ordinary strength of nerve. In no one point did I so much admire his character as in this. The apprehensions which would have been puerile in other men, were respectable in him, almost ennobling, because they acted as foils to bring into full relief the force of his mind, which shewed itself, in thus combating the flesh, so vastly superior to the conservative ideas which mark the

great mass of mankind. He never, while on board, forgot his calling, but talked of religion to the crew and the passengers, as cheerfully as on shore: one morning, however, his distrust of the sea made him expose himself unwittingly to a sharp retort from one of the crew, whom, with others, he had just rebuked for swearing profanely, saying, "that they should be cautious on the deep, where God might engulph them at a moment." The fellow promptly answered, "Is he not equally powerful on shore? Why then should we be more guarded here than there?"

By means, however, of carrying low sail, we crossed the narrow sea pleasantly, and anchored at Smyrna on the third evening. I was in a bad state, having suffered a complete relapse on board. So I placed myself under the care of Mr. Clarke, surgeon of the factory; a gentleman, as renowned in the country for his professional skill, as esteemed for his various acquirements and amiable manners. To his care I owe that my disorder did not terminate in gangrene—disposed that way through the ignorance of Mr. Lafont; and the moments of his company, which he gave me, and which he could ill spare from his well-employed time, tended to relieve the tedium necessarily attendant on ophthalmia.

I did not immediately lose my eccentric and

amiable friend; he remained in the same hotel a week, before embarking for Malta to meet Lady Georgiana Wolff, who was expected there from Alexandria to lie in. During his stay, his apartment was like a chapel. Morning and evening he preached; at one time in Italian, that language being the most universal medium in the Levant; at another time in English,—to an audience chiefly composed of Americans who were much pleased with him, and listened for hours to his extemporaneous eloquence; but who were also rather facetious at occasional slips in his pronunciation, particularly of the word tribes, when talking of the tribes of Israel, accenting the *b* rather to sharply. He was also beseiged by the visits and attentions of the missionaries, and Bible Society agents resident at Smyrna; they remembered the lashing he had given their class in his work, and they wished to disarm his scrutiny. He was not blinded by the flattery. If I do not mistake, it was said in one of the Bible Society reports, "that the Smyrniote Greeks were to be seen sitting at their shop-boards diligently reading the Bibles distributed by the Society, every moment they could spare from their work." I have no wish to cavil, but I cannot help remarking on so astounding a misrepresentation, made for an interested motive. I have often been at Smyrna, a

great deal in the bazaars, and among the Greeks; but I have never seen one of them read a Bible; nor has, I believe, any other Englishman at Smyrna. When a Greek has done his work, he goes to dance, and to sing, and to drink; attending mass satisfies his conscience.

Smyrna abounds with French, not of the best class; many, exiles *nolens volens* for the events of 1814-15. One of them, a staunch Napoleonist, rather cracked it is said, armed himself with a long knife, and burst open the door of Sir Hudson Lowe's apartment, when he was here on his way to India, intending to make the lieutenant-governor of Ceylon expiate the faults of the governor of St. Helena. Sir Hudson was fortunately out, but he profited by the hint, and took up his quarters on board the Cambrian, then lying in the harbour.

Our inn belonged to a Frenchman; and when the news arrived of the capture of Algiers, his countrymen hoisted an Algerine flag on the roof. Such conduct cannot be sufficiently deprecated; it is always bad taste, not to say the height of meanness, to insult misfortune. Some old Osmanleys absolutely wept when they saw it. Six years ago, before the Turks were crest fallen, this action, would have brought destruction on the house in question, and perhaps endangered all

the Frank quarter. Many of the great disasters suffered by Franks in Turkey, have been occasioned by their imprudence or their pride.

I had not been many days at Smyrna, when rumours of the "glorious three days" filled all ears, and made the hearts of the French swell with exultation, excepting those in trade; for, during several weeks, their bills were not acceptable. Count Guilleminot's son-in-law, who was going to Constantinople with his lady, and M. Fontanier (author of a book of travels in the east) on his way to Trebizonde as consul—both in my inn—received the report rather queerly, for they or their relatives held office under the fallen dynasty; yet, with true French feeling, they fanfarronaded about the *great nation*, and drank to the illustrious event. Individuals, who before, had scarcely known each other, now fraternally embraced with, *Avez vous entendu le prodige—le peuple heroique—vive la France—encore notre chere patrie, &c.* All eyes were turned towards the sea to catch the first glimpse of the magic stripes, the mystic union of blue, white, and red; and September 15th, the people's triumph was fully confirmed by the arrival of a French ship of war from Algiers. As she clewed up, rounding to in fine style within a cable's length of the British consulate, and displayed from her peak a broad tri-

coloured ensign, nearly as large as one of her topsails, loud cheers from the crowds on the quay, as fervently answered by the crew from her yards, welcomed her. Who could gaze on that banner,—miraculously, it might be said, restored, without reading in it a long tale of blood, and glory, and stern reverses—Italy, Egypt, Moscow, Waterloo, at the angles; in the centre, St. Helena. Having sufficiently admired its graceful undulations in the sea-breeze, the liberals dispersed, and then paraded the streets with bands of music: that evening *ça irà*, and the Marseillaise succeeded to the Muezzin's Hymn, "God is great: there is no God but God." There is no reasoning in enthusiasm; but, had I been a Frenchman, the sight of the tri-color again on board ship, would have occasioned me an unpleasant reflection; for, however it may have triumphed on land, (and it has, far and near,) no flag has ever been so humiliated on the ocean. The next day a schooner arrived from Toulon, with orders for the consul, who the following day hoisted the tri-color on his house. The French brig saluted it with twenty-one guns; and the American merchant vessels in port testified their joy by firing guns from time to time during the day; and the delirium of the French was carried to its height by the Wasp, English

sloop of war, arriving from Ourlaq the same evening, and saluting regally the revolutionary emblem. Young Napoleon was on all lips. The Turks during these few days kept the eyes of astonishment open, and more frequently than usual, made use of their favourite exclamations, "Wonderful, God is great!" it added another reason to the many they already pretend to have, for saying that Franks are mad. The rejoicings were wound up *à l'Anglaise*, by a national dinner, to which the only foreigners invited were, the English and American consuls, as representative of the two free nations; and therefore alone worthy to fraternize with French citizens,—*quels citoyens!*

At Constantinople the same order was observed. A dinner followed the inauguration of the flag, at which were present all the French at Pera, to the number of nearly one hundred, the English consul, and an American citizen; and to heighten the entertainment, combining recollections, it was served in the garden of the embassy; in the same *allée*, where, at the commencement of the first French revolution, a tree of liberty was planted. It was, however, lamented by some, that Count Guilleminot, so universally respected, the personal friend of the Duc d'Angoulême, to whose influence he owed the post of ambassador, should

have given *that* dinner on *that* occasion. In his public capacity, it was his duty to cause the colours to replace the lilies with all necessary solemnities; but he had no occasion to make a private display. If the banquet he gave on the downfal of the elder branch of the Bourbons was a lure to secure his place, he perhaps regretted it and thought since, how much more noble it would have been not to have given it.

In my inn lived a singular being, who had abandoned the world. Since eleven years, he had occupied a chamber in it not larger than a friar's cell, and in that interval had not been outside the house a dozen times; in the last two years he had not left it. He was a good-looking man, spare, about forty-five. He led a life of sameness, irksome to those that beheld it, in sober sadness. In all his actions he was the pattern of exactitude. He slept to a moment, he eat to a mouthful, he drank to a drop, he smoked to a puff; no inducement could make him exceed in any one point; and I dare say, had I counted them, I should have found, that in his walk up and down the passage, he never made a step more one day than another. The mere act of forsaking the world, and retiring to a distance from one's former connexions, is not very extraordinary; such an impulse is often produced by the crosses of life;

but that a man should bury himself in a dirty inn, in one corner of his native town, appeared to me the excess of originality, and excited my curiosity. He had never been known to form an acquaintance with any of the strange and opposite characters who came to the Cloche d'Or, from all parts of the world; yet, with a remnant of that instinct which draws human beings together, he loved to regard them from the door of his room, just sufficiently a-jar to allow his head to appear, where he would remain like a rabbit at the entrance of its hutch, and, like a rabbit, would quickly withdraw, if any person, prompted by politeness or any other cause, addressed an obtrusive question to him. Nor should I probably have made further progress in his graces, had not our situation been similar: we were both prisoners; he from will, I from sickness. It may be, too, that compassion excited an interest in him for me, as curiosity did in me for him. Be that as it may, we made gradual approaches; an occasional "Good morning, how do you do," &c. broke the ice; and in a short time, to the astonishment of the house, he would visit me in my apartment. At first, he would only remain a minute, put a good-natured question about my health, and retire abashed. By degrees, however, I got him to sit down; and thus our familiarity increased, till he

would remain an hour and apparently take pleasure in hearing himself talk again. He was not an uninteresting companion. In his youth he had travelled, as a merchant, in Russia and Germany, and could recount anecdotes and personal adventures with humour; but of the present aspect of the world he was more ignorant than a dervish, for since his seclusion he had not thought of it. I endeavoured to hit upon the cause of his malady, but met with indefinite success; hints he would not understand, and direct questions he evaded. I touched, however, a sensitive chord, whose vibrations showed me that he had learned Timon's experience: the mention of his countrymen, the Greeks, was sure to set him in a flame—to make him "cast dirt on them," to use a Turkish phrase, in neither measured or decent terms; if I praised them, he became worse. His severe strictures, too, on women, led me to conjecture that he had not found them altogether angels. More precisely his motives for disliking his species I never learned; I ceased to importune him when I suspected that it would be ripping open too keen a wound. He became more and more partial to my society; and I may say, without vanity, that my departure caused him a sensation such as he had not felt for years. Can it be doubted?

when we consider how consoling it must have been for his mortified and suspicious spirit to find a person willing to hold communion with him, totally unmotived by interest.

For several weeks we were the only resident lodgers. Occasionally a guest arrived for a day or so; but their stay being short, and their time occupied, they caused no interruption to our daily intercourse. I knew some; among them an ex-colonel and an ex-captain *de la grande armée*, who were returning from Constantinople to France, in consequence of the revolution. Their joy was only equalled by their volubility in expressing it. The colonel wished to pass off as having been a bim bashi of the nizam dgeditt, and hinted to me to countenance him. To humour his vanity, I did so, though I had known him in the humble capacity of talimgi (instructor.) Another was a M. Wildenbrach, officer of the King of Prussia's guards, who was honorarily attached to the Prussian embassy at Pera, where I had made his acquaintance. He had been touring in Syria and Palestine, and was now hasting back to Constantinople, on account of the death of his minister, M. Royer, and of *the* "three days."

At length a Swedish merchant took up his abode under the same roof, to wait for a passage

to Malta. He came from Eski Scheyr,* three days journey distant, whither he had been on a speculation in ecume de mer, but had failed in consequence of the article being monopolized. As he was a gentlemanly, pleasant man, with a great deal of information, I was egotist enough to rejoice that there was no present opportunity for his departure. He was sixty years old; but to the experience and knowledge that should, but does not always, belong to that age, he joined the vivacity and freshness of youth: it may therefore be readily conceived how I valued his acquaintance, deprived, as I was, by my disorder, of the enjoyment of reading. My original friend was not so pleased with this addition to my society, and at the commencement kept aloof. He yielded, however, to the impulse which I had given, and occasionally formed the trio; but would never join in the conversation, contenting himself with listening. The Swede, on his part, could not

* Eski Scheyr is about eighteen hours from Brussa. Near it, in mines, is found the best quality known of ecume de mer. The trade is monopolized by six Turkish merchants, who supply all Germany. As they reside in turn at Vienna, in quality of agent for the sale of the article, one meets at Eski Scheyr the rare phenomenon of a Turk speaking any other language than his own. The inhabitants are Mussulmans, governed by a mousselim.

bear him, and amused himself heartily at his expense behind his back, and now and then covertly to his face; not being in that to blame, for he certainly was a legitimate subject for a quiz to any one who had not had the leisure that I had to appreciate his good qualities, or to make allowances for the contrarieties of his life. He only saw in him the absurdity of a misanthrope. The poor recluse had sufficient Grecian wit to know friend from foe, and did not lose an opporunity that presented itself, to be quietly revenged. The Swede was intimately acquainted with the Dutch consul, M. Van Lennep, who promised him a passage in a Dutch brig of war, which was about to sail for Malta; assuring him that he need not be uneasy about losing his passage, for he would give him a day's notice to prepare his baggage. Accordingly, the Swede remained joyously tranquil, waiting the hour of the vessel's departure; an occasion so much the more valuable, as there would be no other for a long time. Thus matters stood, when, one evening, as we three met as usual, the recluse, addressing himself to me, observed, carelessly, that the Dutch brig had gone out of harbour in good style about two hours before. Not having the slightest idea of it, I shrunk at the effect which so abrupt a notification would have on the Swede, who was naturally

choleric, as he had set his heart on that conveyance, daily expatiating on its advantages. He laid his chibouque against the wainscot, put his hands in his sides, and fixing his large grey eyes on him, said, "What did you say, sir?" The recluse quailed under his intense stare; but, encouraged by my vicinity, simply repeated what he had said. On this the Swede drew breath, inwardly thinking, from the half-suppressed smile which I could not for the life of me conceal, that we were joking with him, and contemptuously replied, "You sir, you do not know a Dutch brig from a Chinese junk: how should you, shut up all your life in this ———" "I do not know," answered the recluse, in a struggle between malice and timidity, "I may be mistaken; but is not the Dutch ensign red, white, blue, horizontal?" This circumstantial evidence was staggering. Having given it, he shot me a look from the corner of his eye; I nearly bit my lip in two, and the Swede opened his eyes till I thought they would have left his head. "You, sir," he again cried, "you do not know an ensign from a topsail;" then, without waiting for an answer, he ran to the head of the stairs, and loudly vociferated for the master and the servants, who, one and all, came running up, thinking that murder had been

committed. "Where is the Dutch brig—has she sailed—when did she sail—why did she sail?" Having given utterance to these interrogatories in one breath, he allowed himself time to hear the painful truth confirmed, that she *had* sailed two hours before. Those who have missed a sea passage can judge of his mortification. He struck his hand to his forehead, and walked up and down the passage, past us, like one possessed. I never swallowed so much smoke, in order to prevent laughing. I saw that a storm was brewing; and the author of the mischief, satisfied with his evening's work, was about to retire, when the Swede opened fire. "Stay here—two months longer—I shall cut my throat—have already been here two months—enough to make a man throw himself from that window headlong into the sea." Then fixing his eyes again on the recluse, who edged closer to me, he continued: "A man who would live in this dog-hole by choice must be mad—worse than a beast—deserves to have a chain round his neck. By God," waxing more wrath, "if I have to remain here another month, I will blow my brains out." It was now the recluse's turn. "In that case," he said—I was surprised at his courage—"come to me; I have a pair of pistols hanging up in my room." "Then, sir," cried the Swede, who could contain himself no longer,

"blow your own muddled brains out and go to h—." He then deliberately broke his own pipe in two, put his foot, inadvertently, on my bowl, and smashed it; upset all that lay in his way, and rushed into his room. That night we saw no more of him. Next morning I found him in bed, sick in mind and body. His well-made grey wig, that suited his years to a nicety, and deceived even the perruquier, had fallen off; his shirt was open; a dish of slops was by his side, and a rejected pipe before him; he presented a forlorn picture, and showed that at sixty his blood ran too quick. It was now my office to console him, which I did in regard of his disappointment; but nothing could reconcile him to the recluse, who was become as an abomination in his eyes. He rose and repaired to the Dutch consul to seek an explanation. The consul acted his part admirably, started back on seeing him, as from a spectre, affected despair, loaded himself with reproaches, and swore that it was a complete oversight; so that the Swede, who had worked off his bile in the night, allowed himself to believe his professions.

The fact was, that intelligence of the revolution in Belgium had altered the brig's destination, which the consul did not choose to avow; and instead of going to Malta, she went to lie at Port

Oliveto, ready for any emergency, fearing, in case of a war with England or France, to be blockaded in Smyrna.

The commander of a Russian vessel of war that was in port dined frequently at the *Cloche d'Or*. On such occasions he always had the complaisance to pay me a visit; but though gratified by his attention, I derived little pleasure from his society, for we sadly wanted a medium of intercourse; he speaking no other language than his own, excepting about a dozen words of English; I only knowing about as many words of Russian; so our stock was equally produced each time, and as soon exhausted. If the recluse, however, happened to be present we could get on, for he spoke Russian tolerably well. One day that he was thus acting as our interpreter, and in unusual spirits, we persuaded him to depart from his precise habit, so far as to take a little wine; but shortly afterwards, going into his room, I saw him throw out of window the small portion of wine which he reserved from his bottle at dinner to drink with his cigar at seven o'clock. "Why did you throw it away?" I asked. "Because I drank a glass with the commandant," he replied, "and therefore have no occasion for it."

The commandant's gig, which waited for him every day at the quay beneath my windows, had

a very decent crew, dressed after the English fashion—a fashion now adopted by the ships of war of most nations; not that foreign men-of-war's men, though imitating the dress—blue collared frocks, black handkerchiefs, tight breeched trowsers without braces, low-quartered shoes, straw hats with black ribbons—can ever acquire the address, the happy, off-hand, don't care a d—m air of our Jacks. The coxswain, in particular, was a superior man, free from the Russian snub-nose and low forehead, which marked all his companions; and his intimacy with two Turkish custom-house officers, whose station was close to the landing-place, attracted my attention still more. "Call him Mustapha," said one of them to me, "and you will know the reason why we are such friends." True enough; he answered to the name which confessed him a Mussulman. I could do no less, then, than show him that I had not taken his name in vain, which I accordingly did by asking him upstairs, bidding the garçon, at the same time, to fetch coffee, chibouques, and punch. The two first of these introductory tokens he accepted cheerfully; the other he at first shyed, for form's sake, but having salved his conscience by saying that he had lived a long while among Christians, drank it off. He informed me that on board many of the Russian ships of war Mussulmans

were embarked, adding, that they were treated very well, excepting while in Turkish ports, when an embargo was laid on their leave, under the idea that they would desert; and so strictly was it enforced, that the request of some imams, who came on board his vessel for the purpose during the preceding ramazan, that the Mussulman part of the crew might be allowed to go on shore to mosque, they (the imams) answering for their return on board, was refused; "which," said Mustapha, "was very hard, considering that the Christians were allowed to go on shore on Sundays, and other festival days, to church." He had been nineteen years in the service, and looked forward with impatience to when his time should expire—in four years; though he expressed a fear that even then he would not obtain his liberty, because he was still strong and healthy. "But," I observed, "after having been twenty-three years in the service, what will you do on being discharged? you will have no pension, and will be in want." "Not so," he replied, "my father has a house and lands near the Caspian; if they give me my freedom I will not ask them for more; it was the unhappiest day of my life when they took me from my home, it will be the happiest one when I again see it." Poor fellow! I did not damp him by hinting at the change which will probably await him, should

he be able, on being discharged at Cronstadt, to find his way home across the extent of Russia, which extent operates as an effectual bar to desertion since the conscripts are generally enrolled in opposite provinces to those in which they are levied. During these nineteen years Mustapha informed me that he had not heard once from his relations;—how should he; snatched from the Caspian and imprisoned on the Baltic? nor did he seem to expect it, but would have deemed it, I believe, rather miraculous to have received intelligence of them. Although speaking with great moderation and loyalty, treating the privations under which he laboured as things of course, he confirmed what I had heard from other sources, of the convict condition of the Russian sailors;—even they are better off than the soldiers of the line. At the time of which I am speaking, the sailor in the Levant station received nine Turkish piastres a month, (half-a-crown,) his entire pay, no arrears, no allotments;—but then, it is true, the government found him in clothes, and sufficient leather to make two pair of shoes a year, which, if he was not endowed with a cobbling capacity, he had to pay others for making. The duty on board ran in the opposite extreme; for, independant of being sailors, the crew were drilled every day for four hours as soldiers. Alas! if philan-

thropists would consider the nature of twenty-three years of such an existence, whether on shore or on board, seasoned with rattanning, on such pay, on rations to which prison fare in England is luxury, without hope, without surgeons or medicines in case of sickness, they would deem it more charitable to rescue Russian subjects from their government, than negroes from West India merchants, or Greeks from Turkish masters. Sift slavery how we will, view it on every side, stigmatize it as degrading, as bestial, I do believe that it is not near so galling as the state of conscript soldiers in countries where military duty is arduous. Leaving insecurity of life out of the question, as unworthy of consideration, what is there in the negro's fate—we cannot cite the slaves of Mussulmans, for they are treated like their master's children—what is there in his fate worse than that of such a soldier? Say you, he is dragged from his native shore to work in distant isles; is that worse than being marched from Archangel to fill a ditch in Bulgaria? Say you, he can never see his friends again, allowing that he cares a straw for them; will the conscript's friends recognize *him* after twenty-five years of absence, when he returns sickly and *poor?* But the negro, though severed from his country, is not separated from the best portion of the human

species; though doomed to be tyrannized over by man, he has the sympathy of woman to lighten his cares; though cut off from first connexions, he has dearer ones growing up around him, which make every place a home. What has the conscript soldier got to make up for his lost home, his forgetful friends, his cheerless singleness?—honour!

The beginning of November, a Sardinian frigate, L'Eurydice, arrived from Syria, and I gladly accepted a proposal of her officers, whose acquaintance I had made at Genoa, to accompany them to that port. The obstinate nature of the complaint in my eyes rendered it advisable to try a change of climate, and I could not have undertaken a voyage in a vessel without a competent surgeon. What I suffered from ophthalmia, during three months at Smyrna, relapse after relapse, I shall not attempt to describe; it was at times the excess of agony only to be calmed by opium. It is a most frightful disease, almost an excuse for suicide.

Having been so long at Smyrna, I may be supposed capable of saying a word on our numerous countrymen resident in it, how their customs are affected by long contact with Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Levantines. In good earnest, to speak generally, an Englishman may be there a long time without knowing any of his

countrymen beyond some shop-keepers. Thus far the reputable body of fruit merchants deserve credit for their consistency, in which, I believe, they were never grossly wanting but once, and then the individual in whose favour the rule was infringed, repaid them by quizzing them in print. In no town of Turkey is a traveller put more to his shifts than he may be at Smyrna; in every other he presents himself to the governor, who quarters him on the best Greek house, the owner of which, far from being displeased with the distinction, is glad of the opportunity of gaining news; but at Smyrna, the pasha would with astonishment refer him to his consul to procure him accommodation among his countrymen,—who would admire his simplicity, and in return refer him to some paltry inn, as full, perhaps, of bipeds as of centipedes. I do not pretend to say that travellers have the least right to complain of the lukewarmness of their compatriots at Smyrna; it is a matter of opinion; but their inattention to the navy is as inexcusable as it is singular, and so marked as to excite the surprise of all foreigners. The officers of foreign ships of war invariably find a ready welcome in the houses of their respective consuls and merchants, who are, the latter, to the English, in point of wealth and numbers, as one to ten. The English officers

rarely see more than the outsides of their merchants' houses: every English man-of-war that has been at Smyrna can testify the same. There is seldom more than a corvette and a brig lying there at the same time, therefore numbers is not the obstacle. A merchant said, (I suppose jokingly,) "It would be a clever stroke, indeed, to invite the naval officers to our houses, to corrupt our wives and daughters, while we are at our bureaux." It is a new thing to be told that the navy abounds with Don Juans. But however cheap the author of that sensible remark holds the virtue of Frank ladies at Smyrna, he may be assured that it is on as fair a scale as in any other confined society, where scandal, the guardian, as well as the vituperator of female fame, has her eyes ever open, her tongue ever ready. No one will be so inconsiderate as to say, that the English navy has no claim on the gratitude of English merchants. Where is there a navy that shows such disinterested zeal under all circumstances, the most trying and responsible, in the protection of its country's commercial interests? It is its duty—true; but there are two ways of doing that duty, the difference between which would make a material corresponding difference in the receipts of trade.

November 14, 1830, I embarked in L'Eurydice.

Her first destination was Ourlaq, a capacious and safe anchorage on the south shore of the Gulf of Smyrna, eighteen miles from the city, much frequented by ships of war since 1821, on account of its excellent water. It takes its name from a large village two miles distant, near which are mineral springs, reputed efficacious, but not much used from a want of conveniences for patients,—a defect which renders unavailing nearly all the mineral waters throughout Turkey, excepting those of Brussa, where are accommodations on a superb scale. On an island near the main, formerly connected with it by a causeway which is still visible under water, are ruins of Clazomene, described by Chandler. One of the islands which screen the anchorage of Ourlaq is named English Island, probably from some of our early crusaders, who landed on it; though this is conjectural, the origin of the name being unknown: it abounds in rabbits.

We soon completed the frigate's water, and then left the Gulf of Smyrna on our homeward voyage to Genoa. Several memorials of Syria, off which coast the frigate had been for some months, were on board, among others, some melodious bulbuls and a gazelle. The latter was a beautiful little creature, and tamer than a pet-lamb. A peculiarity of its nature struck my attention as

being very remarkable, and this was its extreme fondness for tobacco, which it ate like hay. Buffon says that the gazelle will eat any thing; but any thing does not mean a pound of tobacco at a time. Whenever we smoked, it would come bounding towards us, attracted by the fumes, and if we did not immediately satisfy its wishes, would put its little nose to the pipe-bowls to inhale the odour nearer. We usually gave it a handful every morning, which it devoured with avidity and came for more. It did not much relish cigars, but was particularly grateful for snuff, licking it off our fingers with great *goût*.

Foul and squally weather detained us some days at the entrance of the Archipelago, during which an English frigate, equally with ourselves bound out, doubled us by working through the Cervi passage, and was out of sight next morning. This little circumstance was not alluded to by the officers, nor through delicacy touched on by me, though it would be hypocrisy to say that I was not pleased by this proof of our national superiority. However, it is fair to observe that L'Eurydice was a sweet frigate, and her officers proficients in their art, moreover versed in the various knowledge and accomplishments of gentlemen—merit peculiarly their own, since in a naval career, such must be self-taught.

They were alive to the inconvenience of belonging to a diminutive state, where sous are counted, and officers' talents estimated by the scale of their economy. "Our captains cannot venture to do what yours do," one observed to me; "for our admiralty makes as much fuss if we carry away a topsail-yard, as yours does if you lose a frigate." There was truth in what he said, showing the excellent policy of not being too severe on officers for loss of ships, (unless where stupidity is the cause.) Too much responsibility creates timidity. What might not be lost by a captain of a ship of war being afraid, through long habits of caution, to carry sail, or attempt hazardous navigation in night or hazy weather! a dispatch, involving the destiny of nations, might be detained weeks in consequence of lying to six hours for day-light, for in that short delay a gale of wind might come on, and drive him far to leeward.

At length a south-east wind took us and carried us to within a few miles of Catania. Thence, meeting the north-east wind blowing down the strait of Messina, through which we had hoped to pass with a flowing sheet, and there being little probability of its changing, and it making little difference by which side of Sicily a vessel passes going to Genoa, we bore up for the Malta

channel, where, after lying a day becalmed, the friendly south-easter again overtook us, and accompanied us with little intermission to the Gulf of Spezzia, in a snug cove of which, half a cable from the lazzarette, we moored December 7, to ride our quarantine of twenty-eight days duration; the minimum, in the opinion of the sapient council of sanita at Genoa, that could with safety be given to a ship of war, which had not one sick person on board, and had been twenty days in her voyage from Smyrna, where had not been known a symptom of plague for thirteen years. But instead of grumbling at our fate, I thought it rather our duty to be thankful for not having a longer time inflicted on us, which might well have happened, considering that we were at the mercy of the fears of a set of men (quere old women?) who knew nothing of the subject of contagion from experience, or from reading, or from inquiry; who founded their reasons about it, and their sanatory regulations, on the fright, and consequent laws, occasioned by the great plague at Marseilles in 1720, without taking into consideration the immeasurable advance of medical science since, and the superior habits of the lower classes of Christendom, which tend very much to diminish the spread of contagion. What was prudence in 1720 is imbecility in 1830.

The first night of our arrival it blew hard, and a vessel laden with corn from Odessa nearly ran on board of us, exciting our unqualified apprehensions: had a portion of her canvas touched one of our catheads, or spars, or davits, we should infallibly have been condemned to share her quarantine, (forty-five days,) on account of the cholera morbus raging in the south of Russia; as if cholera morbus were a personage who remains shut up in a cask or a bale, or, rat-like, revels in a cargo of wheat. I am aware that, in the opinion of many sensible people, to question the expediency of the most rigorous quarantine, is little short of counselling murder. If we were to yield implicit faith to some alarmists, we should close communication with all countries inhabited by Mussulmans, on the theory that England might, through her cotton manufactures, be inoculated with plague as fast as goods travel from town to town. In no one particular is the good sense of England so visible as in her quarantine regulations, which are quite sufficient to ensure public health, without adding one unnecessary shackle to commerce. A distinction is made between a vessel laden with fruit, and a vessel laden with cotton; between a vessel that has been ten days at sea, and a vessel after seventy days voyage. So natural and necessary must this dis-

tinction appear, so impossible to avoid making without incurring the charge of folly, that any person who has never troubled himself about the subject, must deem the assertion that it is not made in any other country, a mistatement. In the ports of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Russia it is never made. There, quarantine is a complete job, kept up in all its absurd detailed rigour, embracing manifold anomalies, to give salaries to directors, physicians, surgeons, guardians, &c., and at the expense of those subjected to it. A prisoner in Bedlam has the advantage over a prisoner in a lazzaretto, insomuch that his lodging is gratis. There is no one regulation, made by civilized societies, so subjected to caprice and interested motives as this. For example: two vessels leave the coast of Turkey together, laden with unsusceptible cargoes, bound respectively for Southampton and Havre de Grace. Both anchor the same day. Three days after, the passengers from the English vessel may cross over to France in the steamer with their trunks, and look, in liberty, at their French consort, who is condemned to thirty days quarantine. A traveller, for another example, leaves Constantinople, rides through Roumelia, with his baggage, sleeping every night in the cottages of the peasantry, or in the cafenés, where disease may or may not

be, and arrives at Semlin, twenty minutes distant from the Turkish frontier, where he has only four or five days' quarantine to perform, and is then at liberty to continue his journey wheresoever listeth him. Another traveller leaves Constantinople at the same time in his yacht, and after thirty days' voyage without communicating with any place or vessel, refreshed by cool mountain and sea breezes, reaches Trieste, in the same empire, where he must perform twenty-eight days' quarantine. Were common sense to decide which of these travellers merited the least quarantine, she would give it in favour of the latter; but unfortunately, her presence never yet graced a board of health in a Mediterranean port, except occasionally of late years at Malta, where, however, she is generally overruled by the supposed (but erroneous) necessity of following the example of Marseilles.

But boards of health show still more inconsistency in drawing no line of distinction (none to speak of) between ships of war, and merchantmen; between vessels carrying no cargoes, cleaned throughout every day, with surgeons and discipline on board; and vessels full of cotton, packed for aught any one knows in a season of plague, devoid of discipline or cleanliness. Formerly the passage of a ship of war was reckoned

as part of her quarantine; for as all writers on contagion agree that a given number of days, fourteen, or twenty-one, or thirty, is sufficient to let the disease appear in the living subject, after which no danger can be apprehended, so it was rationally concluded, that the end was equally obtained, whether the probation were passed at sea, or in port, provided that the observance of it, in the former case, were satisfactorily proved. For this purpose, the words of the captain and the surgeon of a ship of war, regarding the length of voyage from a suspected place, and the health of the crew, used to be considered a sufficient guarantee. But the privilege lasted a very short time after the peace, when the continental nations ceased to care—not requiring our aid—about conciliating our prejudices. The boards of health pretended that captains of ships of war gave incorrect statements, thereby diminishing their already favoured quarantine; and being unfortunately enabled to adduce proof in the case of an English frigate at Leghorn, commanded by a captain Dundas, they refused, at length, to credit their affidavits more than those of merchant-ship masters. This manifest, galling, public insult, repeated on every shore of the Mediterranean to an honourable body of men, the officers of the British navy—a service, of all others, where least

discreditable conduct can be shown, should not be tolerated any longer. Our government should insist with the other governments of Europe, that this unworthy distrust should be done away—that the words of its officers should be credited; with, of course, the proviso that any officer, capable of acting deliberately unlike a gentleman in that respect, should be cashiered.

On the other hand, boards of health, leaving out of the question considerations of reason and justice, as irrelevant, might say with plausibility, "The public health being entrusted to our care, it is our sacred duty to prevent the possibility of its being trifled with, of our being imposed on by a false oath; we therefore cannot admit of any quarantine which is not performed under our eyes." Good; but so far from acting up to this maxim, they take the word of a guardian of sanitá, that is, of a Maltese, or a Neapolitan, or a Livornese, or a Genoese, who works for tenpence a day, as to the duration and circumstances of a vessel's voyage; take the word of such scum, before the united testimony of the officers of an English line-of-battle ship—of an admiral himself, were one on board. It is scarcely credible, that governments allow themselves to be thus insulted in the persons of their officers. Suppose a frigate and a merchant-man to leave Alexandria

together, bound to Genoa, or to any other Italian port, and that they anchor in their way at Messina; that the latter there embarks a guardian of sanitá, and pursues her voyage, followed by the frigate in a couple of days. Both arrive at Genoa the same day. The guardian makes his declaration, that he embarked on the merchantman such a day; from that day her quarantine commences. The captain of the frigate equally asserts, that he anchored at Messina at the same time, and demands a similar grace. "That may be," replies the spectacled, sharp-nosed, cadaverous looking health officer, who comes alongside; "but as you neglected to take a guardian, we cannot answer for your having had no communication with any vessel since leaving Messina; you must be content to ride the whole quarantine." That such a circumstance may happen, disjunctively does occur, cannot be contradicted. What a balance! on one side we have the word of a captain of a frigate, backed if requisite by his officers; on the other that of a Sicilian, who works for a carline a day, and who would, if resembling the generality of his countrymen, sell his wife or daughter, much less his conscience, for five dollars, or less.

There are certain abuses and prejudices in the world, against which it is idle to preach: the

wisest way is to take advantage of their discrepances, while existing, and in virtue of which, in question, English ships of war may reduce their quarantine, without contravening one regulation. A guardian on the quarantine establishment at Malta, receives one shilling per diem, the pay of an A. B. Let therefore each ship in the Levant station bear a seaman less on her books; and in lieu embark one of these gentry, still preserving the title and uniform of guardian. From the day that the ship leaves Smyrna, or any other suspected place, to return to Malta, her quarantine will commence on the faith of her guardian's word. By this arrangement every body will be pleased, without incurring any expense to the public; the admiral have the ship at his disposal earlier; the officers and crew escape ten days' imprisonment, more or less; and the guardian find his account by gaining his provisions in addition to his daily shilling.

There is no one privation of this world so impatiently submitted to as quarantine, and no person conversant with it who does not consider it perfectly gratuitous, when applied to the living subject, except where disease actually exists. View it on all sides, its supposed advantages and its certain inconveniences, it may be confidently stated in opposition to the former, that a plague,

or other similar wide-spreading disorder, does not visit any country in healthy latitudes, so often as once in a century, and therefore it may be asked, "Is it not better to run the risk of that chance, which no human prudence may avert, than to impose on ourselves the eternal plague of quarantine, which, in its strictest sense, enforced by fines, imprisonment, and death, can never be totally effective, can never stop clandestine intercourse, or contraband traffic?" On the contrary, it favours the latter, as was clearly proved in that which was carried on between Sicily and Malta during the time they were separated by quarantine. Sparonaroes then carried our manufactures, virtually prohibited in the Sicilies by enormous duties, to the opposite coast, where, during the fourteen days quarantine, in which the boats were of necessity unmolested by doganieri, they were quietly landed. Since free pratique has existed between the two islands, this species of intercourse, so profitable to us, has entirely ceased, for a sparonaro no sooner appears off the coasts than she is boarded by the doganieri, who quickly probe her cargo.

To return to Spezzia. The morning that our quarantine should have terminated, January 4th, 1821, a seaman died suddenly. Of all the little

contrarieties of life, I never saw one more bothering than that. He might have had symptoms of fever in him—a black spot under his arm—a twist in his bowels—and then another month's quarantine. We sent the corpse to the lazzaretto to be inspected, and waited with anxiety the result, which was that apoplexy was the cause of the death; and therefore, on the evening of the next day, the members of the sanità, having maturely deliberated on the subject, consented to admit us to pratique: the extra twenty-four hours was stated to have been inflicted on us by way of observation; though why that observation was necessary, they who ordained it only know. They could hardly have supposed that apoplexy was catching; if they did, they would equally have observed us in the case of a man falling from aloft, and breaking his neck, lest the contagion, spreading, should have made the bricklayers do the same off their scaffolds.

January 6th, 1831, I landed from L'Eurydice in "superb" Genoa, where I had embarked nearly two years previous. The thunder of the "glorious three days" still vibrated within her walls, exciting the republican craniums of her sons among whom, in consequence, a rigorous espionage exerted its baneful sway. Some officers

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

arrested for speaking freely, several avocats imprisoned, without trial, for Carbonaro principles, and a few nobles watched for having talents. Yet governments are surprised that there are revolutions!

THE END.

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